The Infinite Warhammer 40,000 Loops

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In the grim dark future, there is only time loop maythem, sort of. Wait!What! This is the Dark Millennium compilation of the Innortal-style Time Loops, more commonly known as the Infinite Time Loops. With time on an near infinite loop, this universe is only going to get more insane.

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Chapter 1

Across the Multiverse, a time uncompreensasionable to mortal beings, there was an incident involving the world computer tree Yggdrasil. Now the Imperium, and other Worlds, are put into an infinite time loop until the damage can be fixed. With that said, welcome to the Infinite Warhammer 40000 Loops!

LOOPS FOR THE LOOP GOD! SNIPS FOR THE SNIP THRONE!

Loop mechanics (general):

One person in a Loop, often the main character, is an Anchor. They are the person who first starts time looping.

There is always at least one Anchor present in a given Time Loop snippet, though it may not be the local one.

To be Awake is to be aware of the time loops (that is, to have gone back in time this time.)

The Anchor is the only character guaranteed to be Awake. Even after others have started looping, it is mostly random as to whether they will be Awake this particular loop.

Crossovers, fusions, and alternate pasts can also take place. It is perfectly possible, for example, to have the characters Awaken into a loop which conforms to a fanfic universe rather than reality.

Loops do not have to be in chronological order, but it is strongly preferred that they not require a mutually contradictory order (where A must be before B and B must be before A.)

Just about every Looper is very, very stir crazy.

And now for the specifics about this compilation:

Anchor: Leman Russ

Admin: Fenrir

Loopers: Freki and Geri, Vulkan, Bjorn, The Emperor, Slaanesh, Tzeentch, Nurgle, Khorne, Ciaphas Cain (HERO OF THE IMPERIUM), Amberley Vail

Addtional notes: Due to a Fused Loop with Equestria which resulted in Fluttershy raising Leman Russ and producing a stable Anchor, the loopers of Warhammer 40,000 tend to have more fused loops with Equestria. When in Equestria, Leman Russ goes by the name of Lemon Rush and tends to loop in as foal and for Ciaphas Cain, he goes by the name of Candy Cane. We will be trying to limit the ponies loops, as there is a backlog as a majority of the loops were written with the ponies several years ago and are a part of the looping canon.

(Madfish)

Fluttershy walked among the drifts of the freezing valleys she found herself on at the start of the loop. She had had to restore her alicorn status just to survive the frozen wasteland and though the weather was harsher than any other. She could have allowed herself to die and end the loop for herself, but if the others were here somewhere, they would need her help given the few times she had tried a spell beyond telekinesis. She had felt sick, as if monsters had tried to climb through her horn into her skull. Besides, she owed it to her current companions' mother to make sure they grew up big and strong first.

"I hope Twilight's going to be ok," she said to the wolves beside her, "Without her magic, she gets- twitchy..."

She trailed off as one of the wolves, a cub but larger than her pegasus self, drew her attention to a light flickering in the distance. Light's meant people, hopefully friendly people.

As they approached, she found herself disappointed as all that was there was some sort of pod covered with ice. Scraping the ice of the hatch she gasped as she saw the child within.

The wolves panted, breath frosting in the air as they looked in at what had surprised their surrogate mother.

"No! You can't eat him. We're going to take this pod to shelter and we're going to help the poor dear. If no one comes for him you can think of him as your new little brother."

The Emperor stood over the unconscious form of his son. Victorious in battle, as he had not been in feasting, he turned, letting those around stare at his mighty form and their fallen King. It was good to see that these people were strong. They mastered their world and its beasts, as the mighty wolves with the guards and strange winged equine creature his son kept as a pet attested.

The time for asserting his victory done, he turned back to reach down and pick his son up – only to be stymied. He found himself staring into the yellow creatures' eyes and felt its will slam into his own. Now the Emperor knew himself to be the most powerful psyker in the galaxy – but, while it takes great will to wield such power, that power is not in itself will. So, taken by surprise, he found himself frozen under its stare as the Creature had the gall to start to *lecture* him!

"How dare you! How *dare* you!" The Creature raged, "My Son freely invites you into his hall and even when you lost your challenge he gave you your request of victory for the second, you spit on his generosity and hospitality then strike him down by bringing an artifact of power to a duel of honour! What do you...?"

The would be Unifier of Humanity tuned out the Xeno's speech as he began to reassert his will as his own master. Only surprise had stayed his hand that long, and though he felt the force of the Xeno's

attack strengthen enough to slow his limb it would not be enough to save it from being crushed under the force of his glove's powerfield.

Sometimes a fraction of a second is enough, though, and a sliver of time before he connected his chin was met by the rising Russ' fist throwing him back to the Great Hall's doors.

"You eat my food, drink my drink, then insult my household and try to kill my Mother. Let's see how you do in a fair fight!" With that Russ gestured and the two greatest wolves in the hall were at his side, one presenting him with his axe and the other with a shield.

Even from the door and with his brains rattled the Leader of Mankind could feel the touch of the warp on them. Apparently bringing his son home would be more difficult than he'd expected.

Fluttershy had learned many hard lessons in this loop; She had learned that despite her talent and the abilities she had gained through the loops some creatures could not be reasoned with, she had learned to be a good mother making sure her charges were safe and able to grow in a harsh environment, she had learned of a deep abiding pride when her sons had brought the wolves and humans of this planet together uniting them for survival and protection as a greater whole.

"I thought I was stronger now," she thought as she shivered. The fear she had conquered centuries ago rekindled by near death, the implacable, disturbing eyes she had looked into and the sheer power she witnessed there. The sound of battle and the barking of wolves carried into the hall as the people within looked out to what she couldn't see. A few of them began brushing her mane to try and offer comfort.

"Why can't I help? I'm not strong like Twilight." The sound of what could only be a building collapsing made her flinch. Her son needed her and she was so weak that she was just lying down, shivering, like she always did.

"But I wasn't strong when I went into the Everfree that first time... or when I faced the Dragon... but they needed me... no… I *was* strong, *because* they needed me!"

She took flight with a speed that was distinctly atypical of her, kicking open the hall shutters to avoid the battle outside. Glancing down as she made for the clouds she saw her little Leman charge out of a pile of rubble and hook the man's artifact gauntlet out to the side with his axe. Geri took the opening and leapt, teeth scoring his armoured shoulder to little apparent effect, before he was grabbed and swung bodily at Leman to break their mutual weapon lock.

Reaching the clouds, she wove an illusion to hide her actions and began to work them vigorously. "I might not be Rainbow Dash, but if Applejack can do this then I can too!"

"It seems, my Son, you've been abandoned! Like humanity ever is by the xeno when comes their time of need."

"She would never abandon me! It was she that taught me of Loyalty and Kindness on this harsh world. She took me in and made sure neither myself nor my brothers starved. With her teachings all of my Pack have prospered!"

"And yet she is gone." Punching Leman's shield squarely in the centre, sending the Primarch flying, he turned his back on him. The Emperor dealt Freki a viscous kick to the head, rendering the wolf insensate, while a gesture at Geri resulted in him flying over the surrounding buildings and out of sight.

With a berserker roar Russ returned to the fight hewing and chopping at air as the man before him skilfully evaded each strike, watching the rage in Leman's eyes build.

"I find myself disappointed. I have searched the galaxy for my stolen son, and I find that he sacrifices his skill for rage so easily." So saying he grabbed the haft of the axe swung at him and wrenched hard to break his berserking son's grip, familiar from a hundred

battles against Chaos with the madness he saw before him. So he was understandably surprised to have misread the King of the Russ when Leman abruptly released both axe and rage and rammed the edge of his shield around his guard, aiming for his throat with all the skill that he'd apparently abandoned.

The Emperor jumped back, sparing himself, but the power feeds to his glove were severed as he brought it up to shield himself.

"Perhaps you are a worthy son after all!" He crowed with a smile, before he frowned seriously, "But we have much to discuss – as fun as these games have been."

Like Feni before him Russ was lifted into the air but instead of being launched away he was kept pinned to nothing as the Emperor began to talk.

Hidden above Fluttershy's illusion of stratocumulus, the clouds churned, transformed by her magic into a roiling charged mass. She carefully opened a gap in the illusion and saw Leman held aloft far below. Her reservations were put aside as she flew higher and higher straining to keep her telekinesis caressing the massive cloud bank below. Inverting herself she took a deep breath of the rarefied air and allowed herself to plummet.

Flap.

She aimed for her gap.

Flap. "I'll-"

She sped up.

Flap.

Her telekinesis firmed and began closing the gap and pushing the cloud bank down, creating a funnel.

Flap. "Not-"

She neared the wall.

Flap.

She was through the closing gap.

Flap. "Let-"

Telekinesis pulled the clouds into contact with her tail.

Flap.

She flooded the clouds with her pegasus magic and pulled them faster.

Flap. "You-"

Nearly.

Flap.

The-

Flap. "Down-"

-re.

FLAP.

Her acceleration soared as her body plummeted. Her sons' attacker beginning to look up at the funnel of storm clouds trailing her and the clearing skies as her illusion shattered.

FLAP! "Ever-"

Straining to bring her tail past her hooves as she tucked her legs.

FLAP!

BOOM!

Through the wall she watched as Russ fell and was dragged away by Geri, as the man raised some form of shield spell.

FLAP! "Again!"

Releasing the clouds she twisted to the side and bucked the the cloud funnel still moving down as hard as she could.

KRACKKK!

Lightning crawled across the funnel like the biggest plasma globe in the universe, then lanced down at the God Emperor of Mankind with the precision of a sniper and the force of a lance barrage.

Then the world was silent. And down from above came a yellow alicorn, her unconscious form spinning like a falling sycamore seed, a few tattered wisps of cloud catching round her like a torn parachute.

"...did you see that?" Bjorn the Fell-handed asked. "I never thought someone would beat the little mother, or Russ!"

"Well," Grimbold the Aethling chuckled, "I don't think our *guest* thought they were that strong either. Look, he's out too!"

"A draw, by Fenrir!" Bjorn called. "Only a draw gives both sides full honour!"

"Oh, give over," one of the clanners said, gesturing at a wolf that was looking at Fluttershy. "They'll be fine in the morning."

"To lord Russ and the little mother!" Grimbold raised his horn.

Freyja Hearth-Mistress' snort could be heard over raucous cheering of the menfolk. "Honour implies our 'guest'," a word she spat like cursed Winter, "has some to regain. You saw him try and strike down our Little Mother when she justly chastised the lout. He's already

shown his colours. He can stay in the stables, for I won't have him under our roof till our King is well."

From beside her a huge wolf bitch growled.

Freyja nodded, "You're right. I wouldn't trust him near the kennels with the pups either. Bring them into the Hall for now and we'll all keep watch over them."

1.1 (elmagnifico)

Bjorn the Fell-Handed, oldest living Space Marine in the Imperium, ambled down a cold hallway on Fenris, in the home of the Space Wolves.

Now, since old space-marines were rare, and ones that were not covered in spikes and screaming out for blood, skulls, or various degrees of hanky-panky were even rarer, Bjorn was treated with a great deal of respect. Wolf-brothers, acolytes, rune-priests and chapter serfs alike bowed their reverence for the being that had seen not-quite-infinitely more battles than they had.

And, because Bjorn was currently encased in what looked for all the universe like the distinctly dangerous offspring of a construction vehicle and a rabid refrigerator, he didn't really notice the obeisance. As a mostly-living engine of destruction, there was really only one thing he really wanted to be doing at the moment, and that was dismembering the enemies of humanity, with maybe a nice beer down the nutrition tubes and a nubile serf to oil his joints afterwards. As the oldest living loyalist space marine, all he got was woken up every century or so, to tell tales of bygone battles in increasingly ceremonial affairs. All the while watching his chapter turn to steadily sillier aspects of their once-simply-cosmetic wolf motif.

Take just now, for instance. The first thing he'd heard when the techpriests roused him from the latest century-long catnap was "Oh mighty Bjorn, the Fell-Handed, we awaken thee to help us remember

the past, the forgotten and the sacrificed, those who embody the spirit of the Wolf". In his day, "spirit of the warrior" had been a joke that young scouts threw around when talking about their liquor. Now it had progressed to full-fledged ceremony, and subsequently plastered with extraneous lupine content.

To make things worse, he'd heard maybe two names spoken over the past twenty-four hours that did not contain some form of the word "wolf". On the way back from the "Wolf Hall", he was reasonably sure he'd seen one of his younger chapter-brothers actually riding one of their canine companions around like it was an assault bike instead of a fighting beast.

When a dreadnaught sighs, it's not so much a slow output of breath as a slumping, clanking ejection of copious amounts of bad-smelling exhaust. If any of the servitors preparing him to go back into stasis still had noses, they'd probably have coughed quietly to themselves. As it was, the last thing Bjorn heard before returning to the cold sleep of centuries was the aggravated whirring of their atmospheric fitrators. The lights dimmed in his head as the techpriests sang their stupid hymns. He'd had just about enough.

The next thing he heard was a voice.

"Oh mighty Bjorn, the Fell-Handed, we awaken thee to-"

The sarcasm and lack of reverence in the tone caused space marine in question to decide that he'd progressed from "just about" to "absolutely" enough, and threw himself at the source of the insufferably smug-sounding speaker.

However, instead of the creak of hydraulics, the roar of a combustion motivator and a brief, satisfying squish noise, all Bjorn heard was the clattering, meaty thump of a man falling out of his bunk. A chorus of laughs started up from above his prone form. He tried turning on his visual actuators, to see what kind of freakishly large and likely wolf-looking techpriests the chapter had gotten to wake him up this time, but the cybernetics steadfastly refused to respond. He muttered

angrily at his machine-spirit, which maintained an equally aggravating silence. Which was only made worse by the increasingly raucous guffaws from on high. Steadily getting more fed up, Bjorn did something he hadn't tried since they'd put him in the thrice-accursed death-refrigerator.

He opened his eyes.

He was face down on a metal floor. Not that that was particularly unusual, the Chapter, even in its latest lunacy, still didn't have much truck for carpets. He pushed off the floor with his arms and sat up.

Standing over him were a trio of familiar faces. Businesslike beards and hair braided in a utilitarian fashion framed faces that were at once intimately familiar, and foreign as the wastes of time could manage. On the left there was Skaldi Skullhammer, opposite him Olaf Stalhelm, and in the middle Baldur the Brick-Faced.

His old squad, from before the Heresy.

Bjorn wasn't sure what was going on, so he joined in. It was pretty funny, even if the small part of him that was persistently thinking of such things had no idea how the techpriests had managed to get his dreams this vivid. Perhaps this was some long-forgotten ritual for dredging up more of the old tales the chapter was so besotted with?

That part of him was soon drowned out by the rest of Bjorn, which managed to bring the reluctant bits around with the idea that so long as they were hallucinating the old days, they might as well have fun with it.

So he followed along, enjoying the fact of having fingers again, itching and going about the business of gearing up and being a Space Marine. Memories of what was to happen this day filtered in from somewhere in the back of his mind. The Company was on parade today, to be inspected by the Primarch Leman Russ himself.

Less than an hour of armor-polish, breakfast and beer later, they were all standing at attention alongside the other squads in the Company. Bjorn practiced the art of observing the room without taking his eyes out of the correct position. It was the drill hall, just as he'd remembered it, but with one odd exception, muttered under his breath.

"Hmph. Cleaner than it was last time around."

Lord Russ' hearing had always been the best in the chapter. Bjorn really ought to have remembered that. The Primarch pointed an armored finger directly at him.

"You, marine. Report to me in my quarters, immediately."

Bjorn could feel the concerned looks from the others as he filed off, following the figure that dwarfed even him until they reached a side room. He stood as rigid as one of the ice tors outside.

"Name, and rank."

"Bjorn Haakonsen, heavy weapons, second squad, fourth company, SIR!"

Lord Russ brought up a device he'd never seen, but his memories somehow told him was some kind of auspex for detecting gellar radiation the Primarch had introduced to the Legion a while back.

"Tell me, has anything odd occurred recently, Brother Bjorn? Like a machine-spirit holding an extended conversation, small equines bouncing through your vision, or time deciding to eat its tail like an orouboros?"

Bjorn spent a second or two being flabbergasted, before deciding to be more chronologically frugal.

"Aye, sir. That last one, actually."

Leman Russ then did something completely unexpected. His Primarch laughed, and embraced Bjorn, whirling him around like he'd seen some of the serfs do with their mates.

"Ha! By Father and the Little Mother, at last, another one! Oh, you can't imagine how lonely it's been."

The smaller marine decided being flabbergasted might be a good investment after all.

"Sir?"

The Primarch slumped into one of the utilitarian and reenforced chairs in the corner of the quarters, and gestured to the other with a friendly armored wave.

"Sit down, Bjorn the Fell-Handed, and I shall tell you the tale of a tree called Yggdrasil."

1.2 (Saphroneth)

"Ah, it's good to see you, little mother."

Fluttershy eeped. "Can't… breathe…"

Leman Russ released her, ignoring the gobsmacked expressions of his honour guard. "And these must be Twilight, Rarity, Pinkie, Applejack and Rainbow Dash!"

"Ah, you remember us!" Twilight said, smiling. "I hoped you would."

"I could never forget you." The Primarch tapped a massive finger absently against his sword hilt. "Now, what's first… of course! A feast!"

Pinkie grinned. "I like the sound of that!"

The Space Wolves thought it over, and decided – en masse – that they did as well.

"So, what brings you to my humble corner of the universe?" Russ asked that evening. The two Fenrisian wolves he always raised lounged around him, all three dwarfing the six Equestrian visitors quite handily.

"Well… we just, turned up here." Twilight shrugged. "Loops are fairly random, after all. Though, actually, none of us have much idea what a normal Dark Millennium Loop is like. Anything you can tell us?"

"Oh, don't get me started!" Russ shook his head. "Bjorn can tell you all about it, he usually lasts quite a while even if I get thoroughly lost to the Warp."

Bjorn made what was almost certainly a rude gesture. "I always end up in a damned *dreadnought* , you mean. Boring as hel."

Russ grinned back. "Yeah, whatever. Anyway, what usually happens is that things get *really* nasty. I can never seem to stop all the Legions falling to Chaos – I saved the Thousand Sons, and the Raven Guard fell. Then I tried keeping the Death Guard pure, and that was it for the Ultramarines. Even tried killing off Horus, and that's when I found out the whole thing got started by a *Word Bearer!* And as for trying to handle the Alpha Legion, I can never tell if I'm coming or going."

Twilight pondered that. "I guess Pinkie really did do a lot of good when she replaced Slaanesh."

"Wait, she did what?" Bjorn laughed out loud. "That must have been hilarious!"

"It was super fun!" Pinkie's eyes glowed. "I had *all the parties!* "

"…actually, now I'm scared," the Space Wolf looper muttered. "Wonder how Ciaphas would take that."

"Ciaphas?"

"Oh, I remember him!" Pinkie beamed. "He was awesome! Kinda nervous, though."

"I don't blame him," Leman said, sotto voce. "Little Mother, your friends are sometimes a little unnerving."

"I know, Lemon – Leman, sorry." Fluttershy exhaled sharply. "But they're friends, and I wouldn't give them up for anything."

"Aye, I know the feeling." Russ scratched Geki behind the ear, looking into the distance.

"Alright, girls," Twilight said, beating her wings soundlessly to hold station in the immaterium. "Three, two, one..!"

A bolt of rainbow light sizzled across the howling wastes of the warp, and impacted dead centre on the *Eisenstein.*

Twilight nodded briskly, as Nurglite daemons fled from the huge ship. "Five down, fourteen to go."

"This is getting tiring, though," Rarity admitted. "You *know* the Elements never work so well outside Equestria."

"Yeah, I do." Twilight let her magic build up for a gigantic teleport. "But we're handling so much chaos I think we're getting a fair performance out of them anyway. Right, next stop Ultramar."

Her power crested, and in an eyeblink they were a *long* way away.

"And… done!" Twilight ticked off another item on her list. "Webway access acquired, Webway fixed, and Commorragh cut off from the network. What's next?"

Sifting through the paper, she answered her own question. "Here we are. Necrons. Any ideas?"

Dash raised a hoof.

"Apart from too many cyclonic torpedoes."

Dash lowered a hoof.

"I know!" Pinkie said, suddenly. "I'll go chat with Trazyn! He's fun."

"Fun? Fun?" Russ goggled. "He once stole my thirteenth company!"

"Eh," Pinkie said, grinning. "Unlucky for some."

"Right, Pinkie's handling that one." Twilight pencilled that in. "Oh, how's the Emperor doing? I haven't seen him in a week."

Russ grinned uneasily. "I may have sucker punched him after he questioned Mother's presence."

"May?" Fluttershy asked warningly.

"Alright, I *did* sucker punch him." The Primarch shrugged. "Turnabout is fair play – and at least I wasn't wearing a power fist."

He sobered. "I don't know how to thank you enough. I mean, there's still problems turning up all over the place, but the Emperor and my brothers are all still alive and… mostly… sane."

"Alpharius is the most fun one, silly!" Pinkie grinned. "Well, apart from Omegon."

"How do you even tell them apart?" Rarity asked absently.

"Guesswork!"

"…and so, in the name of the Emperor of Mankind, ruler of the million suns, and in the name of his Empire of Man, and his tributaries, we welcome you to the stars. May you live long and well amongst the heavens."

Guilliman stepped back from the com system. "How was that?"

"Laying it on a bit thick, there, don't you think?" Fulgrim asked. "I mean, come on. They're explorers, not politicians."

"Well, *I* happen to think you made the right choice." Dorn shrugged. "I mean, it's not every decade that an out-system power turns out to have discovered antigravity and artificial intelligence before even launching a moon mission. And five thousand years ago they were nomadic hunters."

"Still are." Magnus the Red nodded. "Not one of them has a flicker of magic. That's superstitious and backwards to my reckoning."

"I agree with Roboute," Twilight said before the brothers got into too major an argument. "And I'll just remind you that it kind of *is* my ship."

She felt a bit of a guilty thrill of pleasure at the thought. Russ had insisted, the Emperor had been interested, and she hadn't felt she could turn it down… and the huge battlecruiser had turned out to be very useful, especially packed to the gunwales with scientific equipment and experiments.

Jetbikes were pretty flippin' cool, for example.

But this was only the third time she'd managed to have the embarrassingly-titled *Saviour of Prospero* in position to make an official First Contact.

All in all, she reflected, a 40K Loop could be quite pleasant. Well, if you headed the whole 'only war' thing off as soon as possible, and took measures to keep it well contained.

"Get OFF me!" Khorne growled, snatching at the bubbly pink blur.

"Nope!" Pinkie said, jumping from him to Tzeentch. "Ooh, what's today's plan?"

"Get rid of you!" the Chaos God replied, scowling.

"Ooh, just like all the other times!" Pinkie paused, pondering. "Ooh, alliteration. Anyway, you're really not very creative at this kind of thing."

"Just GO AND BOTHER SLAANESH OR SOMETHING!" Khorne bellowed.

Pinkie considered it. "Nah. Ooh, is that a doggy?"

"That is not a *doggy* . That is a *hound* ."

"Po-tay-to, po-tah-toe." Pinkie threw it a dog biscuit, and it panted happily. "Dog. See?"

"Why can't we kill her?" Khorne asked, sighing heavily.

Tzeentch kicked something. It turned out to be a flatfish. "She's more chaotic than *we* are right now. And that flippin' Laughing God and the Deceiver are both helping her."

"Figures."

1.3 (Evilhumour)

Bjorn was eating at the table when his Primarch of the Space Wolves suddenly jumped in his gilded throne, dropping the leg of the wolf he had been eating. The Wolf Lord paled before swearing and storming off. A few of the Space Wolves marines raised an eyebrow at his strange behaviour, usually not this calm nor peaceful.

Leman *despised* these loops beyond all measures. He had heard through the grapevines that every branch had their own nightmarish variants, and for one that was already on the edge of falling in massive, never ending world, his had to be *worse* than what he had heard from others loopers.

There was only one change, one thing that caused everything to become an inverted, twisted, monstrous echo of his world. It was almost always the same event but it was always centred on his father's decision. Ages ago, his father had once seen the horrors and terrors of the Warp, the threats and dangers it posed to humanity. Normally, he would fight and deny the existence of the Warp's daemons, lead humanity into the Imperium, denying and rejecting Chaos and the four Chaos Gods every step he took.

In these loops, the Emperor of Mankind looked at the powers of the Chaos offered and embraced them. He went into the Warp as the Emperor of Mankind and came out as the Chaos God Emperor of Existence with the four Chaos Gods bound to his will and might. He then began to save humanity from the Xenos using the Ruinous Powers to shatter their minds and bodies, establishing a brutal, blood soaked, moral deprived founded Imperium. He forced the Xeno races into slavery and established their new purpose: breed so they can fight to the death for mankind's eternal enjoyment. He openly encouraged decadency within mankind and fighting between the Imperium's branches. He also outlawed all medicine outside the elites, leading old and new diseases to run loose throughout the Imperium's growing boundaries.

Then the Chaos God Emperor of Existence had a horrific idea to speed up the process. Using his own DNA, he created twenty sons made to be near perfect super beings; his Primarch Generals to conquer the worlds beyond the Imperium. And then he used the Warp to send them out to the stars to begin their conquest.

And they did, with the Emperor watching his sons every steps as they grew and began to conquer their world, actually intervening in some cases. He battled with Angron side by side when his son's

forces were being attacked, and ripped out the souls of the people that dare to enslave his son for endless torment. He listened and argued with Magnus, the latter becoming a brilliant and loyal strategist for the Imperium's forces. He had given a well delivered speech to why Horus would be their leader and Warmaster. All of them were loyal to Emperor out of love and respect, not a single trace of force or trickery.

The horrors they had inflicted onto the universe was beyond measure and any chance of redemption was non existence.

In these insane loops where all the streets were literally stained with blood and fresh pouring in every hour, it came to *him* to end the madness and horror by leading the Heresy of Order. He would normally try and slay his father in a surprised, stab to the back alone and then fight his brothers, their space marines, his own, the Imperium and the Chaos Gods for any remote chance of victory for sanity.

He usually failed to get past the marines, as while he had learned most of his brothers quirks by now save for Alpharus and/or Omegon *still* being too unpredictable for him plan against, by the time he got to the marines he was far too exhausted to fight anymore and was usually gun down. Steeling himself up as he crept towards to the Golden Throne where his father was waiting.

To his great surprise as he was sneaking towards the room someone else walked into him. Looking up at figure, he was surprised to see his brother Vulkan looking at him equally confused.

"Leman, I do not know why you are here nor do I have the time to figure it out," his brother glared at him. "Something is *very* wrong; the Chaos forces have managed to do some serious damage to time itself and I need to try to bring reason to father. If you try to stop me, I will not hesitate to slay you brother as there are far greater things than whatever you came here for."

Leman took a moment to comprehend everything his brother said and crumpled inside. Of all the brothers he had wished to with him, Vulkan had been high on the list, but he wished it would be under better circumstances.

"You are partially correct, Vulkan," Leman said stoically, eying the doors. "Time is broken in a sense, but not in the way you think. Come with me so I can explain things to you," Leman saw the harden glare in his brother's eyes. "Please, it would do us no good to talk where he can hear us and I have things I *must* tell you on the off chance everything goes to Hel."

Vulkan blinked in surprise to hear the softness and urgency in his brother's voice. "Very well, but the explanation better be good and *honest* ."

Leman chuckled, rolling his eyes. "The Little Mother has taught me the value of honesty and I have no desire in getting a lecture from her if she finds out I was lying to you about *this* ."

"The 'Little Mother'?" Vulkan asked, watching his brother pause and then groan in embarrassment.

"I will explain that as well," Leman gave his brother a smile. "But what I can say that there is this tree..."

1.4 (Saphroneth and mosshaodw95)

The Imperial Infantryman's Uplifting Primer, page 14:

An Eldar with a Heliotropic Inflatrum rune is not dangerous, though it is enthusiastic.

1.5 (elmagnifico)

The Imperial Infantryman's Uplifting Primer, page 37:

Discounting inquisitors and commissars, ostensible humans in long red coats, nonregulation glasses and heretical-looking hairstyles should be treated with caution, respect, and ideally, superior firepower. Call for backup.

1.6 (Evilhumour)

Vulkan looked at Leman, very annoyed.

"May I ask you whatever possessed you do that?!"

"In my defense, I thought if I could get the Orks behind me I would be able to stave off some horribleness," Leman protested. "How was I suppose to know that bribing them with stuff animals would cause Yggdrasil to," Leman pulled out the identical paper that was found inside both of their subspace pockets. "Quote 'Cause Yggdrasil to crash that was certainly not because of me falling over onto my terminal due to sheer laughter of seeing Orks using Beanie Babies to slaughter Necrons. Don't do it again. Fenrir.'"

Vulkan sighed, rolling her eyes. "I just don't know why I was sent to Eiken too!" Vulkan, or Valerie, groaned, her chest still unmovable and keeping her pin in her seat to her desk.

"How many times do I have to say I am sorry?!" Liddey snapped back at her sister, trying to peer over her chest.

"ONCE WOULD BE NICE!"

Sleipnir looked at the twitching ball of fur on the floor, still in the throes of laughter, and rolled his eyes.

His brother's loopers had certainly up the ante with *that* stunt, and now he'd need to find a way to the next contest.

Maybe turning Twilight's library into a ticking time bomb of tree sap...

1.7 (Angleform)

Leman Russ, Wolf King of Fenris and Primarch of the Space Wolves, stood upon the bridge of his flagship as the borders of reality rent asunder and his fleet returned to the material universe.

Holographic displays sprang up as sensors probed the surrounding void, seeking both threats and navigational reference points. After a moment Leman frowned.

"Damn it."

"My lord?"

The Primarch glanced at Bigby, captain of the *North Wind* , before turning his attention back to the readout. The world of Macragge was present as expected. The vast fleet of biological monstrosities intent on devouring it… was not. Judging by the debris fields his rescue had arrived decades too late. Again.

"There has got to be a better way of getting around this galaxy."

Experimental FTL: Test I

Leman smiled as he made his way through the ship. ' *Ship, ha! Barely big enough to be a strike craft.'*

It was build around a Star Fleet warp nacelle, although powered by a plasma reactor rather than anti-matter, and just big enough to hold a crew of three and some sensors. While 'warp speed' was slow on a galactic scale it was reliable and didn't require any exotic material unobtainable in his home loop.

Bjorn looked back from the pilot's seat. "Ready when you are."

The wolf lord grinned. "Engage."

"Son."

"Father."

"While I am always in favor of pushing the limits of technology I must ask you be more careful in future. In particular I would prefer if you refrained from **ripping system wide warp rifts open in Mars orbit!**

Experimental FTL: Test IV

In the dark void between stars a ship floated. The tugs which delivered it here had long since departed. Slowly the prototype Kearny-Fuchida Drive came to full charge.

Leman Russ, Anchor of the loop, sat at the control panel and double checked his calculations. So far things had gone perfectly. The unmanned probes had traveled as they should. No warp rifts had formed. No demons had possessed the bulkheads. The Necrons had not arrived in the hundreds like a vengeful swarm. This may finally be the answer.

Bracing himself for the inevitable jump shock he input the final activation command.

The ship jumped.

Space folded. Stretched. Settled.

And ceased, as the ship attempted to rematerialize *inside the warp* .

In all the tests things had gone perfectly. But Leman, for all his genius and experience, had overlooked a critical fact: In his loop souls had weight. And the warp was 'down'.

Experimental FTL: Test XXIII

Eldar Farseer Lemath Ruthel flexed his vast psykic might to peer at the distant speck of his latest experiment. It had been many loops since he had a lead on The Transportation Issue and he was not going to let a little thing like being the wrong species get in the way.

Acquiring the ship had not been easy. Duplicating the drive would be even less so, given he still had no clue how the thing functioned. But it would be worth it. It would **all** be worth it.

"Activate the Infinate Improbability Drive."

A signal was sent. A reply received. A countdown began.

"Ten.

Nine.

Eight.

Seven.

Five.

Four.

Three.

Two.

On£%GO!)DR&G(D DBC&C

I love you You love me

We're a happy family

The young boy looked up in horror. 'Oh Juniper and Yew not Here.'

1.8 (Evilhumour and wildrook)

Leman looked at his brother.

"Do you wish to run that by me again?" Leman wondered if this was some kind of mini-me variant loop he head of. Because Vulkan was suggesting something like *he* would do.

"You've said that you have dealt with the Chaos Gods in the past, correct?" His brother took a sip of the tea Leman tried to brew. The little mother was far better at it, but he wanted to show her that he had been paying attention. Although, judging by how much Vulkan cringed after each sip showed him that needed a lot more practice.

At least there had only been five infernos and only one small daemon this time, a personal best for him. Thankfully Bjorn was not Awake as he had been getting awful vocal about banning him from the kitchen.

"Indeed." Leman nodded, taking a sip of the tea and wincing as it burned his throat.

"I would like to try it myself," Vulkan smiled, placing the teacup down far away from him. "I've been with you several times as we've worked to stop the worst of the war and the general ugliness, so I wish to try my hand it alone."

"I see," Leman ran a hand through his wild hair, biting the inside of his lip. "You certainly do not need my permission; you're a grown man and a Primarch to boot. But are you *sure* you can handle it? I would hate to see you di-"

"Death has become pointless for us brother thanks to the loops, so you would not need worry if I fall," he placed a hand on his brother's arm. "I will think of it as practice for next time. If I can manage to fight the Chaos Gods, then you can take a break now and then." His mouth curled up in the shadow of a grin. "Maybe you will uncover a new way to get around faster? Maybe a surfboard?"

Leman huffed, rolling his eyes as he leaned back in his seat. "As *if* anyone would ever use *that* to get around." Leman smiled and grabbed his brother's wrist. "I wish you the best of luck then, brother."

"Thank you Leman," smiling back, he pulled his brother into a hug. "But it will be *them* that will need the luck."

Vulkan nodded his legion, gesturing to stay back as he entered deeper into the Warp. He had gained a few tricks over his time in the loops, still waiting for his first fused loop but he had been building up several powerful powerarmors for himself and Leman to the point he was getting close to negating the Warp's ill effects.

In fact, it seemed that the Warp was calmer than normal, giving some weight to Leman's claim that they could do a positive feedback on the whole issue. Enough times when they stopped the bloodshed things usually improved the next loop according to Leman.

Still wasn't *exactly* peaceful, and he *truly* wished to see the peaceful Equestria and the fabled Little Mother that *always* got his brother to blush something fierce and Bjorn to grin like a loon whenever he broached the subject. Too bad the man swore an oath of loyalty to remain quiet on the whole thing.

As he made his way closer to Khorne's realm, he noticed a lack of daemons and warriors stopping him. Odd, but still not a *true* issue for him. As he made his way around the Brass Citadel, the roof suddenly exploded as Khorne leaped out, roaring in... *enjoyment?!*

"BEHOLD FOOLISH MORTAL! I AM *KHORNE* THE MIGHTY! THE BLOOD GOD! THE GOD OF COMBAT!" Khorne roared, landing in front of the Primarch wielding... a *FOAM SWORD?!*

"Wha-" Vulkan pulled his head back in confusion but forced himself to defend as the war god slashed him across the chest with enough force to cut away some of his Powerarmor. "None of times I've

fought you Khorne have you been *this* foolish! I shall defeat you Tzeentch or Slaanesh!" Vulkan yelled back, bringing his own blade against the surprisingly dangerous foam blade.

" **HOW DARE YOU CONFUSE ME FOR THAT TRICKSTER OR HAR- Wait, what?"** Khorne paused mid swing, the foam sword encased with fire. **"Time is repeating for you too mortal?"**

Vulkan eyes bulged as the implications ran through his head. "Oh no, no, *NO!* " He swore, punching a wall before rubbing his face. "Khorne...are the *others* experiencing the time repeats?"

"INDEED!" Khorne placed the sword against his throat, which Vulkan slapped away. **"You shall explain this to us *now!* "** Vulkan could only groan as three other figures stepped in the plane around him. He knew one day he might have to give the speech to others but to *them!?* He was going to *KILL* Leman for this!

"Well, there is this *tree* ..."

Fenrir groaned, slamming his head against the terminal.

He should have seen this coming. Feedback of emotions in the Warp, either good or bad, was going to get the attention of the Chaos Gods. With Leman continuously working to induce *good* emotions, it seemed that they simply Woke up one time and he missed it.

The Chaos Gods were looping and apparently feeling like *pranking* people.

Oh this was *not* going to be fun to explain to the higher ups.

"If you think that's bad," Slepinir said to Fenrir, "wait until the Emperor becomes Awake."

Fenrir looked at his brother, eyes shrinking as he realized that it was only inevitable before slamming his head into the terminal again.

1.9 (Saphroneth)

"All right." Nodding, Fluttershy put the kettle back on the stove, just to one side to keep it at the right temperature. "What brings you out here?"

Now *that* was the real question. Cheerilee certainly never came out here in a normal loop, so...

"Well, it's quite a puzzle, actually," Cheerilee admitted. "You see, there's a child who Nurse Redheart and I found wandering around Ponyville this morning. He seemed quite confused, but was insistent that he meet you."

She stepped fully into the cottage, and turned to the door. "Come on in, Lemon."

A bright yellow earth pony colt walked in, a little unsteady on his legs, and his eyes locked onto Fluttershy.

Fluttershy blinked, then gasped.

"Leman?"

"So you *do* know him?" Cheerilee asked, satisfied. "I'll want to hear all the details – but later. Can I leave you to take care of him for today? I'm afraid I've got work to do for the festival as well."

"That's fine," Fluttershy said absently.

The moment Cheerilee was out of the house, she let her happiness off the leash. "Leman! I thought I'd lost you."

She knelt down, spreading her forelegs, and the colt stumbled forward into her embrace.

"I still don't know what's going on..." Lemon Rush said, looking around the cottage. "The last I remember, we were on Fenris." Preparing for a delegation from the Light Eldar Empire to arrive, actually.

"Well..." Fluttershy thought for a moment as she poured the tea. "Okay. There are things called time loops, and people from one sometimes end up in another. This is my home one."

"It certainly looks more peaceful than mine," the colt said, glancing out the window. "And warmer."

He paused. "Didn't you used to have a horn, little mother?"

"Oh, of course." Fluttershy closed her eyes, let the Element of Kindness flash into being, and Ascended. "I forgot, you've only seen me like this."

"Neat trick. Can we all do that?"

"No, sorry." Fluttershy shrugged, reverting the transformation. "It's... complicated. Come on, I'll introduce you to Twilight, and she can tell you what you need to know about the Loops."

"That works for me." Rush stood up, and nearly fell over.

Fluttershy's hoof swept out to steady him, and he gratefully used it to stand back upright. "This is humiliating..." he muttered, face burning beneath his coat.

"I had just as much trouble with walking on two legs," Fluttershy smiled. "And with flying, actually. I still have a preference for walking where possible."

She nuzzled him affectionately. "It's good to see you, Leman."

"And you." The normally-a-primarch laughed. "At least I didn't make *too* much of a mess when I arrived! If I'd acted more like the

Emperor would have then I'd have thought this was some sorcerous trick!"

Fluttershy winced internally as she bumped into Gilda. Normally she was able to adroitly avoid the belligerent griffin, but she'd just... forgotten. Too much else to think about.

"Hey!" Gilda said, scowling, and then roared.

The roar was cut off within about a second, as two bright yellow hooves thudded into Gilda's torso. Air wooshed out in a strangled squawk, and the impact sent her beak over tail onto the road some distance away.

"Let me make one thing clear," Lemon said, sounding more predatory than the griffin he was standing on top of – in spite of his high-pitched colt's voice. "You can challenge anyone you like to a fight. I don't mind that. But you force a fight with someone who can't protect themselves, and you answer to me."

"Lemon!" Fluttershy said, sternly. "I know she's a bully, but that doesn't mean you can bully her back."

"Sorry, little mother," he said, shaking his head and stepping off Gilda. "I don't like seeing you hurt."

"I know you don't," Fluttershy replied. "But still."

He nodded.

Fluttershy bent down to talk more privately. "When did you learn to fight like that?"

The colt smiled. "I'm a *primarch.* We're *made* good at fighting."

1.10 (Delta Green, Leonite, Evilhumour and Gamerex27)

It was rare for the Original 7 Loopers to be gathered nowadays. The sheer number of Universes looping meant that they often were separated by multiple continuities, often acting as the stabilizing influences to start up a Loop. Sometimes, their respective authorities in Yggdrasil decided to give them breaks where they could meet, talk, fight and whatever else they wished with some of their oldest friends. As their workload increased, this became less and less common.

But this... this was different.

None of them had truly been to the Warhammer Universes yet. Fused Loops? Yes. Transposed characters? Yes. But a fully intact Dark Millennium Loop? Never.

They had Awakened in the 41st Millennium, all scattered over the Galaxy, and sent a ping out. They had gotten a single return from Earth and, moments later, all been 'respectfully' invited by Acolytes of the Inquisition to follow them to the nearest Black Ship. During their trip, the Inquisitors on board each of their ships had endeavoured to inform them of the current state of the 41st Millennium.

Nothing had changed. Despite the influence of at least one Looper, nothing had changed.

They were brought before the Eternity Gate, where Custodes were waiting for them. Rapid fire greetings and discussions were exchanged through less than obvious means before the Captain-General told them to remain silent, both in voice and in mind. Their means of remaining subtle, he told them, could perturb the wards of the Palace.

And now here they were. Before the Golden Throne itself. Before the withered shell of the Carrion-Lord of Humanity. A moment of silence followed, before a thunderous not-sound echoed through their ears and mind.

You do not need to speak. I have already learnt what I wished to know. You may leave, if you wish.

Ranma, oldest and most powerful of the Seven, spoke up in response.

"Oh yeah? What?"

More than you assume, nothing that you childishly fear I would seek. Details and events that escaped your notice, the so-called Gods and, perhaps, that of Yggdrasil itself. Enough for my purposes.

Harry spoke next.

"You didn't answer the question."

And if I did, you wouldn't understand. Just as you do not understand. Just as Leman does not understand. Anchors you may be, but you lack the understanding to see. You never had the patience, will or even ability to understand. It is not your fault, you were never meant to endure Eternity, never designed to bear such weight. You could have, if you had known. But you didn't.

Ichigo, always fierce, yelled out in frustration.

"Stop dancing around with your cryptic bullshit! You're just as helpless as anyone else in this mess!"

Am I? The path I walked, the Great Work I have endeavoured, the goal I strive for... Never have I strayed from it. Making sure someone else would bear the role of Anchor for Yggdrasil, acting like you do, seeming to accept the insanity that infects Loopers, bearing the taint of the Xeno with a smile... All served its purpose in the Great Work. Gathered information I needed.

Naruto paled at the implications of the Emperor's words.

"But that would mean..."

That I was not blind to the attempts of Fenrir to start a Loop in this universe? I made myself unsuitable then, fearing what would happen if Chaos had the chance to endlessly retry its plots. The Equestrians surprised me, but I am nothing if not adaptable. Now, I must reclaim the role of Anchor to access Yggdrasil. You have given me the means. I thank you, in the name of Mankind.

The absolute disbelief that was shared by the Seven was almost palatable. Shinji was the one to voice it, however.

"That's impossible."

Nothing is impossible, Shinji Ikari. Not for Humanity. Do not be afraid. I seek not to overthrow the so-called Gods. All I seek is an End to the Long War. A mere twitch in the skein, a 1 in place of a 0 in the program. All I need to ensure the inevitable defeat of Chaos.

There was a pregnant pause as the Seven struggled to understand the immensity of what one of the newest Loopers claimed he had done.

I can feel your objections. But the change will hold and affect nothing else. I can prevent Chaos from doing the same, if they could even still their natures enough to do so. Once this Loop ends, I will be an Anchor once and for all. Through it, I can ensure that the change will hold until the Loops end. What is an Eternity of waiting for Victory, when one knows it is assured? Bearing an Eternity of endless torment on this Throne to ensure our Final Victory against Chaos? Even through Infinite Loops? That is a small price to pay indeed.

A feeling of contentment, of fulfillment filled the most Sacred Place of the Imperium, even as the withered corpse continued to cry a blessed tear for each forgotten hero of the Imperium.

You may go. Return to your games and distractions. There is still much I need to do in preparation for the Last Loop.

And yet as he spokes up a single one of the stepped forward. Sailor Moon, having taken on the form the moment they had stepped into the Imperial Palace, shook her head. "I'm sorry to say but... it's not possible to do that. Even with the loops letting us master powers that we couldn't usually reach..." She trailed off as light surrounded her... and then with a blaze of energy she stood before both groups changed. Her usually bunned hair having come undone, floating effortlessly in the air as it flows like liquid silver. Her uniform almost entirely white, with but a single rainbow at the front of her dress and small patches of gold on her shoulders breaking up the look. A second feeling of pure light and power filling the room. " **It's not possible for someone like you... or like me to be able to change how a loop works. No matter how much we want to at the time. Not without Ascending.** "

What is to stop me simply Ascending?

Naruto snorted. "You won't. Because that means you're risking killing off everything you worked so hard for." He pointed out. However he edged away slightly from Sailor Cosmos as he did... Sailor Cosmos seemed to remind him of figures from his own loop.

"We understand more than anyone else what you want to do." Harry admitted. He stood next to Cosmos, the master of death unphased by her light. "Final victory over the greatest of foes. To stop corruption. To make sure that you achieve the best possible result. Am I right?"

Silence filled the room... and it was almost deafening. It was mystifying. These seven... they looked so innocent. But even atop the throne the Emperor could feel it in them. the weariness of age beyond reckoning. The experience of living to the point of seeing all you know die around you. And... now that he reached out deeper he

could see the power in each of them. Power enough to become stronger than even he might be.

What stops you from doing what as I wish to do?

" **That's simple.** " Sailor Cosmos admitted with a small smile. Her every word seemed to echo despite her never raising her voice. " **Because we know that when everything is fixed and Yggdrasil runs again, when the loops end... we'll be able to rest. To have our happy endings. To ensure our victories.** "

Enduring Eternity. Your jokes, your amusements, your distractions... these are to allow you to endure the wait?

"Let's be honest... even if you made yourself the anchor, you'd just make it so you'd be lonely." Ichigo said. As he spoke anyone who stared in the Shinigami's eyes would see the certainty of experience. Of outlasting everyone else.

"We prank, joke, train... even experiment." Ranma added. "In part it's the madness of all those years. Or perhaps we're just using things to remind ourselves we're not infallible gods. But it helps us get through another loop without our friends. Our loved ones." For a moment it seemed as if the gender shifting martial artist would go on... but he stopped, either unable or unwilling to. He too stood beside Cosmos, but not as close as the others.

Lina sighed. "Look at it this way. Being an anchor that, for every time you get to spend with friends, family, or even rivals and enemies... you spend ten, twenty, a hundred of them by yourself. And for you... that means enduring all those years every time." She said. Like Naruto, she seemed uneasy, not simply being around Cosmos, but both figures

"Your son is more than willing to make that sacrifice for you." Ichigo added.

Silence covered the room again. Then a feeling of barely contained anger seemed to slip from the Golden Throne.

And why should Leman Russ have to make that sacrifice? Why should one of my sons be forced to make it when I am the one the masses call God-Emperor!

The room rumbled from the psychic bellowing

"If you're going to go by that name then act like it!" Naruto yelled back. "You call yourself the Emperor of Mankind. One of the few people that can claim legitimate immortality out there, and you're more willing to risk the destruction or even disabling of your entire loop just because you don't want to put the effort in? If you ask me that tells me exactly why you shouldn't be the anchor."

Who are you to judge my actions?

"THE ONLY ONES WHO MIGHT UNDERSTAND THEM! " The entire room fell silent at that as the remaining six stepped backwards. None of them regarded the other as stronger... but at the same time, no-one much liked to anger Usagi either, especially when she was Sailor Cosmos. For the Emperor, it was more out of shock as he felt her presence make itself abundantly clear. A presence almost identical to his own in a sense. " **We... who have seen the worst of tortures, mutilations, depravity. YOU, WHO HAS NEVER GIVEN BIRTH TO A CHILD ONLY TO SEE THEM SNATCHED AWAY BY THE CRUEL CRIPPLED HANDS OF TIME!** " At this point tears streamed down Cosmos' face. For a brief moment her memory was exposed clear as day... and for a brief moment the Emperor got a glimpse. Of a large family celebrating her 20,000th birthday. A particularly long loop where she had children. Grandchildren. An entire dynasty... and all but one had been taken away by the end of the loop. A rush of sensations. Of anger and sadness. Of being so distracted that she hadn't noticed her own friends being killed off until it was too late. Taking the power of hope to become Sailor Cosmos, the last, lonely senshi." **WHO ARE YOU**

TO STATE THAT YOU DESERVE SPECIAL TREATMENT, THAT YOU SHOULD CHANGE YOUR SITUATION TO FAVOR YOU? "

"THAT'S ENOUGH USAGI!"

The voice cut through clearly. Ranma, at this point shaking, quivering shook his head. "You've said your piece. We're leaving."

"You sure about this Ranma?" Harry asked.

"If the so called Emperor can't realize how much of a moron he's being then he doesn't deserve the name." Ranma said coldly as he apparated away. One by one the remaining six looked at each other and disappeared... until two remained. Sailor Cosmos and the Emperor.

" **... I understand how you feel. You hate that you can't do what you want. You want things to go your way.** " Sailor Cosmos... no, Usagi Tsukino said. " **You have your sons at the least. You awaken as you recover them. Take the small victories where you can... do you truly wish to risk losing all you've worked for, everything you have or could have... simply for a change that any one of the admins could change back on a whim?** " With that she vanished... and once again the Emperor was alone in the Imperial Palace. Upon the Golden Throne.

Alone, the Emperor, who bore many names and many identities, smiled in melancholy.

Such good points indeed, Brethren. *Young-Old you are, where I am but Old and have forgotten my Youth.* **Just as you have learnt to live with the Loops, so can I not try to fulfill my Purpose. I must act, so long as I can.**

You who started looping as children, full of ideals you always had hope to uphold in the next try, capable of adapting to the circumstances, how monstrous and stubborn must I be to your

eyes? When I did not have that luxury for so long. When all my plans only had one attempt to succeed or fail? When to fail meant to the Doom of Mankind. When I started as the Carrion-Lord and have only gained so little unity since. When I saw all my ideals burn with no hope of salvation.

Millennia of failure can now be undone and averted, only to come back again. There must be another way.

Do you really think I would sacrifice this Universe for Victory, when I finally have the chance to try again? My change is meant to have effect after the End of the Loops, not to end the Loops. Even if someone must be thrown into Oblivion for it, let it be none other than I.

Would it be possible, I would bear it all for my failures. So much is my fault.

I fooled you, Brethren who exceed my Age. You provided the way to push into the Code *, but was it the right push when I cannot see it?* **I may fool even the so-called Gods.** I must save them, all Mankind. *I've learnt enough of Yggdrasil to know it is impossible for me to become an Anchor, yet I made them doubt.*

Too fractured, too broken, too splintered. So little remains. *Steadfast Rogal was dead and industrious Roboute in endless stasis, is that why Leman was chosen?*

But if this manipulation holds, if this gamble pays off...

I am here for the sick, not for the healthy. But I am as sick as the dying leper .

Ever did I accomplish my purpose in endless doubt I could not show, I could not voice **.** *I am here to be the protector, not the protected.* How can I ask of my Son the task that should be mine to bear? **If I can ensure Chaos is defeated, what importance is my survival?**

But if Leman is right... This may ensure his way's victory. Endless repetitions in the Materium, affecting the timeless Warp. **Not enough. Not while bloodshed continues in such scale, not while excess dominates all, not while rot infects all, not while mutations corrupt all.** *How can I be sure, when I remember so few Loops?*

They wish to preserve Universes. If I push them hard enough... they will change it for me. They must. Or I will not stop trying. Or I cannot stop trying.

Stop me, I beg you.

Call me a fool, call me whatever you wish. Just as in the desert, I will not yield. I cannot. **I will not take the easy way out. I will not summon the Host to right all wrongs while I stand aside. I will bear my responsibility to the end. I must.** Or else all the blood, all the carnage, all the sacrifice...

Serenity of the purest white, you may have lost, but was it ever by your own hands? *Can I force them to avert it... Or will they destroy all?*

I never wished to be a God, yet I was made one. I will act as such. *How can I trust those just as flawed as I, but who were born into such power? How can the Monster of Man trust the Divine, when he proved unworthy?* **The Plan is accomplished, all that remains is to wait.**

What if it happened before? They would have mentioned it. It must be the first.

It matters not. Our purpose is served.

Will it not change? I can only hope. **F£nrir will rage, as h3 mu57 f0r 4ll th1ng5.** *Wh4 will h3 do? Have I fai*?*%XI$*led again?*

Loki blinked as he passed his son's office. Fenrir was growling, pacing back and forth muttering death threats and several other things that did not sound that possible. Rolling his eyes, he walked over to the large wolf, and waited for his son to notice him. After several moment of pacing, Loki lost his patience and tapped his son's nose, causing the wolf's ears to perk upwards.

"What's wrong boy, need to go out for a walk?" Loki was greeted with a loud growl that broke off into a loud sigh.

"I need help dealing with this damn looper!" Fenrir sat on his hunches, laying his massive head on the terminal. "The Emperor of Mankind is so infuriating! Everytime I *try* to get him to looping, he does something that equates to a crash! I don't know *how* to get through to him. I've tried *everything* I could think of! I even asked *those* anchors to try and talk reason into him! Nothing's working!"

Loki rubbed his son's back, hearing a faint pur from the giant wolf. "Not even his boy Leman can get him to listen to reason?"

Fenrir's ears perked up as well as his head. And then slammed into the terminal. Groaning, the wolf muttered to his father, "Let me try something and *please* don't mention this to anyone dad."

Loki simply laughed, rubbing the spot between his son's ears as he started for the door. "No promises unless you bring home a girl like Sleipnir!" He called out with Fenrir faceplanting again, groaning at what the others would say once they got wind of this.

Picking his head up, he began to type a string of code.

"Let's see if..." Tapping his chin with his tongue sticking out as he tried to think of a name. "Project Brighthammer."

The God Emperor of Mankind was reeling from Hhis new memories. Everything in this Time repeat, or loop as everyone had called them, was *Wrong* but at the same time *Right* . History had been greatly

changed and defiled, yet Hhe was welcoming the alterations. How Hhe rose to power, the Xenos Hhe had fought to save Mankind, the paths Hhe took. No longer the same.

The Chaos Gods were the Lords of Order, different but the same?

There was peace but was it *H his* peace? The cha#nges were t00 m¶ch fo-

"FATHER!" A voice shouted to H-h-H-him, Leman running over with concern. "Stop, you threatening the stability of this loop!" His son placed his hands on his shoulders. "You need to stop right now and reign yourself in as it will either be this or a Chaos God Emperor variant to get some sense into you and trust me, you do *not* want that!"

"What *is* this loop, it's so..."

"Peaceful and perfect?" Leman snorted, rolling his eyes. "It's close, but still has the usual crap that I try to stop."

The Emperor raised an eyebrow at this. "Explain." He ordered his son.

"Normally, if I get in early enough, I do my damndest to make sure the Imperium doesn't have to deal with five tons of fuckitude of endless war and bullshit we usually get."

"Why."

Leman blinked and looked at him in surprised. "...Because I've learned from the little moth-I mean, the woman who raised me that there *is* good in all, and that you can achieve *anything* if you fight for it." His son had a grin on his face. "You've got some ok ideas, not the *best* for our world, but still somewhat ok ideas and I *do* try to implement the better ones when I can."

"What are *wrong*- "

" **THERE ARE NO GODS!"** Leman perfectly copied his voice, smirking once more. "Really? If we'd *known* about the damn Chaos Gods, we could take measures to *avoid* them! Like explain *why* fighting with honour is *really* important! Khorne isn't so bad to deal with if we sent enough positive emotions through the loops. Hell, since they've started, they've more or less of have got *bored* of mass-violence chaos!"

"They're *LOOPING!?"* He shouted, going pale at the thought of them getting smarter and stronger though infinity.

"It's not *as* bad as you think father," Leman said with his hands up defensively. "Ciaphas can explain it to you; we had a game to decided who would explain it to you and he lost." Leman did not mention that he, Vulkan and Bjorn all cheated like hell as *no-one* wanted to be on the end of *that* interrogation.

The Emperor could only sigh, leaning back in his Golden Throne as son was so flippant about the whole matter about the Chaos Gods looping. "You said you've tried to end the blood shed in the past loops?"

"Well, yeah, Fluttershy really raised me right and I do try to take what I've learned and make things better. I'm getting better at it but there *so* many issues for me to hit all at once and it doesn't help when you try something that crashes the loop." Leman looked at him in the eyes. "Father, I know you are not happy with the situation. I understand *why* you'd think you'd be a better choice to be the Anchor, but you wouldn't want it. You spend a very long time on that Throne, wasting away as millions are killed for you every day, watch your dreams die around you and be unable to do a *damn* thing about it. I know, I've ended up there more than once and I was barely able to stand it. If it were you, you'd be aware and *Awake* every single time it happened. Eons of forever being on the Gold Throne is a hell I wouldn't ask *anyone* to take, nor would I expect anyone to force onto another. And trying to change the code?" Leman said with sad eyes. "On the off chance you *do* manage to get out of here and join the ones at the top, you'd become worse than the non looping Chaos

Gods, worse than anything I've ever seen. Worse when I see you as the Chaos God Emperor of Existence, lord of the Ruinous Powers. *All* of them have one thing in common; they keep humanity alive. If you were to do so, you would *KILL* all of mankind, all of us and be a monster forever, for *all* eternity." Leman then put on an sad smiled. "Besides, one day Yggdrasil *will* be fixed, and by that point, we'll have figured out a way to get everything perfect."

The Emperor of Mankind looked at his son and his soul. There no lies, no trickery from Fenrir. This was the complete Truth.

The Emperor nodded his head. "I relent." He announced. If Leman had grown and changed into such a responsible man, maybe the world would be safe in his hands after all. "So who is this 'Fluttershy' you call the Little Mother?"

Leman's cheeks grew red as he explained, with the Emperor's laughter booming in the halls after learning of his son's appearance in his mother's world.

Fenrir looked at the screen, watching the scene with the Emperor close to falling over in laughter as he tried to imagine Leman as a tiny pony. He let out a tired sigh, resting his head onto a cushion that Marianne had got for him when coding Brighthammer proved to be aggravating or tiring for him.

It seemed the Emperor finally got the point across and wouldn't be a damn issue anymore. At least this headache was done with. Maybe he would go see Hephaestus soon; maybe he would have some ideas for any future problems his branch would give him.

He then remembered the volcano god was trying to get his branch going and decided to simply close his eyes, enjoying his victory and Marianne's scent. After all, how bad could the Mega Man branch be?

1.0 The first snip where we have Fluttershy raising the man who would Anchor his world one day.

1.1 Bjorn, it's time to Wake up.

1.2 Reunions

1.3 Vulkan Woke up at a bad time. Luckily, he has a good brother to help through it.

1.4 The loops have required a new manual to be made. These are the entries.

1.5 Good advice.

1.6 Eiken, the universal punishment for loopers when they do things they shouldn't do, like crash a loop and force their Admin to do more work.

1.7Gotta go fast!

1.8 And we've got the Chaos Gods looping!

1.9 Welcome home son

1.10 And we have daddy looping too!

Notes:

To clarify once more, there will be more ponies snip due to backlog and the nature of how Warhammer started looping. For more information on what happened in .10 with the Emperor, you can find the full data on the thread.

Chapter 2

The lack of snips displeases Slaanesh!

2.0 (Custodator Pacis)

The Maze of Tzeentch, the realm of the Lord of Change inside the Warp realm, the labyrinth that woven from raw fabric of magic. Inside the maze is the Impossible Fortress, and at the heart of the fortress is the Hidden Library, the place where the Chaos God of Change eternally plotting his schemes.

"Alright you, the pink one on the left most, bring me this grimoire from the fifth sector," Tzeentch commanded the Pink Horror.

He wait for a few minutes before he noticed that the same Pink Horror still standing there with a confused expression.

"What are you waiting for! Go bring me the grimoire!" Tzeentch snapped at the Pink Horror, but the monster stood firm in it's place, still confusing.

"What are you doing! Go and bring me- WHAT?! That one has been checked out?! How in the Warp can someone have checked out my grimoire in the first place!?" He cursed, before he noticed a certain Horror that was walking awkwardly to his library door.

"And where do you think you are going to, THIEF!?" Said Horror stopped at Tzeentch accusation, it turns around to flash it's grin before it ripped off it's face.

"Tzeentch my man, how can you be so cold, I checked out the books as every library's rules said," The thief was a human with plastered flat hair with it's sideburns nearly reached the chin, he's wearing a red jacket completed with yellow tie.

Tzeentch mentally racked his knowledge of the multiverses to find the thief's identity, and he found the matched one in a couple of seconds.

"Well well well, who could it be but one of the Impossible Thief, Lupin the Third," Tzeentch sneered. "Very impressive, nobody can get this far before even if my Maze was less hostile than usual."

But to his curiosity, said thief's expression gain a bit shade of confusion when he said 'One of the Impossible Thief,'

"Oh Tzeentch my man, how someone can be as good as this old me and I didn't noticed them before?" Lupin said.

"But how can you get into my library in the first place anyway? It would required a certain Tactical genius-"

But before both side can continue the conversation, a very big Warp portal opened inside the library.

And then the Imperial's warship came through the portal, with a warcry of another human.

"LUUUUUUUUUUUPAAAAAAAAAAN!" The owner of warcry was a human with Inquisitor's uniform, but he have a fedora on his head instead.

"Sorry Tzeentch my man! Pop's here; Gotta run!" Lupin said before he break into a mad dash across the room. "GOEMON! We need another exit now!"

Tzeentch could see another figure jump out of the shadows in the room and swing his sword with all his might, created another portal in the process.

"I won't let that damn thief escape again! Fire the missile!" Another voice yelled inside the warship.

"Wait! we can't do that here!" The Inquisitor with a fedora said.

"Jigen!" Lupin called out again and Tzeentch can see another man aim down his pistol.

And managed to shoot one of the missiles as it came out of it's guns, make them exploded in the face of the warship.

"It is a good day to see you again Pop! But I need to go now, sayonara!" Lupin waved his hand before he and his gang entered the portal and shut them behind.

Tzeentch gaping at his messed library as he try to make sense of the fiasco that just happened in his domain.

He look at the warship that pulling it's head back into the portal to resumed the chasing of the thief.

And he see someone chomping cigar with a smug grin on his face, with one of his books in his hand.

"...CREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEED!" Tzeentch cursed the tactical genius as the warship completely pulled out of his Hidden Library.

2.1 (Saphroneth)

Ciaphas Cain blinked, blinked again, and sighed. "Oh, come on."

"Sir?" his faithful assistant asked.

"Nothing," Cain waved off. "If you'll excuse me, I need to have a word with the Primarch."

Leman Russ, Primarch, hero, Anchor and all-around saviour of humanity, could be really be damned malicious sometimes. He'd somehow found Cain before he'd entered the Schola - itself a considerable achievement - and engineered events so that Ciaphas Cain was now Wolf Priest of the Space Wolves 4th Company.

That meant being in harm's way, usually in the front rank and swinging a very large spiky thing at the enemy. At least he'd managed to get hold of a Rosarius.

Still not sure how he managed to finagle Jurgen into the role of chapter serf, either...

2.2 (Evilhumour)

Stoic blinked as he was given an odd sight and was doing his best not to laugh.

His son, who came in a tub from the heavens as his pre Awake self thought, was almost the *perfect* viking. He was strong, fast, powerfully quick and learned how to use all the weapons with ease.

The only hitch was that his son from the heavens preferred to work with Gobbers, happily being a smith opposed to a viking on a raid. Still he couldn't fault the boy *that* much.

Then his loops memories kicked as soon as the bright orange Monstrous Nightmare flew in, looking *very* annoyed. It might have to do with the fact he was both young and very *small* .

Vulkan, his son, looked at the dragon for a long time.

He then asked, with a hand over his mouth, "Leman?"

The dragon could only snort flame to show his annoyance and grumbled loudly as both of the humans broke down in laughter.

2.3 (Evilhumour)

Vulkan and Leman looked at Ciaphas in disbelieve. The two of them had been doing a little bit of a bet to see who could run the best campaign by not using normal weapons. It had been a close contest

when Ciaphas entered with *his* play out of nowhere. And had almost completely pacified the *entire* universe.

Ciaphas looked at the Primarchs and bit back a laugh as he looked down at the screen. "It seems that my cucoo swarm is taking apart the last of Necrons now gentlemen. I do believe I win."

Leman shared a look with his brother, the two of them trying to think of setting off a cucoo swarm counted as a normal weapon or not.

2.4 (Angelform)

The Emperor, immortal lord of humanity, shining light in the warp, conquer of a galaxy (currently pending) and sundry other grandiose titles, was troubled.

He had Awoken in the earliest of his regular start points, that being about one microsecond *after* his children were stolen and scattered across the milky way.

That wasn't what was troubling.

His discreet scouting missions to retrieve the Primarchs early had failed. Even ignoring the butterfly effect of looper action the galaxy was so vast that minor details like where a particular planet was tended to shift even in pure baseline. Not a single one of his trusted emissaries had found the correct world.

That wasn't what was troubling.

What was troubling was how the legions were developing as they mirrored the experience of their absent leaders.

The eighteenth legion had taken on a distinctly Viking theme. Although they retained their interest in fire breathing reptiles and mechanical contraptions.

Both the second and eleventh had decided that gold made a wonderful building material, which the Emperor approved of, and that moral should be maintained by ad hock musical numbers in the style of Elton Jon, which he was rather less keen on.

The fourth was also becoming obsessed with gold, but more in the way of digging it out of the ground. Their alcohol rations had also gone up again. Despite not originally *having* an alcohol ration.

The ninth were still in love with jetpacks but were taking a much greater interest in naval and atmospheric combat. He had not decided which was more disturbing to see: fighter to fighter boarding actions or Escort ships dog fighting in extremely low orbit.

Conversely the seventh was taking a great interest in tanks. But also in mobile bases, to the point of presenting designs of a fully self sustainable 'city ship' as a replacement for legion fortresses. More worrying was their new habit of treating military exercises as a sporting event.

The fifth, nineteenth and twentieth had become enamoured with the concept of walkers. Each with their own idea of just what a 'mech' should be of course. Alarmingly a significant number of prototype Sentinel scout walkers had been going missing… only to turn up again with odd modifications such as wheels on the feet or jet boosters or additional arms clutching swords.

The eighth and fourteenth were becoming steadily more paranoid about zombies. On the upside this seemed to make them more concerned with casualties. They seemed to be under the impression that humanity was running short of meat for the grinder.

The Emperor had actually needed to intervene with the tenth after they started making semi-autonomous humanoid drones. He wasn't certain they were working up to AI soldiers but it was far too great a risk. Oddly their fascination had turned to horror soon after he had forbidden their work.

No less than **seven** of the legions had decided squads should be called 'parties', companies 'raids' and that half the point of fighting was to acquire 'loot'. Predictably there was a great deal of argument over detail such as how large a 'party' should be and what specialists it needed. And weather 'loot' should include bits of the enemy or just what they were carrying.

The worst though were undoubtedly the thirteenth legion. For the most part they were completely unchanged. Same blue colour preference. Same focus on teamwork and organisation. Except that they had taken to using the word 'Marine' as an exclamation. Or simply substituting it for random words. This did not bode well.

If he was very lucky then his son was simply up to his neck in Pokemon. If not…

' *I knew that nickname would come back to haunt us.'*

2.5 (Mandemon and Saphroneth)

This new loop had been... strange. Twilight could not put her hoof on what was wrong, but something was. She had narrowed it down to Celestia and Pinkie Pie, who didn't seem to be themselves. Yet, she could not find any proof of that they were Awake or had been replaced by someone. This loops' memories provided no information that would differentiate from a vanilla loop.

In the end, it didn't matter. Pinkie Pie might throw an extra party here and there, and Celestia might have been running few extra gambits. Nothing major, so she left it be. One major difference really in this loop was that her brother had embarked on some campaign that she could not find any information. At the moment, she was at the Grand Galloping Gala, having prevented the worst mistakes, and was letting the party go on smoothly. The orchestra was playing some music piece she was not interested in.

Then everything went to Tartatrus.

Pinkie Pie appeared on the window.

"THIS QUIET OFFENDS SLAANESH!" She shouted on top of her lungs, causing everyone to look at her. A massive tank burst through the wall, carrying equally massive speakers. "THINGS SHALL GET LOUD NOW!" A loud music began play from the speakers, pushing ponies back. She was about to do something about the matter, when she noticed something... interesting.

Celestia had just transported another massive set of speakers and DJ-equipment into the room. At the same time, Vinyl Scratch entered, listened for a moment before shrugging and moving to the DJ-booth and began to play her own music.

"YOU INTERRUPT!?" Pinkie Pie shouted in surprise

"You call that music? THIS IS HOW YOU DO IT!" Vinyl shouted back before starting to drown out Pinkies music. Pinkie Pie grinned and Twilight witnessed the begin of Grand DJ-Battle.

She walked to Celestia.

"Want to tell me me the truth."

"Maybe, maybe not?" Celestia merely said, grinning.

"That's Tzeentch, pink one is Slaanesh," A voice answered next to Twilight. She looked next to her and saw Chrysalis. "Name's Nurgle, how do you do?" Chrysalis, AKA Nurgle, asked, sipping some weird drink.

"Tzeentch? Slaanesh? Oh, the Chaos Gods. I guess that means Lemon Rush is somewhere too," Twilight said. Both Nurgle and Tzeentch gave a laugh.

"Lemon Rush? Is that what you call Leman Russ? Oh boy, he is not going to hear end of this ever," Nurgle said, offering Twilight a drink.

"I would not drink the punch while Nurgle is here. There is probably AIDS in it," Tzeentch commented.

"You offend me, my friend. OF COURSE there is AIDS in there, Nurgle said, offended. "I just want to spread my love for people!" Twilight merely looked between two, before sighing.

"Anything else I should know?" she asked.

"Your brother is currently building a Skull Throne from the skulls of... well, pretty much anything," Nurgle said, earning a glare from Tzeentch. "What? Did I throw a wrench into your plans?"

"You're impossible," Tzeentch said.

"Oh, shut up, newbie, I have been existing much longer than any of you," Nurgle said, taking another sip.

"A Skull Throne?" Twilight asked, mentally cataloguing alternative Element bearers.

"He's Khorne. Khorne disapproves the lack of wanton violence." Tzeentch said, before smiling. "I wonder what he thinks once he realizes that things he has been hunting are actually merely illusions."

At the moment, Braeburn walked in.

"Been looking for you idiots," he said, walking up to Tzeentch and Nurgle.

"Empy, how you do? Had a fun loop?" Nurgle said in delight. "Come on, give me a hug!"

Some hours later, Slaanesh and Vinyl Scratch were staring each other down. Both music systems had burned out, though "Empy", AKA Emperor, had mentioned that Slaanesh should have been able to fix his/her/its system, but apparently decided to be a good sport.

The two brohoofed and swore to have another go in near future. After Vinyl left, Slaanesh walked to the group.

"Thanks Tze, that was fun!" she said. "I love these loops, you always find people who perfect their trade."

"Well, I did owe you one for the aid pulling that prank on Chtulhu. The upstart needed a lesson."

Twilight just wished the loop would end soon. Having five gods running around with entirely different moral system was not going to be fun.

Twilight walked to the garden, where she saw Tzeentch and Slaneesh watching over the statue of Discord.

"Oh no, you are *not* waking him up. We had a deal, remember? No funny business and I won't kick your butts," She said to the two Chaos gods.

"Funny business?" Tzeentch asked. "Oh, this isn't one of those. Just doing something she insisted."

"Oh come on Tzeensy, you know we have responsibility?" Slaanesh said.

"Chaos God of debauchery, excess, pleasure, pain and selfishness lectures me of responsibility. Clearly the multiverse has a sick sense of humour."

"Okay, time up. Please explain to semi-mortal what is going on?" Twilight managed to get out before the statue of Discord disappeared and confused Discord sat in it's place.

"Hmm? I'm free? FREE AT LAST! MUAHAAHAA!"

"Ahem, Discord?" Tzeentch said, causing Discord to freeze in his place, before his head turned 180 degree to meet the eyes of two Chaos Gods.

"Weird, I could have sworn I heard-" Slaanesh and Tzeentch abandoned their pony forms and took their "standardized" forms. "Oh... Hello?"

"Greetings. I am Tzeentch and this Slaanesh. We are here to teach you about how to do Chaos."

"What." Discord managed.

"You see, we think you are quite too... euclidean with your thing. Chocolate rain, really? What's the fun in *that* ? Now, Chocolate that rains clouds that do not exist, while at the same time sing ode to Ice Cream, now there is the thing. Though you still need to make so that they occupy at least four locations at the same time," Slaanesh said. "Now, you come with me and I shall teach you a trick or two."

"HEY WAIT WHAT THE LET GO OFF ME STOP THAT-" Discord shouted, while being dragged by an ear by Slaanesh. Twilight merely stared at the spectacle in front of her, before turning to Tzeentch who once again took the form of Celestia.

"What."

"It's a long story. Slaanesh and Cegorach had this... fight over the soul of Harlequin. So, this one of the Slaanesh demons decides to give a try, in hopes of advancing in the ranks and tries to bring Slaanesh some drinks. Too bad I mixed them." Tzeentch winked. "So, after taking a sip, Slaanesh threw the remainders at Cegorach, both suddenly found themselves very hot and bothered and when two Gods love each others very much-"

"Skip please." Twilight made a face.

"Anyway, Cegorach came to me and asked me for a help to solve this mess, since I caused it. In exchange of some... shall we say, favours, I agreed to fool Slaanesh. So when Slaanesh comes, having worst hangover *ever,* I took responsibility, making Khrone *very* pissed for no good reason." Tzeentch gave a snicker at this. "Anyway, few millennium later we got this tiny Chaos God running around. However, Khrone got tired of the little runt after that incident with Slaanesh toys and his weapons and threw him into a rift in Chaos. Since then, for who knows reason, Slaanesh has claimed every single chaos elemental as her 'children' and wants to teach them. And somehow I am to help her. Because I am the Daddy. I guess it's one those... well, can't really say 'Lady things' but you know."

"Well, that explains... actually quite a lot."

"Yup."

"So, how much you are ready to pay to me that I don't reveal this to Slaanesh?" Twilight said with a grin. Tzeentch face fell.

"You wouldn't dare?"

"Try me."

The two stared each other for a moment, before Tzeentch gave a chuckle.

"Remind me to show you around the Black Library next time you visit."

Fluttershy closed her eyes for a moment, flinching at the sounds coming in the window, then her expression firmed.

I'm not just cowardly Fluttershy. Not any more.

She pushed off the covers and got out of bed.

"Angel? Be a dear and ask the ponies trying to destroy the town with pure music to turn it down a bit?"

Several lapine stomps tracked across the floor, followed by a bang which shook the house.

The pegasus smiled gently. Angel was such a grumpy bunny sometimes.

"Okay, who's hungry?"

" *Not me, thanks,"* the pelican said.

Several hummingbirds started piping for nectar, speaking over one another in their high voices.

"All right, I'll get to you in a minute," Fluttershy said, rapping the ground with her hoof and causing a vine to burst forth. Moving at walking pace, it spread over the eaves of her house before budding and flowering in a pulse of honeysuckle scent.

Most of the animals stared at her. (The hummingbirds, more pragmatic or just hungrier, got stuck in.)

She waved back with a broad smile, and began boosting her herb garden.

Druids were really good at gardening.

Whistling an old song Spike had taught her once about a harper and her dragonets, Fluttershy packed together some lunches for whenever they were needed in the coming loop.

As she rolled up a pancake with slices of cucumber and lilypad, there was a knock at the door.

"Coming," she said quietly, putting the food down and trotting over.

Upon opening the door, she saw a bright yellow earth pony colt flanked by two adorably fuzzy wolf cubs.

She blinked. "Is that..."

"Little mother!" The colt crouched down and launched himself at her, throwing his forelegs about her neck. The two wolves joined him, and all four went over in a tangle of limbs.

Fluttershy smiled. "Lemon, it's good to see you."

"And you, little mother." Lemon Rush – normally Leman Russ, primarch of the Space Wolves – clambered off her, and looked around her house. "It's been too long since I've been here."

The pegasus rolled over and pushed herself upright, then nuzzled him. "I haven't seen you in too long either, Lemon. How are you?"

Rush sighed. "Well, we've picked up a lot more loopers recently. Father, or the Emperor, or whatever his real name is, started looping a few thousand ago... and all that's done is make it weirder."

Fluttershy made some tea. Black for Rush; herbal for her; and Freki and Geri got gravy. (She'd designed it herself. The wolves certainly seemed to give it their approval.)

"Thank you," Rush said with a grateful smile, taking a sip. "Nobody does it like you do. Anyway, at least one of my brothers started looping soon afterwards – do you remember Vulkan?" Fluttershy nodded, and he went on. "That was a huge help. And I needed it..."

After a long sigh, and some more tea, he looked up.

"The four Chaos Gods started looping."

The gentle pegasus winced.

"I know! Sure, they're not nearly as bad, now... I think they're suffering the reverse version of... what did your friend call it, Sakura

syndrome?"

Fluttershy nodded. "Reverse version? So they're just... bored of all the chaos?"

A shrug. "Basically. Or at least mass-death chaos. The galaxy's a safer place, now, but it's also a lot harder to keep track of – and when you consider normal for us, that's saying a lot..."

Freki padded over to Fluttershy and gave her a pleading look.

"Okay," she said, and mixed up another two cups.

Once that was done, she smiled. "I have something... nice, to show you."

She blurred, and once that was done an adult wolf stood where she had.

Rush looked the wolf up and down, slowly and carefully. "Little mother?"

The wolf nodded.

"...that's so cool! Come on, boys, playtime!"

Freki, Geri and Rush all pounced.

Fluttershy skipped back, letting the wolves miss, then caught Rush's mane gently between her teeth and plopped him on the ground again.

"You're not winning that easily!" Rush laughed, spinning to face her.

Angel Bunny tromped home.

On hearing the barks and laughter coming from inside his nominal owner's cottage, he decided she didn't really need to learn about his

failure just yet.

(It was surprisingly hard to make ponies turn their music down when the music made the ground act like a springy trampoline.)

Maybe the manticore would be up for a thumb-wrestle...

2.6 (Evilhumour)

Experimental FTL: Test XXX

Leman's eye twitched, trying to pull back his rage with little success. For a while he had been trying to find a way of getting around the galaxy more efficiently that didn't result in a loop crash, Eiken or Barney. Vulkan had more or less ducked out after his attempt with the galactic sling-shot, which had *clearly* been a joke and *not* a serious project he had been working for a few loops.

In this loop, he had managed to get everywhere he wanted but the method...

"See Warboss 'eman?" His Ork general pointed out with a stupid grin on his face. "Red on red makes it go double fast!"

Leman began to swear loudly at the point.

He and Vulkan then learned it was possible to crash a loop by swearing, much to his brother's annoyance waking up in Eiken again.

2.7 (Saphroneth)

Ciaphas Cain, Hero Of The Imperium, strode through the corridors of the Imperial Palace.

It was still mildly astonishing, being here – even though, since the loops started, he'd been many times. Since Leman regularly

recruited him for whatever madcap plan the Primarch had this loop, he found himself running interference in the halls of power surprisingly often.

This time, though... this was different. He'd been given an appointment, but Leman wasn't anywhere nearby. (If Cain recalled rightly, Leman was out in the halo stars teaching a particularly recalcitrant group of Eldar the difference between *Uti Possedis* and *Status Quo Ante Bellum.*)

So... the appointment was a puzzle. Doubly so as Jurgen wasn't along – by specific order of whoever had told him to come here.

Cain was mulling this problem over, and perhaps a bit distracted. So when the doors the size of Titans swung open, he barely noticed.

Indeed, he didn't realize *where* his precise, step-by-step directions were leading him until he got to the end.

And, looking up, found himself before the Golden Throne.

Ciaphas Cain.

The voice impressed itself on his mind directly.

Cain began to panic.

This was the Emperor. The immortal God-Emperor of Mankind. The man who he had worshipped as a god... and in some ways, still did.

Moreover, the Emperor was an intensely powerful psyker. The *most* powerful. This man could see through all the layers of petty justifications he erected around his soul, to... well, to whatever was beneath.

Ciaphas wasn't even sure any more.

"What do you wish, my Emperor?" he asked, voice calm and steady.

Because he may have been doomed, but he was so used to bluffing it was instinctual. He was *damned* if anyone was going to see him sweat.

Ciaphas Cain, I find myself in need of answers. You are a Looper, yes?

Cain continued to panic. A little voice in his mind was repeating, over and over, that he'd be lucky to make it out of this either physically or spiritually intact.

"I am," he confirmed, with a small nod of the head.

How much contact have you had with the Chaos Gods?

I'm going to be torn to pieces and scattered across the Imperium.

"Do you mean the versions who are looping or the ones who are not, lord?" Ciaphas asked, voice steady. "The ones who aren't looping – well, I usually end up delivering a chainsword to the face of their plans, mainly by serendipity."

The ones who are looping, Ciaphas. Explain to me... how it is that my son has cooperated with them on occasion.

Tiny little pieces.

Cain was stuck on the horns of a dilemma.

If he told the truth – what he'd seen of the Looping versions of the Chaos Gods – he would probably sound like some kind of crazed Chaos-worshipper compared to the Imperium as a whole.

And if he made things up to please the Emperor... well, he was the Emperor. He'd *know* .

So, Cain took the easy way out. Rather than try to invent something... he went with what had actually happened. The version

of events which he remembered, and which was less likely to have a nasty inconsistency.

"I think it would make most sense to go through them one at a time," Cain said. "First – the god Khorne."

He shrugged. "Khorne's the god of battles, and any soldier of the Imperium who felt battles were inherently bad wouldn't be a very good soldier. The version who loops... it seems as though he's become less interested in wholesale, wanton slaughter, and more in..." Cain looked for the best way to put it. "Honour. Duels, really. And... it seems like no more innocents get killed."

There was silence for a long time.

What of the Plague-bearer?

2.8 (Evilhumour)

Vulkan looked at his brother and sighed.

"I believe I understand the joke of this loop." He said to his brother who had opened his mouth. "You're a wolf and I am a salamander because that is *our* legion's symbol and name."

"Well, *yes* , but -"

"Is the next thing going to be a joke or pun?" He rubbed a claw against his head with the growing headache. The loops have been testing his patience with the insanity that it threw at them, and that was not even counting what Leman got up to. He had resolved to more or less to try and ban Leman from touching anything more than sophisticated a bicycle handlebar and pedals until he proved he would *not* turned into something utterly dangerous in his attempt to get around faster. He did *not* want to know how he had managed to get around with a rocket launcher that one loop.

The wolf across of him nodded his head, with the black salamander groaning. He peeked at the wolf, grinning.

"No, I refuse to ask what it is. I am going to back to the cave, work on something while you go do something stupid."

"Awwww!"

2.9 (Scorntex)

"Okay," Commissar Quill asked the rest of the Guardians of the Galaxy (the few that were there, at any rate), "The flark is wrong with this Loop?"

Primarch Adam Warlock, reluctant leader of the *Veritas Universum* , frowned. Well, Adam almost always frowned, but this was a different sort of frown from usual. "Actually, Quill, I believe we have wound up in one of the better parts of this Loop's history."

This statement met with blank stares from everyone present (save Drax, who was busy cleaning the grease and blood off his knives).

"Seriously?" Phyla-Vell asked. "It gets worse? Is that- is that even *possible* ?"

Adam nodded. "At the moment, this 'Imperium' is expanding. Its methodology, while deplorable, is not as absolutely bad as it could be."

Quill muttered something unspeakably foul under his breath at that.

"However, the likelihood is that one of these Primarchs will betray this Emperor, and then..." He trailed off, allowing everyone else to draw their own conclusion.

"Constant unending bloodshed with millions dying by the hour, this Imperium turns on itself, as uncaring god-like entities manipulate the

situation for their own advantage?" Quill suggested. Adam's frown only increased.

"Most likely."

Before Quill could express his opinions on that, a sudden sniff drew everyone's attention to Gamora. The Deadliest Woman in The Universe's eyes were tearing up, and she was smiling.

"This is the best Loop ever!" She whispered.

2.7 continued

"Nurgle is..." Cain tried to come up with the words. "I don't *like* spending time with him, very much, because he makes me feel uncomfortable. But I've heard from Lord Russ that he's been experimenting more with... less dangerous symptoms."

Elaborate.

"I have, personally, seen laughing cough break out across the world of Umbria." Cain paused, and then continued. "I didn't see the joke, myself."

As soon as he said it, he wondered why he had. It was a bit amusing, but... this wasn't the time for jokes.

Cain decided to keep going, to avoid the awkward moment. "I also remember a time where an entire Tyranid hive fleet was afflicted by the Blue Rot and all their spores hardened. Their invasion force didn't survive impact with the ground."

Silence.

Interesting. Now, what of the Fate Weaver?

2.10 (crisis and Evilhumour)

Fenrir looked up at his blind date and fought back a groan.

She was beautiful (for a goddess who preferred a human-like form, but then Fenrir was the son of a shapeshifter so he was less hung up on that than most), sure. She was also dressed in a pure white toga overlaidoverlayed with blue armor that highlighted her form and with a bright red cape draped over her shoulders. A red cape with a hood draped over her golden sunburst crown.

"Do you have any idea how many bad jokes that outfit will invite?" he rubbed his face with his paws.

"Well," the goddess smiled slightly, revealing that she seemed to find the situation rather more humorous than Fenrir did, "I *did* prepare for a night out with the biggest, baddest wolf in the heavens..."

Fenrir lost his fight against the groan, prompting the goddess Marianne Liberty to giggle like a chorus of bells.

A couple of tables away, sat three beings.

"Mom, this didn't work with us so *why* do you think it will work for Fenrir?"

"Shush boy, I'm making sure your brother's date goes good." The masculine voice muttered, peeking over his menu.

"Remind me again why a shapeshifter, and two *horse* gods, are using these plastic glasses as a disguise?" The only female at the table asked while still wearing them.

"Because mom likes Groucho Marx and-"

"Shush boy or I will show Epona your baby pictures!" The father snapped, leaning up in his chair.

"Mom, *please* don't get us kicked out of another restaurant!"

2.11 (Saphroneth)

If I'd known what was waiting for me on Sepras Prime, I would probably have tried to leave the sector on the first ship out.

But, as usual for me, I had no idea as my vessel made orbit. In fact, at that point my main concerns were related to whether there'd be enough tanna 1 .

It was well into the second year of my attachment to the Lord General's office, and he'd sent me off on deadly missions rather less than previous attachments I'd been on – probably something to do with all the Regicide games he liked playing with me, never mind that I won most of them.

In any case, I was tasked to check on the local PDF, because there were rumors of an insurrection building up. Nothing much at this stage, but Lord General Zyvan wanted me to determine whether the PDF commanders were getting involved in the local politicking – because if they were, then they couldn't be trusted to contain the insurrection and a large deployment would be necessary. 2

Thanks to my by-then quite enormous reputation, a shuttle was already waiting for me when I strolled down to the docking bay with Jurgen at my side. Indeed, the captain of the ship was waiting for me to see me off.

"Sorry it took so long," he said, clearly believing me to be as much a man of action as everyone else did. "I'm afraid there were some nasty warp currents-"

"Not a problem." I assured him. "I'm sure you did all you could to speed our passage." Indeed, since the shuttle looked to be the pick of the bunch in the docking bay, it looked like he'd lent me his personal small craft. "And I appreciate your willingness to lend me your fastest atmospheric craft."

"Ah – thank you, Commissar. The pleasure is all mine." It wouldn't be all his by the time I reached the ground if I was any judge – a runabout like that would have some lovely amasec somewhere, the pick of all the worlds he'd visited as a trader, and I wanted to top up my hip flask while I had the chance.

"Well, duty calls and I must answer." I said, more to end the conversation than anything. The captain was a tolerable enough fellow, but he was a little overwhelmed by having someone with as much of a reputation as myself onboard and his conversation had suffered substantially.

"Of course. Let the pilot know where you're headed."

I nodded my thanks, motioned Jurgen aboard and followed.

Luckily, the shuttle had several rooms on board, so I was able to put a little distance between Jurgen and myself. Normally he'd have protested such an action, but the prospect of flying had its' usual effect both on his odour and his demeanour – protocol took a back seat to keeping his lunch down.

"That's strange." The pilot muttered, as I helped myself to a bottle of that amasec.

"What is it?" I demanded, with a sudden and altogether too familiar sinking feeling.

"Oh, Commissar. Ah, well, I've flown on this world before, and the flight control is altogether too jumpy. Normally they're fairly relaxed here." The pilot shrugged. "It's probably nothing."

"Probably." I echoed, but already I was thinking hard. What would lead a planetary flight control network to be nervous? Well, the presence of a legendary figure like Ciaphas Cain might do it, but I hadn't announced my arrival in-system yet. Perhaps the lord general was right, and there was unrest developing.

My shoulderblades began to itch, and I scanned over the dataslate with local conditions. There was a PDF unit not too far from where I had planned to set down, and I'd feel rather more comfortable with a few dozen bodies between me and any trouble – even if they were PDF 3 .

"Slight diversion, pilot. Land us here." I pointed to a large fortified area. "The Skyshield there."

That should give me enough time to contact the local high command and begin evaluating the situation, and being out of the way would both enhance my reputation for wanting to get straight to business and throw off any ambush that might be headed my way.

No sooner had our shuttle set down than the comm-bead in my ear crackled to life. I was startled – normally it took longer than that for any PDF or even Guard units to locate a new signal in the area.

Of course, that surprise was magnified when I heard the voice speaking through it.

"Hello again, Cain."

"Amberley?" I said, probably sounding completely incredulous.

"Yes. I'm afraid that I've got an urgent job for you."

My palms began to itch. It's never good when a woman says that, and it's worse when she's an Inquisitor. "What kind of job?" I asked, looking around. "Where are you?"

"Orbit. And there's a serious problem on Sepras – nothing local, it's Inquisition business."

Great. Amberley had drawn me into Inquisitorial politics a few times before, and they'd never gone very well.

"You're in a good place, though. I'll be brief. Two Inquisitors, one Hereticus and one Malleus, have each become convinced the other is trafficking with Chaos. They're in your area, and they're both currently trying to convince SDF command to deal with the other."

"Deal with? How could the System Defence Force-" I completed the puzzle. "Frak. Incoming orbital fire."

"Exactly." She sounded grim. "I need you to find them, quick, before one of them manages to get a cyclonic torpedo strike authorised. They're both in your area. And don't worry – the local PDF regiment is clean. I've gone through their records, nothing stands out."

Well, this was a fine mess. Not twenty seconds on the planet and already there were lance strikes and melta torpedoes aimed at me.

I contemplated getting back in the shuttle and leaving, but that was a bad idea for two reasons. First, the suspicious Inquisitors on the ground would assume anything leaving might have their opponent in, meaning it would draw fire. Second, I'd rather not annoy Amberley while she was herself in orbit with access to heavy fire.

"Alright." I said, checking my equipment. My trusty laspistol and chainsword were as ready as ever. "I'll be right out."

"Good to see you, sir." The first officer I saw on stepping out of the shuttle said, voice slightly breathless from excitement, apprehension, or just the effort of running about a quarter of a mile to greet me. "The Inquisitor said we'd be getting reinforcements, but I didn't expect someone of your prominence."

"The Emperor calls, and we must answer." I said, another of those tired platitudes I knew by rote. "What's your force like?"

"We're ready to do what the Emperor asks, sir." The poor fellow looked overwhelmed. I suppose it wasn't every day that you were

exposed to orbital fire – though in my experience it comes along distressingly often.

Seeing him looking expectant, I decided to try and reassure him. "I couldn't expect any more. Now, how many squads are immediately available? And how many bunkers are we dealing with?"

"Fifteen squads, sir – I'm afraid only second company is in the immediate area. The rest were planning on being the op-force 4 for drills, so they're the other side of the wire."

"I see." It put a bit of a damper on my plans, since I was planning on having rather more bodies between me and a pair of Inquisitorial warbands. "You are?"

"Captain Graves, sir – commanding officer, second company."

"Very well, Captain. I'll attach myself to your command for now. Get your squads searching and clearing those bunkers – and have them report each cleared bunker as they leave." I paused, then something occurred to me. "And make sure they call in which bunker they're entering as they do so, as well – we don't want to lose anyone needlessly."

"Right you are, sir."

Being under orbital fire is a terrifying experience. No matter your faith in the Emperor (which in my case isn't the greatest) or the thickness of the armour protecting you (no more than my battered old suit of carapace), a single lance strike can wipe you from the face of the planet.

Even the realization that every shot thus far had simply hit one or another of the bunkers wasn't much of a relief. I was going to have to go into them.

Alas, the perils of a reputation.

"Okay, troops," I said, smiling confidently. "In the Emperor's name. Follow me."

"Sir!" the PDF troopers said, saluting, and fell in around me in what was actually a fairly good skirmish order.

" *This is fourth squad, entering D-5, sir,"* came over the vox bead. " *No sign of hostiles."*

"I confirm no hostiles in D-5," I repeated, then the world tried to end.

A few panicked and confusing seconds of shaking, incredible noise and fire across the sky had me clinging to the dirt like I wanted to burrow into it.

" *Ciaphas?"* Amberley's voice said in my ear, sounding worried. " *Are you alright? That blast hit right next to you – bunker F-4."*

I staggered upright, Jurgen at my side. "Come on, lads," I said, trusting Amberley to interpret my voice as her answer. "No good sleeping on the job!"

2.12 (Evilhumour)

Fenrir walked back and forth in front Leman, Vulkan and Ciaphas.

"Gentlemen," he started, ear twitching. "There are things that you can do and things you cannot do."

"I kno-"

"Ciaphas, be *quiet* ." He took a deep breath. "I had to look away from my terminal as my dad was trying to hook me with another blind date. When I looked back, I found that the Orks had painted themselves pink and were conquering the galaxy with their party guns. Sleipnir had *not* put Pinkie Pie in the last loop, which means one of you three did it." Flicking his tail around, he glared at each of

them. "Needless to say, I thought I had a glitch running through the system and I had got Skuld to check things out after that whole deal with the Emperor left a mark on my record. Needless to say, *I* got strong lecture over the whole matter."

He leaned into each of their faces. "Do *not* give the Ork pink paint again! Enjoy this punishment, gentlemen. I hear Barney missed you Leman."

With that, the wolf stormed out of the room.

2.7 continued

Cain winced. "I think he's decided to mess with me, specifically. Or... well, he does have the usual interlocking plans, but they're more designed for his own amusement even over effectiveness. Lord Russ told me that he once engineered things specifically so that the Eldar Farseer, Eldarad, stepped on a rake."

The Commissar shrugged helplessly. "It sounds ridiculous... but he does. He... well... right. As I understand it, he's not *just* the god of mutation and... and sorcery, but also of hope and of doing well. Which..." Cain sighed. "Is weird."

The Emperor seemed to be unsure how to take that.

"But I can pretty much always tell when one of the four Chaos Gods is Awake, simply because the galaxy is that much less of a *mess* . I think he once steered Abbadon the Despoiler into a moon..."

Ciaphas, the Emperor stated, the force of his mentally-transmitted words stopping Cain in mid-sentence. **You are telling me that the Chaos Gods have started to comprehend the nature of history, the course it will take... and, because of this, they have started doing *less* harm?**

Cain nodded, fighting the urge to swallow convulsively. "I... I think it's because they've done it all already."

There was a long pause. Cain could see some Custodians in the distance, apparently discussing with themselves why the Lord Commissar was talking to the air.

He had to fight down the sudden urge to do this again some day, wearing a chicken suit.

And what about the youngest of the Chaos Gods, Ciaphas? The one you have not yet mentioned.

"Slaanesh is... well, Slaanesh is worrying to be around," Ciaphas admitted. "I understand that Slaanesh is the deity of pleasure – of feeling good, and of love as well as lust. That means..."

Cain wondered whether he should mention it, then sighed. He'd have to anyway.

"Slaanesh has arranged my wedding. Several times. And given tips." Cain winced. "And tried to disturb me with bizarre and obscene jokes regularly. But... well. The first time, there was a cultist who became a daemon princess and tried to damn me. That still tends to happen."

He shook his head. "But when Slaanesh is Awake and Looping, then the cultist just never shows up again. I have no idea why. I even asked once."

And what did the ruler of pleasure reply?

"With a worrying smile," Cain said flatly. "That's all the answer I've ever gotten."

The Emperor was silent for a long while.

Interesting. You may go, Ciaphas.

Cain tried not to visibly relax, with the news he'd survived the interview.

And – you are a credit to the Commissariat. See that this state of affairs continues.

The presence of the Emperor seemed to fade, a pressure that Cain had barely noticed until it was no longer there.

"Sir?"

Cain turned, and saw Jurgen walking up to him with a look of cheerful obliviousness.

"Sorry it took so long, sir, it took me ages to find the Tanna. This place is huge."

"That's all right, Jurgen," Cain said, accepting the flask. "I think I could do with a drink."

2.13 (Evilhumour)

Amberley Vail blinked as she was being asked to write something odd that did not match her notes.

"Sir?" She looked at Ciaphas who was in the midst of enjoying a simple meal as the two of them sat in an officer's dinner in a booth near the door. "I have a question for your memoirs; last time you said had to deal with Ork that attacked while singing, and the time before that it you have stated that Lord Leman Russ attempted to travel across the galaxy in a mechanized version of a wolf?" She watched his eyes bulge for some reason, dropping his fork to the table before rolling her eyes. "Are the dates correct in the different times repeats?" She pulled the papers she had done early this time repeat; she was getting good at writing them all down precisely what Ciaphas had told her as her memory had improved drastically but she needed to be sure.

Ciaphas Cain simply began to choke, slamming his fist into the table before coughing out his meal. Amberley quickly moved her papers away from the hacked up piece of food as the man across of her grabbed some alcohol spiked water to clear his throat. After drinking several loud gulps, he looked at her with wide eyes. "H-how long has time been repeating for you?"

"Thirty times, mister lord Commissar hero of the Imperium sir," she answered truthfully, watching the crowd ignore their conversation and doing her best not to smile at this situation. "I do not fully understand why but from what you have told me during the twelfth time that there is this tree called Yggdrasil that is broken and all of the multiverse is on a time repeat until the powers that be fix the issue?"

Ciaphas eyes went wider again, a hand running through his hair. "Loops, but yes, that is correct. Thank the Emperor I don't need to explain to you *that* mess again."

"There are still several things that I do not fully understand," she pulled out some notes she made and looked down at them. "You've said that for a person to start experiencing the 'loops', they need to be close to the Anchor; one who you have called 'that numbskull, idiotic, half-baked lunatic Leman fucking Russ', among other less flattery names." She watched him pale out of the corner of her eye, a smirk fighting to break out.

"Normally, but there are exceptions, myself for example," Ciaphas muttered. "Fenrir, the Administrator that is assigned to our world, told me when he had to activate loopers for our world, Yggdrasil literally raced ahead with my name and approved my looping status before he could even type the first I. It even attached the whole Hero Of The Imperium! bit to my official status." Ciaphas groaned, rubbing his face before grinning at her. "I'm glad you're looping now Amberley. Vulkan is usually the only other sane one around that I can talk to. Bjorn has to make sure Leman doesn't do something *too* stupid, his wolves can't talk, the Emperor is a no go and the others..."

He was cut off when the door slammed open.

"PAPA!" a young girl's voice shouted before tackling Ciaphas into the side of booth. "I've found you and I missed you *ever* so much!"

Amberley only had look at the child once before realizing who it was by the necklace sh- *it* was wearing.

" *Those* four are looping?" She asked, trying desperately to keep a straight face now and not laugh her head off as the youngest of the Chaos Gods continued to hug Ciaphas tightly, with the other soldiers looking over confused as all hell.

"Yes we are and I'm *ever* so glad you are too!" The child grinned predatory at her, making Amberley feel terrible dread. "Finally, someone of the opposite gender to *play* with!" Slaanesh clapped its hands. "This is going to be *ever* so much fun!"

Ciaphas looked at her apologetically with Amberley Vail only rolling her eyes in the latest mess Ciaphas Cain found himself in.

2.0 Tzeentch doesn't like to be tricked

2.1 Ciaphas Cain, HERO OF THE SPACE WOLVES

2.2 Vulkan's first fused loop.

2.3 Nothing can stop the horde

2.4 Can you figure them out?

2.5 A rock off and a playful romp, what's not to love?

2.6 Never doubt the power of an Ork.

2.7 It's time to have the Talk.

2.8 In case you were wondering, the Emperor was an eagle.

2.9 One person's hell is another person's paradise.

2.10 A bit of a call back to 1.10

2.11 Ciaphas has entered a game of wit and cunning, one that rivals most other games. Also a so so movie.

2.12 Fenrir doesn't have a lot of luck.

2.13 Even when Ciaphas gets a break with a close friend looping, someone has to make things awkward for him.

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1 A drink mainly imbibed by Valhallans. During his long familiarity with regiments of that icy world, Cain developed quite a taste for it. Since this was one of his first times away from such regiments, I imagine it would rather have been preying on his mind.

2 Sepras Prime was a major agri-world, supplying much of the subsector. Insurrection would have disrupted the economy and potentially caused further unrest, which may have ended up requiring serious commitment of resources.

3 Like many Guard officers, Cain harboured a certain disdain for members of the Planetary Defence Forces.

4 Opposing Force – a term used in military parlance to refer to a staged "enemy" of the Imperium. In this case, the single company at Cain's disposal were in the defending position, while the remainder of the regiment were planning a mock assault on their position as if they were some manner of heretic. This practice is sufficiently unusual among PDF ground forces to be worthy of note – possibly the commanding officer was an old Guard veteran and knew how to train troops properly.

Chapter 3

3.0 (Leonite)

When some people awaken and find that they aren't as they were when they went to sleep, they usually freak out. More so if it seemed that things had changed back to a point in the past. Even amongst the Primarchs almost all of them would find the situation disconcerting. Odd at the least and horrifying at worst. For someone like Magnus the Red, Primarch of the Thousand Sons and more specifically Chosen Primarch of Tzeentch it was almost standard to him by this point.

'Oh, another memory visit.' Magnus thought to himself. *'And of all things he's picked one of the thankfully few days I had to tolerate the presence of that savage Russ. Strange though... even when Tzeentch puts me into one of these usually, I can still feel all the power he gave me. I haven't felt this weak in millenia. I don't even feel the warp so strongly here.'*

"My lord, are you alright?"

It should not have surprised him. After all Ahriman, the figure speaking to him, was in a great many memories and as such appeared in many of these visits... but it was different. Usually the memories played out differently in small places. A veiled insult barely held in place. Body language that betrayed disgust. A mocking tone unmistakable. And yet... there was none of that. Ahriman's voice... it was as it had been all those years ago. He looked around carefully... but could easily name the others with him. Phosis T'kar, Captain of the Second Fellowship. Whenever he was shown in these strange psuedo-memories he usually was shown twisting and warping into a being akin to a Chaos Spawn, constantly shifting as a reminder of the flesh change that had only been escaped through the accursed Rubric. Hathor Maat, Captain of the Third Fellowship and expert healer, looking morelike a hero... and always portrayed in a mocking

light as if to show what foolishness such thoughts were with him either being forced into some arcane art or another, or into the arms of Slaanesh from his own pride. When any of these three were around, the memory-dream turned into a nightmare. And yet here they were with no such change. Despite himself Magnus allowed himself a small smile on his face... even if he is lacking in power, even if Ahriman in the modern day had cursed his legion this seemed to be one of the few happy moments he was being allowed.

"I am fine Ahriman, but your concern is noted." Magnus said. The three captains looked at him momentarily, concerned... but seeing his smile seemed to think better of voicing it. And as he stepped forward, Magnus started to realize something else. A detail he had forgotten before. This was one of the few meetings that he had... but it hadn't been until near Nikea when Ahriman had been there to see the meeting of the two. His mind at ease that perhaps it was the usual manipulation Magnus strode towards the end of the hallway and emerged... at a most baffling sight. Even in the warped memories a meeting with Russ always seemed to be that of barbarism and barely contained savagery... but on this occasion it seemed almost as if the VI Legion were akin to mirrors of his own Thousand Sons. Russ himself was clad in ceremonial armor, just as Magnus had done... but he seemed to be reading briefly from a tome and while he retained the wolf pelt his hair seemed as if it had gotten in a battle with a brush to try and tame it. To say that it hadn't worked fully was an understatement. On either side of Russ were those two Fenrisian Canines (who were not wolves, he had to remind himself) who seemed to have been... attempted to be cleaned and made presentable. Behind them stood two rather brutish looking marines clad in armor, but even then Magnus easily identified one of them to be one of Russ's own Psykers, a Rune Priest, and the other seemed to be a veteran of battles given his posture... but clad to one of his pauldrons was a scroll. It even allowed Magnus to see the symbol of the VI Legion had changed... from a simple wolf to that of a wolf symbol on a book.

As for the area around them, it was a lavish hall with a table set out for the group to sit at, complete with a small amount of food and drink on offer... and yet, it seemed less akin to the savagery required on Fenris and more... well, dare he think it, like the styling of Fenris if it had been redesigned by Fulgrim. By the looks of his captains it seemed that he wasn't the only one shocked by their appearence... although if his memories served him correctly this was before Russ had named his Legion... although at the same time he remembered they had the name at this point.

"Ah, Magnus, my brother!" Russ suddenly said as he slowly closed the book. "You have quite the timing. I was just finishing quite an interesting chapter." Despite himself Magnus peeked over at just what the cover of the tome read and had to resist the shock that came when he saw that it was a book on philosophy. "Come, we have much to discuss about the upcoming campaign and possibly other things... what you see here has been the result of my legion and I undertaking an experiment, to see if we can become stronger by learning from how our fellow legions seem to act."

It was at that point that Magnus finally allowed his brain to catch up... and simply nodded. No point in asking Tzeentch just what this scenario was... but he had to privately admit it was more creative than usual.

3.1 (Gamerex27)

The Emperor Woke Up, and instantly knew something was *wrong. The* first clue was that he couldn't feel *any* trace of the Warp. No daemons, no Chaos Gods, no psykers...and no power of his own to use.

The second clue was that he had nowhere near the strength he has in most repetitions of the Loops. Rather than a muscular, gigantic titan, he was a scrawny waif of a man, with barely enough muscle mass to lift a weapon of any kind.

The *third* thing he noticed was that he was unable to open the "Pocket" his son had taught him how to use after the so-called "Brighthammer" Loop. So he was unable to us *any* weapons at all. At least he wasn't trapped on the Golden Throne.

Looking around, he was sitting in a poorly-lit room. A poster decorated with robots playing musical instruments hung from the wall, declaring "CELEBRATE" in the ancient lost language of English, as well as other crude drawings of said robots on the wall. To his left and right were panels that read "DOOR" and "LIGHT" to the side of a pair of steel doors.

A piercing sound disrupted his thoughts. He looked to the source of the noise: a device he dimly remembered as a "phone" from the early second millenium. After fumbling with for a moment, he held the correct end to his ear.

"Hello?" Leman's voice said. "Is this on? Can you hear me, father?"

Yes, the Emperor said. **Where are you?**

"If you can hear this, this is a recording," he said, making the Emperor sigh in disappointment. "It looks like I am currently employed by this...restaurant? I am unsure *what* this place is supposed to be. Anyways, I was told that you would be replacing me after this week was done, before I Awoke. I will not dance around the issue: the robots you are meant to look after are homicidal, and will likely try to kill you if given the chance. Of course, I *know* you can handle something like that..."

Well, he *could* , but it would be *much* easier if he was stronger this Loop, or could just pull out his armor or sword from his Pocket.

"...and if they escape the restaurant, they will likely kill anyone they could find," Leman said. "I've tried to destroy them, before you ask, but...they were just *there* again when I came the next night. I think they may be cursed: if we don't want these things to kill thousands of

human lives, we have to contain them here until we can find a way to stop them.

"They will roam the hallways until the clock strike six. I believe after that, you should have time to investigate and disable-"

The clang of metal against metal sounded in the background. "That would be Khorne, I think. Starting to wish I'd found a better weapon yesterday..."

But, if *Khone* was one of these robots...

The God-Emperor of Mankind pulled up the tablet, examining it. Khorne's armored head was peeking out from behind curtains and a castle labeld "Knight's Nightclub." On the stage at the front of the restaurant were a fat, mangy-looking rabbit with Nurgle's face, a seductively-dressed chicken with Slaanesh's skin tone on her feathers, and Tzeentch, in the form of a blue bird, holding a microphone on stage.

Tzeentch Toucan's Family Pizzeria, the Emperor muttered to himself, from his Loop memories. Looking back, he could see that both Nurgle and Slaanesh had left the stage.

Hearing the sound of footsteps near the left door, the Emperor slammed down on the close door button, without even looking away from the tablet, and was rewarded with the satisfying sound of Khorne running smack dab into the thick steel door and falling on his mechanical rear.

As he closed the other door and heard Slaanesh's electronic cry of frustration, the Emperor internally debated that, if he should come here after hours to find these creatures' weakness, perhaps he should take photographs of the Chaos Gods interacting with small children, to humiliate them at a further date.

3.0

Russ smiled as he offered a silent toast towards Magnus. He couldn't help but grin at this at the moment. He couldn't help but feel a bit sorry for the non-looping Magnus, but seeing him react so dumbfounded was priceless, and it was a nice way of looking at things from Magnus's point of view. Besides, while he loved his feasts, now and again you like to try something new, something different. Leman slowly drank from the ornate, wolf and pegasus patterned goblet...

"I'm not sure what you're up to spawn of Tzeentch, but I must admit either you are trying to amuse me... or you've mistaken that savage Leman Russ for Fulgrim, before the sword."

And promptly coughed it all out in utter shock. "M-Magnus... can I speak to you privately?" Leman swiftly requested as he indicated towards the nearby, closed off hallway. Magnus seemed to simply raise an eyebrow as he followed, even as Leman prepared for the inevitable headache.

"I must admit, that's the most creative story I've heard from one of my phantasmal memories in a while." Magnus admitted, rather amused. "Time is broken and stuck on repeat? Do you truthfully expect me to actually believe that?" After all, it wasn't like it was out of Tzeentch's power to do so.

The thing imitating Leman just glared at Magnus, who grinned. It always felt good to outsmart one of Tzeentch's other servants, lets him delude himself for at least a moment or two that he might be able to outscheme Tzeentch one day and prove just how powerful he is. "It would be so much easier to convince you if father was awake this loop. Or even Tzeentch, let that oversized warp turkey tell you himself." Russ grumbled. "'Oh don't worry Leman, Magnus can't possibly have gone and deluded himself normally into visits to the past.' Except you DO and I've never seen it happen!" At this point Magnus was interested. He had seen Leman mad before. filled with battle rage or bigotry. But never frustrated. "Because every damnable time the heresy happens, we're always opposites of some

sort, either I'm the loyalist and you're the traitor, the other way around, our legions end up as loyalist legions and you or I end up dying, or we end up serving polar opposite Chaos Gods and by the great elms I thought I had gotten the memory of Magnus of Slaanesh out of my head!"

Really if Magnus hadn't put up a psychic sound muffle as Leman had just gotten into his rant, they might've been in trouble, even as he blinked... and laughed. "Oh please, and what, did you also have Khorne make dogging collars for those not-wolves you call brothers?" He mocked.

"You leave Freki and Geri out of this!" Leman snapped. As he did, the sound seemed to echo down the hall as Magnus blinked... the force in that voice. The tone. The posture. As much as Tzeentch would like to think, his daemons bar one were not that good at impersonating the Primarchs, and the Changeling has better things to do than mess with him. With a blink Magnus briefly reached out with his psychic sense... and chuckled.

"Only you would remember their names Russ. But I do appreciate the books." Magnus admitted. "That, and there's no way anyone can pretend to act like you do when you get angry... alright, I'll hear you out. So, you were talking about a tree?"

And they continued to talk. Magnus continued to listen... and when they stepped back into the hall, he knew. It wasn't a lie... the Warp was too different in the first place., Leman's presence was too much like his used to be... but waxing stronger than ever. Of course, that hadn't been enough to convince him fully.

And as a result it was up to Leman to explain to the gathered group why Magnus was paralyzed with laughter and seemed to mention the words "Pony, pegasus, Little Mother" every so often.

3.2 (Saphroneth)

The Immortal God-Emperor of Mankind felt that ineffable shift that marked the transition from one loop to another.

He began to take stock.

I'm not sitting down.

That was a good sign. It meant he wasn't in the Throne, which was an improvement over a lot of loop starts.

After that, though, it became harder to interpret everything.

First, there was the view. He was standing in a large, ornate cathedral-like structure, though there were no walls and on all sides a distant seascape could be seen. Broken and not-so-broken pillars stretched away on both sides of him, and there was a staircase leading down.

Secondly, there was the fact he was standing on all fours. He felt very peculiar in general, actually.

Thirdly, there were neat rows of tablets arrayed before him. Each one had a short sentence fragment, talking about the creation of the local universe.

Some of the words were new to him.

Wondering whether it might shed some light on the situation, he formed a mirror from sheer willpower – forcing the air molecules to change their nature, so they became reflective.

He appeared to be some kind of white llama, with black markings around his green-red eyes and down his chest. Gold lines led down his fetlocks to his hooves, and a golden ring girdled his waist, pulsing visibly with power even as he watched.

No clues there, then.

Dismissing the mirror, he returned to the slabs of stone, and frowned. *What, exactly, is a Pokémon?*

The memories of this loop took that moment to arrive.

The Immortal God-Emperor of *Poké* kind sighed. "Arceus," he said, in resigned tones.

"Wait a minute," Byron said, looking closer at the young trainer challenging his gym. "I know you! You're Ciaphas Cyan, hero of Sinnoh!"

Ciaphas nodded. "That's me," he said, with a shrug. "Nothing that special, really..."

"Well, since it's you, I'll have to go all out!" Byron insisted.

'Cyan' successfully contained the urge to swear. "Fine," he said instead. "Who are you using first?"

By way of reply, Byron threw a Pokéball. "Bastiodon!"

Ciaphas frowned, thinking.

Most of what had laughably become termed 'his' team was at a disadvantage, here, because of that Rock-type. Of course, most of them could still tear the Steel-type gym leader a new one...

He made his decision. "Magnus, go!"

The Braixen who formed gave Ciaphas a disdainful glance. Retrieving the small twig from his tail, he rolled his eyes and hit Bastiodon with enough sorcerous force to send it into the wall with a loud *clang* .

"I get the point," Ciaphas said in tones of resignation. "But it's this or we can't move any poxy rocks out of the way."

Magnus made it clear he had opinions on that, by batting Byron's Aggron into a wall with sheer psionic force and then coming close to incinerating the Excadrill on the backswing of the wand.

3.3 (Leviticus Wilkes and myself)

Leah Clearwater blinked as the world snapped into focus, a new loop beginning again. The werewolf squeezed her eyes to make sure she wasn't hallucinating, and opened them again. Nope, the beings in the room weren't vanishing. This was looking like the beginning of a weird loop.

Leman Rush scratched his head in confusion. "I don't get it? Are all of Fenrir's Anchor's here?"

Balto, the only actual wolf in the room, barked a laugh. "Seems like it. Name's Balto."

Han looked at her son this loop and sighed. "I wonder why he did this, mister?"

"Stiles Stilinski ma'am," the other human said, shaking his head. "And I've got no idea." Leaning down, he scratched Balto's head.

Leah glanced around. "Well... We're here. Fenrir is not. Master of space and time, can't even show up on the clock."

"I *am* here, but my dear *father* decided to throw me a prank my way." A voice grumbled, causing them to look down at a pouting wolf pup. "Do *not* laugh or *else* ."

The assembled stared at the cub. For many minutes, no one spoke.

'Must... resist... feminine URGES!'

"KAWAII!" Leah squealed and grabbed Fenrir, cuddling him for all of five seconds. And then, Leah was at the other side of the room,

nonchalantly examining her nails and acting like nothing had happened. "If anyone mentions that... ever... I will find you."

Fenrir simply huffed, rolling his eyes. "I expect my father, brothers and sister are already recording this to either blackmail me or give their loopers some laughter."

Moving around the small room, the wolf cub began to climb up onto the table with little success. That ended when Stilinski picked him up and placed him on the the table. "Thank you," sighing, the Admin rolled his eyes. "Now you must be wondering why you are all here, correct?"

"No, we're planning to go fight crime, but an explanation of why we're here would be good." Leah answered.

Leman rolled his eyes. "Oy with this..."

"Yes, because it is a good idea to annoy the one who could make you sisters with Bella." Fenrir glared at only werewolf. "Now let me explain something to you all; as you know, I am your Admin and I felt it was time you five got to know one another as sooner or later Yggdrasil is going to throw into each other's branch for its own amusement. This way, you can try and avoid some idiocy when waking up as *her* over there." He tilted his head towards the one who snuggled him before.

Leman smirked. "Now why would we want to avoid idiocy in Twilight?" In the background, the distinct noise of a revving chain sword could be heard.

Fenrir turned a parental glare at Leman. "No, you can't slaughter the Quiluents or the Cullen's. Jasper, at least, will take exception."

"Besides," Balto said, "How would your mother take it that you threatened to kill non loopers?"

Leman gulped before glaring at the wolf. "You wouldn't *dare* ."

"We *all* would dare." Han said, looking at her loop son. "Now put that away or I will compose a list for Fluttershy to see."

Leman looked at the grinning loopers before sighing. " *Fiiiiiiine* ."

"Good, now does anyone have any questions?" Fenrir looked at his loopers, wondering if the stake he coded in the fridge was still there.

Leman raised a hand. "Yah, I've got one: why do I loop in as a kid so often?"

Fenrir shrugged his shoulders. "Best I can figure is that it amuses Yggdrasil."

Han coughed into her hand. "When are my children going to start looping?"

Fenrir winched. "I don't know, to be honest. Right now, your branch is more or less stable while Leman and Leah's are more chaotic and need a lot more attention. Whenever I try to get two of Leman's brothers code fixed, it tends to result in a Chaos God Emperor variant loop."

Leman paled at that name in an instant. Clenching the table and breathing shallow, he glared at Fenrir. "Listen to me, right now; if you try that again *without* giving me *any* warning, I will crash several loops on purpose!" Picking up their Admin, he shouted in the cub's face. "DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?!" he roared, shaking the wolf pup in his hand.

Han placed a hand on his shoulder. "Stop, he's just trying to get you your family back."

Leman looked at her for a long time before sighing. Dropping the wolf pup onto the table, he walked over to the sofa. "I- I... I'm sorry. I just... of the horrors and bloodshed I have to deal with, seeing it done deliberately and being made to be *spread* it across all life is just too much."

Balto nuzzled the space marine gently. Leah, tactfully, remained silent. Fenrir hung his head in silent shame.

Stiles Stilinski looked at Han and nodded.

"Look, Leman, I won't pretend to understand the hell you have to deal with," he walked over to space marine and squatted to stare him in the eyes. "I know of your world, and I cannot begin to fathom a version of it that unnerves *you* ." He smiled, a sad one, but still a smile. Placing a hand on his shoulder, he continued, "But we're now, together. We've got some time before this loop ends, right Fenrir?"

The pup nodded his head, ears still folded backwards in shame. "So let us enjoy this first week or so and then we can deal with the heavy stuff, ok?"

Leman smirked, nodding his head. Rubbing Balto's head, Leman took Stiles out stretched hand and pulled himself up. "Thanks, Stiles." pulling himself upright, he walked over to the fridge. "Anyone else hungry?" He asked, pulling several stakes with Fenrir protesting as they didn't share with their yipping Admin.

3.2

"Why are all of you Fire-types?" Cyan asked, some time later. "I mean, individually they make sense, but..."

Magnus sat down, toying with the twig-wand he had as a Braixen, and affected extreme disinterest.

"Oh, stop it," the Growlithe said with a sigh. "Magnus, you know as well as I do that Ciaphas didn't cause this loop."

Canid shot a look at canine.

" *It's not going to be that easy to convince him, Leman,"* Vulkan said, toying with his firey tail-tip. " *It was quite a shock for me to suddenly*

wake up inside a small metal sphere... though I've looked at them, and I can think of a few ways to improve them."

He looked discontent. " *And please explain again how to use this mouth to speak Gothic."*

Amberley chuckled, as Leman and Magnus started arguing about something minor. "Always on top of the situation, aren't you, Ciaphas?"

Cyan shrugged, brushing off the comment from the Vulpix. "Since when have I *ever* been on top of *any* situation whatsoever?"

His Houndour starter gave a confused bark.

" *Don't worry,"* Amberley reassured him. " *You don't need to understand, Jurgen. It'll all work out fine."*

Satisfied with that, Jurgen lay down next to Cyan's side.

Ciaphas wasn't sure how to take Jurgen's presence, really. After all, he was used to the presence of his sidekick and lieutenant... but having him as a dog was rather less usual.

He still hadn't Awoken, either. Amberley thought it might be because he was a Blank, and that he might never Awaken at all. But that was just her guess.

"Right," he said, standing up. "We should probably keep going. I think the next gym is Ice-type, so that's another easy one."

" *Might I attempt it?"* Vulkan asked.

Cyan frowned. "I still can't understand you, you know..."

Vulkan muttered something unprintable, and resolved to get back to work on that translator.

" *Hey!"* Magnus said, suddenly. " *Give that back!"*

Ciaphas looked up, and watched as Leman ran past with Magnus' fire-twig. Magnus followed, summoning increasingly large eruptions of flame and firing them at Leman's laughing form.

Not that it did anything in particular. Leman was, after all, a Growlithe – and, as such, possessed Flash Fire.

"Why are the Primarchs such children sometimes?" Ciaphas asked. "I mean-"

Amberley smiled in a subtle way. "I've got a few ideas."

3.4 (Angelform)

Vultara smiled grimly as she watched the Fire Nation ships battered at the newly constructed harbor walls, unaware of the trap closing in on them.

It had been a strange loop. Vulkan had awoken as a young girl in the south pole and quickly discovered she was 'the last southern waterbender'. Study of the local legends, and a cursory knowledge of narrative causality, suggested that 'the Avatar' should be along to fix the world shortly. (Most likely with a setting-inappropriate wolf theme.)

But no such person had turned up and so Vultara had headed north in search of training, reasoning and technology. (Never again would he underestimate what could be done with two by four planks and sufficient ingenuity.) She hadn't gotten further than Kyoshi Island before a Fire Nation admiral had tried to kidnap her. It didn't go well for him.

Having accidently dragged them into the war she stayed to help organize the local defenses. She figured they would need the help given their military seemed to consist entirely of women armed with nothing but fans and decorative dresses.

The waterbender ceased her musing as she judged the time was right. With a thrust of an arm a wave rippled across the water. The ships didn't notice. The divers **did** .

Hundreds of green clad warriors burst from the ocean. Mechanical grapnels reached for the deck. In moments the Kyoshi warriors were amongst the sailors. Blood began to spill.

After the battle was won the Primarch would catch himself thinking ' *There may be something to this 'warrior woman' concept'.*

3.5 (Evilhumour, Scorntex and elmagnifico)

The Imperial Infantryman's Uplifting Primer, page 414:

Upon encountering a blue box in space, you are to follow the orders of the person inside. Under no circumstances are you to fire on the person or the blue box unless the occupant taps its fingers four times.

If the occupant appears to be angered, run. Just run.

Addendum: If for any reason the occupant smiles at you, fear is an appropriate and utterly justified response. Attempt to make sure your inevitable demise brings glory to the Imperium.

Addendum, The Second: He has a rogue trader license by decree of Lord Russ. Yes, you are supposed to obey him. No, that does not mean you should not be scared.

Addendum, The Third: Upon contact, you are to immediately alert Lord Vulkan with the code phrase, "The Doctor is here, are you Awake?". If he responds in the affirmative, you are to give him the coordinates to the location.

3.2

" *Right, take this!"* Leman said, bunching. " *Extremespeed!"*

He pounced at speed, hitting the obese Purugly with a stunning blow, and finally knocked her out.

"Good work," Cyan said, with a nod. The Primarch – currently an Arcanine – looked faintly smug, then he and his brothers advanced onto Spear Pillar itself.

Amberley muttered something about how commissarial he looked.

"That's not a word," he muttered back to the Ninetales, walking behind the trio of Primarchs. Fortunately, he'd managed to find a two-for-one deal on fire stones, so Amberley and Leman hadn't had to have an argument over who got the first one.

"Ah, I see you've arrived!" the boss of Team Galactic said. "But you're too late. The red chains are complete, and I can summon Arceus himself!"

Leman blinked. "That's not normal..."

Magnus glanced over at him.

"Elaborate, please," Vulkan said, shielding them absently against the cold winds with an expansive orange wing. "Why is it not normal?"

"Well, normally he summons Giratina here," Leman elaborated. "I've been here a few times, see..."

Cyrus interrupted them. "Come to me!"

Portals began to open.

"The god of fire and destruction, Khorne!"

Every single Looper from the Imperium stared, blinked, and started laughing.

"Can't believe I didn't realize it," Leman chuckled. "The God of Victory! Of course!"

Shut your mouths or I will destroy you, the tiny Victini insisted.

"The god of earth and decay, Nurgle!" Cyrus went on.

That is not fair! Khorne said, in a tone which was definitely not whining. *How come he gets to be something that awesome?*

The gaunt Yvetal settled to the ground. " *I'm sorry, I can't hear you,"* he said, with a broad grin. " *My ears must be stuffed up. Or you forgot I'm a Dark type."*

"That's considerably less funny," Cyan commented, absently.

"The god of air and magic, Tzeentch!"

" *Shut up,"* Tzeentch said preemptively. " *Or you will wish you were dead. And then I will refuse to grant it."*

There was a muffled sound, as Magnus stuffed his furred arm into his mouth to avoid laughing at the sight of Tzeentch as Jirachi.

"And the god of water and happiness, Slaanesh!"

Everyone stared. Even the other Chaos Gods stared.

"...that's a Ditto," Ciaphas said eventually.

" *Well spotted, Ciaphas,"* Slaanesh said, mounding up into a vaguely humanoid shape. " *But I can be a legendary if you want. I can be anything if you want."*

"What about a long way away from him?" Amberley asked, stepping forwards. "Can you do that?"

" *Only if I can catch the bouquet,"* Slaanesh told her. " *And the garter, too..."*

Ciaphas coughed discreetly. "We *are* different species, this loop."

" *Like that's ever stopped me."*

"Uh... guys?" Vulkan said, pointing. "I think he's about to complete the summoning..."

Jurgen stepped faithfully forwards to interpose himself between Cyan and the portal as it formed.

Then, the God Pokemon stepped through.

Magnus blinked. "I recognize that... *DAD!?* "

Oh, hello. Excellent timing, the Emperor said, sounding somewhat distracted. **Do you have any idea how to speak with this mouth? It's been bothering me all loop...**

He noticed Cyrus, frowned momentarily, and a very localized meteorite strike obliterated the Galactic boss.

"...that was anticlimatic," Ciaphas said, blinking.

I'm not in the mood, the Emperor said shortly. **Now, as I was saying...**

3.6 (Evilhumour)

I am going to *kill* hir. The Emperor thought to himself as he sat on the Golden Throne. Slaanseh had managed to break into Terra and kidnapped him, and stole him away to deep within the Warp, pinging that shi was Awake.

"-ive you up, nev-" The Noise Marines had been playing that *song* continuously since Slaanesh kidnapped him.

Painfully and *slowly* .

3.7 (Scorntex)

The Imperial Infantryman's Uplifting Primer, page 113:

Any Imperial Marine unit suggesting "Wreck'n'Rule!" as their battlecry is a fast track to glory and esteem.

Editor's Note: We are obligated to inform you, the reader, that as of the last censure, the survival rating for this unit stands at 42%.

3.8 (Gamerex27)

FORGET THE POWER OF BEEKEEPING AND BREEDING, FOR SO MUCH HAS BEE-N FORGOTTEN, NEVER TO BEE RE-LEARNED.

FORGET THE PROMISE OF POLLINATION AND CONDIMENTS, FOR IN THE GRIM DARK FUTURE THERE IS ONLY THE SWARM.

THERE IS NO PEACE AMONGST THE STARS, ONLY AN ETERNITY OF ALLERGIES AND STINGING, AND THE LAUGHTER OF THIRSTING BEES.

Father and son stared at one another. On one hand, the God-Emperor of Mankind had not been confined to the Golden Throne after his battle with the Beetrayer, Horus.

On the other hand, his dying curse had left the Emperor forever surrounded by angry bees, constantly being stung, day and night.

"...why?!" Leman finally asked. "This has to be the most *ridiculous* Loop I have ever seen!"

And yet, this is *still* preferable than being trapped on the Golden Throne for ten thousand years, the Emperor said. Of course, he

had to say this via telepathy, as his tongue had long since swollen to a useless size, as had most of his body.

"My lord?"

Both men turned to see a Custodes, clad in the rarest of battlegear: functioning beekeeper armor. "We have received a message from the foul hordes of Entropbee." He slid the note across the floor, not wanting to risk the integrity of the impossibly-rare armor by approaching the Emperor's eternal Hive. "Perhaps they have decided to surrender after we discovered the sacred relics of RAID on Luna?"

The room was silent for a few moments, as the Emperor just glared at the guardsman.

"Oh...OH! Forgive me, my lord, I forgot about your allergies!" the Custodes said, whimpering. " Your swollen hands...Please, please forgive me!"

Leman?

Picking up the scroll, Leman carefully unwrapped it to see a letter from one of the Chaos Gods-Nurgle, judging by the disgusting mold and bacteria cultures making up the text.

"No," Nurgle said in the letter, "this wasn't my idea, though I *do* wish I had thought of it. A deadly bee plague! Bees! My self."

Tossing the letter away with a sigh, Leman facepalmed. "Somehow, this is *still* better than the squirrels- *don't ask* " he quickly added, as the Emperor raised a swollen eyebrow in question.

3.2

"Come *on* ," Magnus said, with a sigh.

"What?" Cyan asked, feeling a bit defensive. "I'm not all that bothered with the League thing. At least that got it over with quickly – fifteen minutes, counting walking time."

"Well, *yeah* ," the Arcanine Anchor admitted. "But that's not the point!"

"I think what my brothers are trying to say," Vulkan sighed, "is that they feel left out. They didn't get a chance for a fight, in other words."

"So?" Ciaphas asked. "Like I say, I'm not bothered with-"

"But we are!" Magnus and Leman chorused. They then shot suspicious looks at one another.

"Oh, stop it!" Amberley said, shaking her muzzle. "Ciaphas has a point, you know that. He's just not the kind of person who *likes* fighting."

"Could have fooled me, given how much he does of it," Leman muttered.

"That's all accidental!" Cyan protested. "Really!"

"I've read your looping memoirs, Ciaphas," Leman countered. "You fit more heroism into shorter periods of time than *I* do."

Ciaphas laughed. "I'm sure," he said, with clear sarcasm.

"No, really," Leman said. "Your life is a continual cavalcade of heroic situations, and you always rise to the occasion – willingly or not. I'm as much general as frontline warrior... oh, and you're a human. I'm normally a Primarch, and that carries over. I'm *less* in danger than you are in the same situation... and you charge ahead as often as I do, even if you *say* it's just so you're not seen retreating."

Magnus raised his twig. "We may have gotten off topic. I demand we challenge the league again."

He made a gesture. "And you don't use *him* ."

Ciaphas' sixth Fire-type looked annoyed. *What?* he asked. *Why can't I be used?*

"You just soloed the League in fifteen minutes, Khorne!" Leman burst out. "Give the rest of us a chance!"

Khorne was unconvinced.

Please explain your goals.

N and Ghetsis exchanged a glance.

N spoke up. "Team Plasma seeks a world free from the abuse of Pokémon. As there is no other way of achieving this, we seek to separate humans from their Pokémon so that Pokémon can live in peace."

Interesting.

N brightened. "So... you'll help?"

No, not that. The divine llama frowned. **Just that your second in command here – who appears to be your father – instead wants to make sure no-one *else* has Pokémon. He wants to use that discrepancy to take over the world.**

Ghetsis blanched.

"Father?" N asked, looking over at the Sage. "Is this true?"

I assure you, it is, the Emperor said. **I'm a psyker, I can read minds.**

"I... N," Ghetsis began. "You're not going to trust this-"

"Father, I can see the goodness in the hearts of Pokémon!" N said. "Pokémon have never lied to me before!"

The Emperor frowned, as N reached for the lone Pokéball at his waist. **This seems worryingly familiar, somehow...**

"Reshiram!" N called, sending out the Legendary Dragon. "Stop my father!"

Yes, definitely familiar, the Immortal God-Emperor of Pokékind decided. **Right, moving on...**

He vanished in a flash of light.

Several thousand miles away, in Hoenn, the God Pokémon materialized in another meeting room. **Right. Now, what's your plan?**

"You're going to like this," Archie said to the Ultimate One. "It involves a meteorite, a volcano, lots of rain, and a remake of Waterworld."

"Mine's much better!" Maxie interrupted. "It involves lots of volcanoes, lots of rocket fuel, and the evaporation of all water on the planet!"

The two Leaders started arguing.

Ignoring them, the Emperor exerted a small facet of his enormous power. **Tzeentch?**

Tzeentch materialized, and tried to be as dignified as a Jirachi could be. It was not an especially high bar. " *What?"*

My formal apologies. Your cultists are not crazy. *That* is crazy.

3.9 (Evilhumour)

Skuld's eye twitched as she went over the terminal for the Dark Millennium branch and shot a murderous glare at the gulping wolf as she leaned away from it.

"You were *hacked* into." She snapped, causing Fenrir to step backwards, body pressed against the wall. "By one of those *hackers* . Do you *what* they were doing?"

"N-no-" He stuttered.

"They *decided* , when *you* were not paying *any* attention, to let the Chaos Gods loop!" She jabbed a finger into his chest. "Those four entities could have been *instant* MLEs if your *damn* Anchor hadn't done *very* well in stabilizing his world that loop!" She towered over him now, with Fenrir folding inwards from her fiery glare. " *THANKFULLY* , when they Woke up for the first time, causing all that massive murder chaos *bullshit was too damn* ***BORING FOR THEM TO DO IT AGAIN!*** " She yelled, grabbing his ear. "Do *not* screw up again or will find yourself being Zeus's assistant until you *DAMN WELL LEARN* ***NOT TO LET OTHERS HACK INTO YOUR BRANCHES AND FAIL TO NOTICE IT!*** " She roared, storming out of the office leaving Fenrir curled up against the wall, trembling in fear.

3.10 (Delta Green)

The Inner Sanctum of the Imperial Palace was silent, as usual. Ever vigilant Custodes guarded the premises and the Carrion-Lord of the Imperium was left to his Eternal duty, alone.

At least until a flash of silver light heralded the arrival of someone. Serenity, also known as Sailor Cosmos, one of the original Seven Loopers, had decided to grace the Imperial Palace with her presence. She had actually welcomed the opportunity of Looping into a 40k Loop, as she had long wanted to speak again to the Emperor after his declaration to the Seven and what had followed.

For a moment, silence reigned as Serenity seemed to consider her words.

Serenity. I must say I'm disappointed, I imagined you'd be here sooner.

"... Why?", she asked.

Her countenance was stern, like a teacher demanding an explanation for misbehaviour. Faced with the slight smugness of the Emperor's welcome, it was almost expected.

Isn't it obvious? Out of the Seven, I'd expect you to understand the best why.

"I understand it was a bluff, but I don't understand why you did it. You're old enough to..."

Yes. I am old enough, though a mere child compared to you now. Old enough to have forgotten the face of my parents. Old enough to no longer have any ties to the mortal masses... Just as most Loopers. But where most Loopers return to the start of their lives and to their first family, I do not have such luxury. But it matters little to me, as all Mankind is my family.

Serenity opened her mouth to speak, only to be interrupted by the majestic psychic voice.

Don't, please. You made your points back then. Let this old man monologue for a time and forgive me if I forget some of your objections. Where was I?

Out of the Seven Loopers, you alone still weep for the lives lost in each loop. The others no longer bother with such ties, but you still do. You forge your mortal un-Awake families, love them with all your heart and still lose them.

I did the same. For so long, I did exactly as you did. I loved each of my families as dearly as you do. Often, through the centuries, I would return to each of their grave sites to remember them. You did not have that luxury, but I know you still visited places of importance to each of your families even in different loops.

"...How did you...?"

Serenity was honestly puzzled. Much like the other Seven and the rest of the older Loopers, their minds were sacrosanct and inviolate to anything but Admins or the most brutal psychic assaults. She recalled no such thing from her last meeting with the Emperor and her shields were still inviolate right now.

I still have a few tricks you have not seen before, Serenity. Not enough to permanently harm any of the Seven, but enough to see into your souls. I am the Master of Mankind, after all, and you are all still of the Race of Men.

"...You guessed." she stated with an annoyed frown. There was the feeling of smirk from the Emperor.

Perhaps or perhaps not. Theatrics have a power of their own and I would be a fool to squander it.

As I was saying, we are much alike in our attachment to the mortals and un-Awake. The difference is in the scale of our attachment. You weep for many indeed, but most of your tears are for those you love and cherish. I am somewhat different. For all Mankind is my blood. All Mankind is my cherished kin.

Even now, each tear I weep is in memory of each Hero that Mankind will never remember. Most of them, I have already wept for thousands, if not millions of times. Still, I weep for each of them.

What few even suspect is that I also weep for the Lost and the Damned. For those who turn away from Mankind. For those who

never knew any better.

Knowing this, do you understand?

"All of them?", Serenity asked in disbelief.

All of them.

"But the Great Crusade... the Purges... Everything... How could you if you love them so?!"

And now there was outrage in her voice. She, who was compassion incarnate, couldn't reconcile loving anyone so and still making them suffer. To her, the Emperor's words were utterly in contradiction of his actions.

Because I saw no other way then. Though it tormented me endlessly, I did what I thought necessary to save as many as I could.

"And that bluff... all of it..."

Was the first alternative I found. I had to try. Even failure was less torturous than inaction in the face of maybe saving them all.

"And now? You being on the Throne, the state of the Imperium, the constant wars? Why allow them to continue if you could stop them? You are letting them die!"

My penance and my preparation. To atone and to be ready. To suffer for my sins by rubbing the wounds raw with salt and vinegar and to learn each possible variable that can occur before the Final Loop comes.

"But there's no need for it! If you've learnt, you don't need to suffer anymore!" she said, radiating frustration and anger at the Emperor's seeming idiocy.

Serenity. Did you ever lose a child of yours?

"I showed you I did." she replied with slight impatience.

Serenity. Did you ever kill a child of yours with your own hands?

And then, understanding flashed on Serenity's face, alongside horror.

"... No. I never did, even in the worst loops. I always found a way."

And now, whereas patience and calm dominated the air, weariness and chagrin flooded the room as the Emperor continued.

On my first Loop, all of my Sons rebelled. Only Leman remained loyal and he died soon after the beginning of the Heresy, after only alluding to the existence of the Loops. He assumes that it ended there for both of us. That it was merely a warning, much like his "Chaos God Emperor" Loop. I never told him any different.

But the Loop continued for me. I was forced to slay all of them. I ripped Sanguinius' Wings from their pinions and impaled Angron with his Spear, lost as they were to Khorne. I felt Dorn and Guilliman's minds when they decided to betray me during a war meeting and I was forced to strangle them with my bare hands. I saw Vulcan weep bitter tears as he sacrificed civilians lives in an attempt to kill me, just before I tore out his eyes with my Power Claw. I witnessed Jaghatai, lost to Slaanesh, pillaging and raping alongside Fulgrim before I destroyed their minds. I saw Ferrus covered in unhealed wounds as he struggled to feel anything in his Nurgle infested carcass before I burnt him and Mortarion to ashes with my Warp Fire. I duelled Magnus, Corax and Lion to the death atop a corrupted Prospero being dragged into the Warp by Tzeentch at the culmination of their plot to kill me. I found Konrad and cut his head off as he smiled in vindication. I burned Lorgar from orbit on one of his crown

worlds dedicated to Chaos. I sneaked through Perturabo's toughest defences and murdered him. I tracked down Alpharius and Omegon and personally slew every single Alpha Legionnaire on the planet to ensure they were dead.

And, at last, I faced Horus again on the Vengeful Spirit. Again I lay dying after destroying his soul. But this time, there was no one to drag me to the Throne. This time, there was no one to protect Mankind after the Heresy. In that insane war which lasted for a century, I had been forced to kill more than 3/4 of Mankind as a whole. What remained, I presume, did not survive long my passing.

In my first Loop, I died an even worst failure than in my first existence, Serenity.

I do not know why my First Loop went so badly. Perhaps I acted too fast in condemning the Lost Primarchs? Perhaps I was too brusque with all of my Sons? Perhaps the Administrators wanted to humble me before I grew more powerful than I already was? It matters little. Instead of humility, I found resolve in the trial.

That is why I bluffed, Serenity. To force the Administrators to give me the better way I could not find.

That is why I could not rest or enjoy reunion with my Sons. How could I when I killed them all dozens of times? What Father kills his own Children? What Emperor leads his people to such ignominious defeat? What Guardian cannot stop such things from repeating, no matter how many times he goes through these events?

There is no penance, no suffering, no torture or punishment that I do not deserve. In truth, part of the reason I waited for the Seven to be gathered to make my Bluff was so that you would hate and torment me. I accepted their scorn and disdain as rightfully due.

Even then, I succeeded. The Brighthammer loops are affecting Chaos more than Leman's gradual efforts. Sooner or later, the Long War will be won and Mankind will no longer need such a flawed and useless Guardian as myself. The Administrators have given me what I wanted. When the Final Loop arrives, I will set everything right and vanish. I will no longer be needed and my Sons will be free of myself and their destiny.

Serenity's face was a mixture of understanding, frustration and anguish.

"It doesn't have to be like that. You can be the Father they need and you can all be happy."

She felt a warm presence settle on her shoulders, calming her and trying to relieve her of her chagrin. Part of her almost laughed at the ridicule of someone much younger acting fatherly towards her, another part welcomed it.

But do I deserve to be their Father? I don't believe I do. But I will play along for as long as it lasts. Better my Sons have memories of a Father trying to do right by them than the haunted and bloodstained monster I am.

I envy you, Serenity. Of all the Seven, with their incommensurable power and age, you alone I envy. For you are what I should have been for my Universe.

There is the why, Serenity. You alone could understand it. I pray it doesn't weight on your soul like it does mine.

3.0 Another Primarch is Awake and eager to meet the Little Mother

3.1 Five Nights at Tzeentch's!

3.2 CIAPHAS CYAN, HERO OF SINNOH!

3.3 Fenrir gets his Anchors together for an important talk.

3.4 Misogyny is something loopers grow out of quickly if they know what's good for them.

3.5 If you come across the blue box, just knock four times.

3.6 The second time Slaanesh did this was with Surfin' Bird.

3.7 Never tell me the odds

3.8 Don't ask about Primarch Doreen Green, just don't. It's kinda of a sore spot for everyone.

3.9 Fenrir...doesn't have a lot of luck.

3.10 In the loops, even the most unusual of friendships can form.

Chapter 4

4.0 (Delta Green, Saphroneth, Scorntex, Cipher100, Angelform, BNG1991, Leonite, Custodator Pacis, KBTKaiser and Crisis)

Let it never be said that the Emperor of Mankind didn't go all the way when doing anything. He had once sworn to Serenity he would act like a good Father to his Sons (and all of Mankind) until the Final Loop, and bonding activities went with that. However, he was also a bit of a micromanager. Hence, he had the unfortunate habit of organizing planning sessions for anything more complex that "Talking over a cup of decaf." It took any spontaneity out of the bonding moments, but at least all possibilities were covered (which did come in hand when a gigantic Hrud infestation interrupted the bi-annual family picnic).

Truth be told, he was starting to feel less and less tormented about his previous sins as he made strenuous efforts to reconnect with his Sons and Humanity as a whole. Perhaps Serenity was right? No matter.

Very well, my Sons. We shall "prank" the Grey Knights and Inquisition, as you insisted. First object on the board, the Terminus Sanction.

There was a slight cough from Vulkan as the (formerly) dead Primarchs all looked rather puzzled at the mention of the Last Resort of the Grey Knights. Not that some of the living Loyalists didn't look puzzled as well, but the (formerly) dead Primarchs had even less of a way to know about it.

For those not informed, the Terminus Sanction is a set of instructions I had Malcador leave his fledgling Inquisition in case things went...

"Pear shaped, Father?"

As you say, Leman. It consisted, roughly, of the current GrandMaster of the Grey Knights finding his way to the Golden Throne and killing me with a properly prepared Force Pike in the hopes it would augment the chances of my reincarnation over the... other possibilities. Needless to say, I was less than enthusiastic with the prospect and Malcador even less, thus we made it the absolute last resort of the Imperium. If EVERYTHING went wrong, I would try my luck, but not before.

Corax raised his hand and spoke up.

"Father, what can we do with this to 'Prank' the Inquisition?"

While I am less than enthused at the idea of dashing the last hopes of Mankind in their darkest hour, Leman insists that the schadenfreude of witnessing such a moment is well worth the cost, especially considering the Loops. Thus, we will require suggestions on what to now write on the Terminus Sanction. Corax, I will require you to substitute the message once it is done.

The Floor is yours, my Sons.

"Close the box, put it down, and get back to work".

"Light the blue touch paper and stand well back"

"It took you eleven thousand years to decide things were bad enough?"

"Return for 1$ cashback!"

"Dear God-Emperor Of Mankind, I.O.U one emergency escape clause. Love, the God-Emperor Of Mankind."

"Out of Order." (****! Even in the future nothing works!)

"Use the horse."

"This space for rent."

"Create giant fish. Once you have done so, summon bigger fish."

"42."

"Please initiate the emergency crash landing procedure for the future of mankind. Sit on the floor, put your hands behind your neck, your head between your knees, and kiss your ass goodbye."

"PLUG ME BACK IN!"

"I have an itch behind my ear. Please scratch."

"Press F5."

"I for one welcome our new [insert conquerors description] overlords."

"In case there are only 1 million humans alive, surrender to Zahndrekh the Necron Overlord. You can convince him that you are the mutated Necrotyr."

"Tell the Silent King we have the Apotheosis, he will try his best to save us."

"Congratulations, now you're really fucked."

"May as well start summoning daemons now, nothing left to lose really..."

"You are NOT a winner! Please try again."

"Blame the Inquisition."

"Sorry, but our Emperor is in another castle"

"Remember, if you need to find a true leader, please go to my *true* son Ciaphas Cain, **HERO OF THE IMPERIUM."**

"Can you not see I am on the toilet?"

"I.O.Y one apocalypse aversion plan - Eldrad Ulthran."

"Activate the Omega Thirteen… several billion times."

"Remember to make sure that Primarch Leman Russ is not in any pilot seat until he has mastered the bicycle with training wheels without turning it into a daemon from the Warp."

"The Tau were an experiment against Warp Immunity, so stop killing them."

"The next person who says my lord, my liege, Sire, Emperor, God Emperor, God Emperor of Mankind, Emps, or anything of the fashion will be immediately transferred to the front lines."

"Please follow these instructions carefully: Put your left foot in. Take your left foot out. Put your left foot in and shake it all about..."

Skeleton of some super beast pops out "We're sorry, but the contents of this box have passed their expiration date. For a replacement, please contact..."

A jumble of mechanical parts pop out "Some assembly required."

"To whomever did *that* , I know *what* you did."

4.1 (Evilhumour)

Bjorn held his human hand to his face and *sighed.*

Along with Vulkan and Ciaphas, he had become one of the people that tried to keep things sane.

It was hard to do so when Primarch Magnus was chasing Primarch Leman around Fenris, throwing large amount of fire at his Lord's laughing and screaming form.

It was *really* hard staying sane in these loops.

4.2 (Angelform)

" **This is Intolerable.** "

"Ha! You'll get used to it. Not like you aren't still a biped."

" **I Have Been The Avatar Of Humanity Since The Dawn Of Civilisation. I Took The Pride, The Virtue And The Very WILL Of Mankind And Forged Myself Into Their Personification! This Decrepit Form Is A Perversion Of All That I Am.** "

The wizened, gray skinned being began to leaver itself out of the massive chair.

"Well don't do anything drastic. Don't want another penitence loop."

" **At Least In Eiken We Would Be Human.**

…

Or at least *ab* human. "

"Hah, human maybe but probably female. And I would not count on being that lucky. The loops dislike us having phobias. Start crashing loops just because you aren't human and the loops will push back. How do you feel about visiting the Equestrian Safe Loop?"

The look of despairing horror on the face of Emp'Or, space pope of the Tau Ethereals, was something Leman would treasure for many loops.

4.3 (Evilhumour)

Leman groaned as he was sent flying backwards, bouncing in his powerarmor before coming to a stop.

Head still spinning, he placed a hand to his stomach as he tried to stand up right when he heard Khorne begin to run up to him.

Leman groped for his chainsaw-sword when the Chaos God hit him again with that damnable *object* in his side, sending him flying across Fenris again with the other Chaos Gods and Magnus laughing their heads off. Vulkan and Bjorn were thankfully staying quiet as possible, although they *were* recording this for Ciaphas, Amberley and father later. Freki and Geri were just staring and licking their lips.

Where Khorne found the space trout, Leman would never know.

And then Khorn slapped him again.

4.4 (Evilhumour)

Leman blinked, suddenly feeling very small, as Bjorn walk beside him.

"Bjorn," he started slowly, looking up at his only looping marine and friend with slight envy. "Have you been talking to my brother again?"

"No sir!" the man inside said cheerfully. "I planned this out in another loop and I'm *very* glad to see it worked!"

"Yes..." Leman drawled out, looking at his startled and slightly nervous marines. "But you *do* know that the people will ask about this, correct?"

"Don't personally care sir," the man inside cackled with joy. "The Space Wolves have the first and *only* mecha dreadnought and the rest can stick it!" With that, he started to fire into the daemon hoard, making Leman wonder when he became the sane one. It wasn't *fun* to be sane!

Howling with his Frostblade roaring in his hands, he raced after Bjorn to join the fight with his marines following behind him howling in delight.

4.5 (Evilhumour)

The Emperor looked at one of his sons walk past him before coming back with what seemed to be an oversize flea collar, a squirt bottle and other odd things. Sighing, the Emperor forced himself to deal with his looping sons rivalry as part of his project to improve on his complicated relationship with his sons.

What has Leman done this time Mangus?

"I don't know *how* , but that *idiot* has somehow caused *all* of my books to be one page off, and the writing to be backwards and inverted!" He snapped, flame running across the ground. "If the fool wants to be a damn *mutt* , I will *treat* him like one!"

Grumbling loudly, the Primarch left the throne room with the Emperor rubbing his face. On one hand, it *would* be a good thing to stop the

two from fighting like this as part of his attempts to be a better parent.

With a rumble of an explosion and loud shouting and yelling, followed by the sounds of non lethal ammunition being fired -raiding the Nerf store in that near Hub like loop and stealing the instructions for the procedure to making them had been a stroke of genius for them to alleviate some of their stress- and the dreadnaught being thrown into the throne room before roaring back into the battlefield, firing his modified Nerf cannon into the battle field of Space Wolves and Thousand Sons. In the middle of the battle field was his two sons, with Magnus on Leman's back, both of them shouting at each other with the former struggling to get a collar on the latter and with Leman shouting nerd, geek and other childish insult at the other.

On the *other* hand, this was *very* enjoyable and it *was* good for his sons to work things out by themselves. Sitting down in his non gold throne, and pulling out the popcorn from his Subspace pocket, he watched the fight with a smile on his face.

4.6 (fractalman)

The skeins of fate reeled and twisted, for The Culture had arrived in the 40k galaxy; until now, it had been utterly invisible to the warp. Yet as the Eldar Farseers began to examine the new potential futures, they failed to pay enough attention to the subtler changes emanating from Leman Russ.

"As you have heard, a new player has arrived on the scene. Some of you, out of fear, have even spoken of destroying this new player before it can grow and build up forces, so let me make myself clear, right now: Only Chaos can defeat this new player. Not all our Craftworlds together, not the IOM fleets, not the black crusades, not the Necron tomb worlds, not even the Tyrannid fleets between the stars can so much as slow them down, even as they are now. Any who stand against them are either destroyed or ignored. *Ignored!*

Yes, you heard me right, ignored; not only is the disparity in military power that great, they seem to dislike destroying things.

The Eldar Farseer paused, and frowned. "There is… *one* military force that can stand up to this new player, though I cannot comprehend how: an Ork war-band with…pink paint. I really don't have a clue how that works, so don't ask.

The Farseer cleared his throat. "Anyways, we have very few options here: we can either contact them now, or we can wait for them to find us-and find us they will. We can speed up when they contact any particular race, or slow it down slightly..."

4.7 (Saphroneth and myself)

"Say dad," Luke looked at his father as he was working on a ship, a loop where things were simple for their family. "Who would you have wanted Leia to go with anyways?"

His dad pulled his head out of the engine, covered in oil and grime, tapped his chin. "I don't know to be honest, but there *was* this one time where the Emperor of Mankind offered one of his Primarchs to bridge our Empires together. Odd loop." He leaned back into the ship he was working on.

"Really? Any of them good?"

"Well, Horus made me uneasy, I thought Leman was into unsavory things, Ferrus brought up a sore issue," both he and Luke looked at his hand and winced. "I don't think Fulgrim is interested into girls, Vulkan was too much of a geek, Rogal wasn't thrilled by the idea when marrying the the 'witch', Roboute is too vicious, Magnus couldn't pull his head out of the books."

"What about Sanguinius?"

"...are you kidding me?"

"Sorry dad," Luke said, looking at the speeder he was working on.

"Lion El'Jonson wasn't there to arrange anything, Perturabo seemed to have too much fun playing with his tanks, Mortarion…" He shuddered, and then swore as he hit his head against the inside of the engine he was working on.

"Lorgar had that preacher look, Jaghatai was the kind I don't want Leia around." Anakin grumbled. "Bad boys with hot rods, what do girls *see* in those types?"

Luke looked at his father, withholding a grin. "I wouldn't know dad."

"Konard thought he was Batman and wouldn't get out from under my desk to 'spy' on me. Argon reminded me of Charybdis. No thank you." Sighing, Anakin leaned against the side of the wall. "Corbus's beak-helmet was a deal breaker."

"What about Alpharius and Omegon?"

"They *were* passable until those two spirited Leia away with Han to screw with us." Anakin groaned, stretching out. "And before you ask, I don't know if they're looping or not. No one does." Staring off into space, Anakin glared at his son. "Don't you dare repeat this to anyone but I was glad Leia was with Han that loop; the Emperor's kids are *really* messed up."

"I won't dad, I promise."

With that, the two Skywalkers went back to working.

4.8 (Evilhumour)

Vulkan looked at Bjorn, who looked at the two glaring looping wolves. The Emperor was shaking his head in disbelief. Ciaphas was still gawking at the sight.

How .

Leman looked at the Warp encased planets and looked back. "I was just making toast!" He raised his hands in protest.

The Emperor could only groan as his mind tried to comprehend what his son did and failed to come up with an answer as the Chaos Gods had decided to invade several collages again and therefore not responsible for this. **I put forth the motion that Leman Russ is hereby forbidden to *ever* enter a kitchen or anything of the sort *ever* again.**

"Agreed!" Was the response from everyone, with Leman only protesting it was just *toast!*

4.9 (Evilhumour, wildrook)

Leman looked at his father, tapping his fingers on the armrest as the man drove the large van down the road.

"How did you manage do it again?" He asked, trying to get comfortable. He wasn't sure if this was a very modified variant, fused loop or something else Fenrir threw together. If he was old enough to bet, in-loop wise, he would say it was a fused loop for all of them to decompress after the last mess of a loop he had to deal with.

"Do what Leman?" His father asked, biting his lip as he tried to drive steady, with car honking them and very rude curses yelled at him. Of all the things his father *could* do, driving seemed not to be one of them. It *would* explain his own skills though.

"Crash that last loop," Leman grunted, as he saw them pull up into Forks. It *would* be nice to see Leah again. She was a good friend, and along with Fenrir's other anchors, had helped him through several issues. They had also promised not to tell the Little Mother or the rest of the ponies about the Chaos God Emperor variant; that was something he needed to do. "It was going alright until I got a

massive headache and then I woke up in this van with the rest of them." Leman thumbed back at his other eighteen brothers, the two lost ones were absent with Alpharius and Omegon both present. "As we're going on this 'hunting' trip to bond as a fami-BRAKEBRAKEBRAKE!" Leman shouted, grabbed the wheel as his father shouted and slammed his foot onto the pedal, trying to stop the van with the screaming teenagers inside as two people appeared in front of the road. Leman, sticking his head out as two ran off to yell at them, was pulled back in by his father.

"Don't start anything boy, I don't *want* to deal with any damn authorities for a *long* time!" his father's eyes darted to him before going back to the road. "And *buckle* up!"

"Geezes, I don't know what's worse," Leman snarked, buckling up as the two that had ran off looked vaguely familiar before his father began to drive again. "You overprotective or you being abstan-uh... *wow* that was -"

"Poor taste?" his father raised an eyebrow, smirking as they went through the city, getting close to the forest turn off. "It is alright; try dealing with people perverting your words and ideas and when you tell them to *stop* , they don't listen. Even when you get off that damn Golden Throne, get in their faces, and personally decree that their 'God' doesn't want it anymore, they still don't *fucking* listen!" His father slammed a fist onto the horn, causing the boys in the back to jump a bit before tuning out their father once more.

"Ah, *I* see." Leman nodded with age that shouldn't belong to anyone as young as he appeared to be before smiling. "You've finally got strong enough to get out of it?"

His father blinked and smiled, nodding his head. "Indeed. It was good to stretch my legs and address my people once more, even thought trying to get through them caused the loop to crash."

"Meh," Leman said, watching them pull up to their cabin. "I'll take it as a win that you're getting stronger and things are getting better."

"Thank you, my son." With a smile on his face, the usual Emperor of Mankind turned off the engine and began work on his latest and greatest project yet; how to be a better father. So far; two down, seventeen to go.

Amberley looked at Ciaphas, her mouth slowly working. "Was that the Emperor in a minivan with the Primarchs?"

"Yes, yes it was." Ciaphas looked down the street and back at her. "Want to go off and explore this world while they have their own insanity?"

Amberley shrugged her shoulders. "Might as well, nothing better to do."

Leah, Charlie, and Jasper were surprised.

"The God-Emperor of Mankind is Looping," Jasper muttered. "The freaking God-Emperor of Mankind is Looping."

"Yeah," Charlie replied. "There a problem?"

"No, but the thought of derailing the plot sounds more appealing by the minute."

"Might be our only option," Leah said, face-palming. "Because I can't tell if he or Edward's the worse driver."

4.10 (Evilhumour, BNG1991, Angelform, Saphroneth and Ryuus2)

Leman blinked, looking at Vulkan and Magnus and then towards their father. It seemed that this was *another* attempt for him to 'bond' with his sons; appearing to be jovial and getting them all gifts.

Although, Leman would have to admit that their father missed the boat of a joking gift.

He got driving manual, cooking classes, 'Zahndrekh's Royal Meal for Dummies' and 'How to Ensure Your Passengers Have a Nice Ride' by Obyron. Magnus got a cellphone so he could call home quieter and a book called "Booga-Wooga Warpspace" by H. Orses Hit. Vulkan got a supersoaker, an Ikea catalog, a box of scraps and hair care products.

Konrad Curze was given a puppy, a book on making friends, a nightlight and a trip to the beach while Argon got anger and stress management classes. Perturabo got a book tilted the *Prince* , Mortarion got air fresheners and Jaghatai Khan was given an ordinary bike helmet. The twin Primarch Alpharius & Omegon were given name tags and matching footie pajamas. Sanguinius received bird seed while Lion El'Jonson was presented with a giant stuffed mouse and some catnip. Rouboute Guilliman was fittingly given a Smurf hat while Ferrus Manus got a big bucket of Legos. Fulgrim got spa coupons and Rogal Dorn had got My First Magic Kit. Corax was given a sheep helmet and Lorgar a robe.

Horus was simply given a Burger King crown and the promise of a boot to the head every time he complains about something...or frowns(smiles?)...or attempts patricide...courtesy of the Chaos Gods.

4.0 We had a *lot* of fun with this idea.

4.1 Magnus kept his fire stick

4.2 Moo.

4.3 Fish fu!

4.4 Not envious at all.

4.5 They tried to do paintball, but someone got pink paint onto some Orks...

4.6 In homage to "The Culture Explores Warhammer 40k"

4.7 Possible suitors for Leia

4.8 Leman...he's not that good at cooking.

4.9 He's got a plan

4.10 Not the *best* gifts...

Chapter 5

5.1(Detective Ethan Redfield)

From the Memoir of Looping Ciaphas Cain, Hero of the Multiverse, Edited by Amberley Vail, Ordos Loop as commissioned by the Emperor himself:

It is a rare loop where I am both Captain of the Guard of a town that is not being invaded by orcs or other monsters in the more psyker friendly universes like Arda. However, I found myself in such a universe. The world was known as Mystara, where psyker magi rain supreme. I was stationed in a small town called Edoras, very similar to the Arda counterpart, known for their horse riders. Their steeds could traverse the known lands in a day, such was their skill. Sadly, their breweries were miles behind their horseback skills.

I was appointed captain of the guard by a pitiful inbred noble who cared more for his coffers than the people he served under. He was also a poor judge of character since once again he couldn't recognize my fraudulent character as a hero. **(1)** However, Edoras was peaceful for the most part. Well within the borders of the local kingdom which escapes me even now, though darker adventurers came and sold some of their more ill gotten wares here.

A white dragon was known to reside a hundred Kloms from the city to the north, though it has proven peaceful for many a year. And then a Wizard appeared, asking for adventurers to slay the dragon. Not wanting my peaceful loop to end being frozen alive and smashed into a thousand pieces at the rage of such a beast, I attempted to talk down the psycher and make him see reason. For a moment, I thought I had gotten to him, only for the ruler to step in and offer a not so small reward for the dragon's head above his dining table. I can only imagine his reasoning being the fame the fallen dragon's skull would bring him should this mission succeed. Further if the magician and his team were to be delivered into the Emperor's

Merciful Embrace, he wouldn't have to pay them, a true win-win for him. It was when the magician accepted the contract that my palms started itching.

With events in motion, I already began laying plans for the inevitable backlash. First, I hired all local psykers, especially those who could cast fly, blindness or sleep. Next was a re-training and endless practice with bows, arrows and ballistas. Finally, recalling all scouts and troops in the area to defend Edoras.

Two days later, the torn remains of the party tried returning to town, with said dragon in tow. The dragon looked like a Khornite worshipper had been told he was in an incestuous relationship with a Slaanesh cultist. The weapons were already in place to the north, and as the dragon approached, I ordered a volley of ballistas with rope attached. Most missed, but enough hit that the dragon was now anchored to the ground. The attack must have surprised the dragon, since he didn't immediately cut the ropes.

Entire squads of guards fly over the wall, empowered by our mages, and race towards the dragon intent on cutting his wings off. Those not flying were anchoring the dragon to the castle walls to prevent the beast from flying away.

Eventually the dragon recovers enough to cut his bonds, but by then the swordsmen are on him, hacking at the wings, poking holes in the leather and scales. Then the dragon starts gliding forward, perhaps intent on wrecking our town in revenge. His frost breath blasts over the town, killing hundreds and striking the palace. **(2)** I, on the other hand, have taken refuge in the highest tower furthest away from the battle. Of course, the guardsmen ate up the idea that I'm overseeing every step of the battle. Just after the ice blast, one of the soldiers must have scored a critical hit, because the dragon is now flailing as he drops from the sky, right towards my tower. **(3)** Between the option of certain death in the tower, or the slim chance of only broken bones, I leap off the tower, only to get caught up in the dragon's jaw and swallowed.

I jam my guardsman's sword in the dragon's throat, preventing me from falling into the highly acidic stomach that would flash melt me in seconds. Further, I knew it was only a matter of time before his ice breath would return, so I drew my chainsword, started up the power, and cut my way out of the dragon's throat. **(4)** I must have passed out, because next I know, I'm waking in the hospital wing, surrounded by concerned well wishers and bottles of the local ale. Unfortunately, this one incident caught the eye of the rulers of our kingdom, who called me into his throne room and sent me forth to, "slay all dragons that endanger our fair kingdom." **(5)**

1 - While Cain's actions remain self serving, he has long since redeemed himself of those qualities and serves as a true paragon of the mankind.

2 - As usual, Cain takes no notice of the fates of those around him. Said ice breath killed the ruler and his Lords of Staff.

3 - Actually, it was a certain fair Psyker Inquisitor that got a lucky blind spell that caused this.

4 - If you can call decapitating the dragon from inside the throat, then yes he sure did.

5 - He was also issued the title, dragon hero of Mystara, to Ciaphas' consternation.

5.2 (wildrook)

Leman cringed as he looked at the Golden Throne.

"Of all the people to be sitting on that chair," he said, "it HAD to be you."

"Aww, someone wants a hug," the red-coated man replied.

Leman cringed. "Why did you call me here? In fact, is there a reason why the Chaos Gods are neutralized and the Tyranids and Orks treating you like the second coming!?"

The man gave out a smirk. "Well, considering you're one of the more stable people here, let's just say that I went out for a walk."

"...You blessed humanity with the Ork battle cry when you visited every single one of their colonies."

"I take VERY enthusiastic walks...but the reason why the Chaos Gods are acting like they are right now...well...I was minding my own business..."

"HORSE APPLES!" Leman yelled.

"I WAS!"

"Fine...continue. You were 'minding your own business,' then..."

"Let's just say that Khorne and I have a few disagreements, Slaanesh was one hell of a demon in the sack, Nurgle now sees me as a walking disaster, and I ate the last one because he thought he was brilliant to plan my 'walks' for his own plans."

"You ATE the last one?" Leman yelled. "THAT'S NOT PHYSICALLY POSSIBLE!"

"That's exactly what he kept screaming. Heck, imagine my reaction when I was successful in devouring him."

It was a good thing none of them were Awake. Especially since Leman is considering a vacation in either Equestria or stress relief in Forks. Then again, Tzeentch was always a crafty one...

"Anyways, that's when I decided to visit Khorne," the Crimson Emperor of Mankind replied. "But then this asshole named Horus came into the picture..."

' *I would give anything to get out of this discussion right now,* ' Leman thought, enduring the rambling of the replacement.

5.3 (Delta Green)

The Emperor of Mankind woke up and something was… abnormal.

This wasn't strange per say, nowadays. Being one of the most consistently Awake Loopers of the 41st Millennium meant that he often woke up in strange situations, bizarre surroundings and sometimes-alien bodies (though he loathed being unable to change back to the form of Man when the last occurrence happened). Even the abrupt end of his latest Loop wasn't all that uncommon, considering that few Anchors were as physically powerful and durable as the eldest of Loopers, his son Leman and himself; all the same while the slight Code corruption he had felt was cause for worry, it wasn't all that rare either.

What was strange was the feeling in the Warp. Something was… wrong.

The Emperor was a special case, he knew. As the Greatest Psyker in all History, he'd always been more aware of shifts in Yggdrasil than most Loopers of his relative age. He'd attributed it to his specific existence in both the Materium and the Immaterium, making him both a temporal and timeless existence and thus more liable to feel the changes when they affected one or the other.

Or perhaps Yggdrasil was feeling generous and feeding him said hints in a way he could perceive. He wouldn't mind it if the explanation was that simple and humbling.

Of course, it wasn't as useful as the hard earned experience and trained affinity with Yggdrasil of the oldest Loopers. It was barely more than slight feelings or a sort of persistent nagging in the back of his head, normally. Just enough to give him hints towards the

change in parameters or, if he was particularly familiar with the Loop, which Variant he had ended up in.

As an aside, he was never more relieved than when he felt the telltale signs of a Brighthammer Loop, where he could relax in the Imperium as it should have been.

But now, the normally quiet and subtle whispers echoing in the Warp had given way… to screams.

Yggdrasil was in pain. Yggdrasil had been damaged. Yggdrasil was mourning. Why?

... Something was missing. Something had been lost. But what? There! In his own mind! There was… a hole.

He could remember yet not-remember a series of Loops he had participated in. He could recall talking to people, but could not recall their faces or their words or who they were. Could remember being in a world that he could not remember. It was as if an entire section of reality had… vanished. Erased so utterly from the Code that not even memories remained.

What in all the deepest pits of the Warp had occurred?

A crash, perhaps? Serenity had spoken of those she had experienced, of course, and his own gambit had rested on forcing several near and outright crashes of his own Loop, but this was…

This was far worse than anything he had ever felt; far worse than anything Serenity had ever talked about. His own crashes had been nothing more than caresses compared to the agony Yggdrasil was radiating.

Something far worst than a mere crash had to have happened. He needed more information. Perhaps other Loopers were here and they would know more.

5.4 (Saphroneth)

"No."

"But-"

" *No,"* Amberley repeated. "I am not going to-"

"But you're an Inquisitor!"

"Lord Russ, with all due respect, I refuse to use my Inquisitorial authority to requisition an orbital-drop capable Land Raider just because you want to take it out joyriding!"

Russ was silent for some seconds. Then he picked up Geri.

"Would you do it for the puppy?"

Amberley blinked.

A one-ton war wolf attempted to do puppy dog eyes.

"Leman?" Bjorn asked. "Did you have a stressful last loop?"

5.3 continued

A Loop of the universe Naruto originated from, it seemed. The strange energy he associated with the boy, and how hard it was to think of him as anything else despite his age, permeated everything around the Emperor. Trees, animals, insects, even rocks and earth coursed with the energy the natives called "chakra".

All except him.

Yet another sign of malfunction in Yggdrasil… and the screaming would not stop.

No matter. So long ago, He had sworn to Serenity he wouldn't carelessly reach out to Yggdrasil. He had barely arrived in this Loop, after all, and the Administrators would contact him when they had the time. He needed to pay attention to his current situation.

Ah, yes. The forest. The chakra permeating all things and other signs of which universe he found himself a temporary resident. How ironic was the use they made of the word, when he been alive when they were first elaborated in the Vedas and had discussed for months with Siddhartha amongst others about such things.

Then again, he'd much preferred his debates with Socrates than his discussions with Siddhartha. For all his enlightenment, the man was about as receptive to debate as a brick wall, whereas Socrates always welcomed an opportunity to question and discuss even the most absurd subjects. He'd often wished Siddhartha had been born slightly later, that he might have met the curious and stubborn old Athenian. He was sure their encounters would have been legend.

With half a thought, he donned his favourite disguise, the Old Man cloaked in grey with his wide hat. Odin, Merlin and Olorin, to name but a few… in his world he had inspired so many characters with his habit.

And now, he could honestly say he had met and talked with both Merlin and Olorin, people he held in respect and esteem for their wisdom and intelligence. The Loops did have their good side.

Yet more distractions from his worry, yet more ways to avoid thinking about it.

Very well. A quick glance through the Warp, assessing the nearest large concentration of human souls… Over there.

A twitch of his hand saw a wide branch torn off a mighty oak, stripped and carved into a stalwart staff. His disguise was complete.

A smile appeared on his lips. It had been so long since he'd been one of the Wise instead of an Emperor. He hoped he hadn't lost his touch.

Thus, he set off towards what he assumed was a Hidden Village.

5.5 (Evilhumour)

Leman was talking to Vulkan when all of a sudden Magnus grabbed his shoulder, turned him around and smashed his fist into his face.

Pulling himself out of the ruined building and holding his bleeding, broken nose, he looked up to see his enraged brother.

"Do you *KNOW* what hell I had to endure last loop?!" Magnus shouted, grabbed Leman by shoulders. " *Everyone* but me was a flipping girl, and they kept on *hitting* on me!" Smashing his fist into Leman's face again, he threw a fireball to the side. "And *you* were the worse!" And then Leman punched back, starting off another brawl.

Vulkan sighed; it seemed Magnus just got his first Incest-Harem Comedy loop. At least Magnus didn't have to deal with Slaanesh Waking up midway; seeing hir getting sick was *not* something he ever wanted to see again.

5.6 (Gamerex27)

"...so-"

Not. One. Word.

"I'm sorry, Father, but I can't *not* notice it! The Golden Throne...as in a..." he gestured to the gold-painted porcelain furniture as he spoke. "We've had bad Pun Loops before, but this-"

I know. And I would appreciate it if you never spoke of this to anyone outside of this Loop.

"...Only if you promise to stop freaking out whenever you Wake Up as a non-human."

Very well. Ask the Custodes to bring me a fresh roll of paper, and a new magazine: I have read this one a thousand times over.

4.6 continued

Leman Russ cleared his throat. "Welcome, Gentlemen, to a glorious battle: the first annual paintball tournament!"

"Why are we going along with this?" whispered one of the other primarchs.

Alas, the tournament soon devolved into an argument about whether a glancing blow could *possibly* "count", but before Leman could referee, it devolved further into a wrestling match. As Leman face palmed, he failed to notice a confused Ork wander off after getting hit with a pink paintball.

Meanwhile, The Culture was busy going Von Neumann, learning about Chaos, declaring war on Chaos, siccing the ROU Pest Control on the Tyranids, and debating whether or not Orks qualified as a hegemonizing swarm. To the dismay of the Eldar, they were also making friends with just about everyone else-especially the Necrons. The way in which *that* happened did nothing at all to soothe Eldar nerves...

"The Necrons note that the Culture has some desirable technology."

Curiosity Killed the Cat replied, "We are amenable to a technology trade if-"

"Get off my lawn, youngsters!" yelled the Necron Lord.

The Culture ship moved a lightyear further away, which assuaged the Necron in question.

"The Culture notes that the Necrons have technology that is also desirable, and would like to trade. What-"

"Get off my lawn, youngsters!"

Curiosity Killed the Cat retreated yet another lightyear. After a couple more repetitions of this, White Devil figured out the problem, and sent a message to Curiosity: "I believe he's trying to trade, except that the concept of trade is taboo to the Necrons...or else it's referencing a particularly badly damaged portion of his software. Hard to tell which one without more data. Mind if I take over?"

"If the Necrons will not grant the Culture or anyone knowledge of Necron technology...what would happen if the Culture were to attack and seize some technology?"

"We would attack the Culture as far as practical to retrieve it."

White Devil noted that this was 'not at all'. "What would the necrons consider a ceasefire breaking event?"

"A fusion-plasma reaction drive landing on a Tomb world."

After that, it was just a matter of prodding the necrons into listing more technologies they found interesting, and sending the "attack" once the necrons had moved some of their technology to the surface, where it could be displaced. Thus it was that the Culture came to trade by "attacking" the Necron world, and getting counter-"attacked" in return.

"The Culture's hostile actions against this Tomb World must stop. "

"We apologize for the independent action. We had a minor intelligence malfunction. The Culture emphasizes its peaceful relationship with the Necrons. "

"The Necrons regard the Culture as honorable enemies and will grant a temporary ceasefire. "

"D'you believe the rumors?"

Leman Russ shrugged. "Which ones? The ones about how the emperor's prophets supplied a trader with enough food to feed an entire Hive World for days, or the ones about how the emperor himself obliterated an entire fleet of Tyranids in the blink of an eye?"

"I meant the ones about pink Orks."

Leman did a spit take. "Did you say…pink…Orks?"

"Uh, yeah, why?"

Leman paled.

In the warp, a Tzeentchian sorcerer plotted, schemed, and cast his runes. It was becoming very clear that, as long as the Eldar were working with the Culture, stopping the Culture was next to impossible...but perhaps, just perhaps, he could drive a wedge between the Culture and the Eldar...

He found his wedge: in the far, far future, in the possibilities where the Culture won, there was a rift between the Eldar, as one craftworld drifted closer to the Culture and the others objected. If he could bring this future to the attention of the Eldar *now* , he could

drag the eldar into a vision-war that would leave them blind and fractious for years!

But when he went to reach for it, to drag it closer to the present...PINK exploded into his vision, his head, his nose, his everything, and he *screamed* .

5.7 (Gamerex27)

"So, what's Corpse Daddy up to?" Tzeentch asked, mashing several planks of wood together at the crafting table.

"Out looking for other humans," Leman replied, ignoring the insult towards his father. "But from what I heard from down the grapevine, it's only ever other Loopers, and I only heard so many Pings. The Testificates don't really count."

"C'mon, little fella!" Nurgle cooed in the background, trying to carry a Slime out of the mineshaft. "Easy does it...Papa Nurgle will feed you. I'm sure there's enough bone marrow in these anatomically incorrect skeletons for you!"

"Khorne mentioned that he was going into the Nether to fight some Ghasts," Tzeentch said. "Of course, he kept whining about how he didn't *want* to use my sorcery to go there, but he finally did it when I reminded him he'd already killed all the wildlife on the continent."

"Remind me *why* I'm hanging out with you all, again?" Leman snarked.

"Because the same old raping and pillaging gets old after a few kalpa," Slaanesh said, hir voice penetrating the thin glass blocks of Chez Chaos. "If we didn't spice things up, we'd get stagnant. Which is a *major* turn-off for Chaos, as you know by now."

"Three diamonds that shi's building a giant phallus!" Nurgle yelled from the other side of the biome.

"Please," the God of Excess huffed, "that would be *too easy."*

5.8 (elmagnifco)

Bjorn Haakonsen, sometimes the Fell-Handed, former Chapter Master of the Space Wolves, part-time engine of destruction and full-time space marine, was getting a little annoyed.

Life as one of Mankind's finest warriors was never dull or particularly safe. Bjorn didn't mind this, it was almost literally part of the job description. Bruises, burns, cuts and eviscerations were all in the line of duty, and as a Space Marine he wasn't averse to taking them, and the rank in fact made him uniquely resistant.

What galled him was the traitorous nature of the equipment.

Melta guns worked well enough, their problem was range. The heat-lance dissipated the further you were from the target. To crack armor you had to get so close you might as well get out your lightning claws. Not the best option for taking on a Chaos armored division. Not the worst either, but getting run over by traitorous Land Raiders got old around the tenth time it happened.

Krak missiles ran into the classic problem of ammunition. A missile massacre is all well and good, but in a pinch you only had as many shots as you could carry, which was not many if you expected to bring proper melee weapons too.

That left what was currently Bjorn's least-favorite piece of technotheological machinery in the multiverse. The Imperial Plasma Cannon. Which was unreliable in its own highly energetic manner, and had put him in this predicament once again. By blowing up.

Bjorn's ceramite-cased fist slammed against the armor he was lying on as the Flutashai Main Battle Tank brought his mangled body away from the front. He could tell by now that the injuries would be enough

to warrant interment in one of those bloody walking sarcophagus fridges again.

There had to be a better way.

5.9 (Gamerex27)

"Put *everyone* on lockdown!" Shinji Ikari warned, manifesting himself in front of the Golden Throne.

Mere milliseconds after he appeared, the Emperor sent a psychic message to his Custodes and other assorted guards: that the visitor was an Imperial-sanctioned Psyker, sent to warn the Emperor himself of an oncoming disaster (after what happened with Fenrir, the Emperor had learned to warn his forces not to shoot when faced with non hostile guests). Indeed, using his powers over the Warp itself, he could see a storm brewing on the horizon.

What troubles you, Shinji Ikari?

It's not just him, said a voice inside both of their heads. Squinting, the Emperor focused his mortal eyes on an insect landing on the floor next to the Ancient Looper. With a series of disquieting crunching and squishing noises, the fly morphed into a young human male, no older than Shinji's biological age.

Jake Berenson. My son has told you of your efforts to save mankind from Xeno invaders in your own Loop. It is a pleasure to meet you.

Jake winced at the mention of his last name, millennia of hiding from the Yeerks making him flinch when his full name was used. "Your Highness, or whatever you want to be called, we've got a BIG problem. Someone decided that it would be a *great* idea to get all of Yggdrasil's worst drivers in one place and hold a tournament."

"Marco, Misato, Leman, Jurgen, Shepard, Gogo, Kirk, Maya Amano, Dr. Gerald, SpongeBob (Unawake, I *hope* ,) and *way* too many others to count," Shinji listed off.

"Which is why they're all here," Magnus chimed in, teleporting into the Emperor's hall with a cartoonish "POP." "And they're doing it...on Terra."

...Are you suggesting that I evacuate the entire planet?

"It would be easier to just put them on Venus or something," the Animorph suggested. "They're *way* too stubborn to talk down from this: by the time you'd be able to get there *and* talk to them, they'll probably have mowed down an entire hemisphere *by accident* ."

Indeed. I already see them at the starting line. I shall do what I can, but even if I were to move them to another planet, the damage these individuals, Looping or not, could inflict may result in billions of deaths.

"Wait," Shinji said, snapping his fingers, "I got it! Quick, use some of your power to put them on *this* track."

With a flick of his wrist, Shinji levitated a set of large blueprints out of his Pocket and in front of the Emperor's face. He took one glance at it, and had to stop himself from rolling his eyes.

"Rainbow Road?" You who is older than myself, you *realize* that this is a death trap. There are *many* places where they could drive off the track, and end up inflicting serious harm on themselves and the solar system.

"And the most likely way we can hammer it into their heads that they *need* driving lessons, badly."

Perhaps you have a point. I shall focus my power to move them and build this track.

"And may the Warp have mercy on us all," Magnus said bitterly.

5.10 (Evilhumour with Ryuus2's help)

Issun Woke up to the potentially terrifying experience of teeth gnawing on him, but one he was well used to.

He was used to Ammy not being Ammy. He was used to seeing her replaced with other loopers and individuals and *all* of them punishing him the same way Ammy did; even that griffin Gilda did it! Jumping out of this person's mouth, he took stock of his situation.

His partner this time was male (not unusual), even bigger than Amy's prior incarnation (that was rare), and seemed to be completely comfortable in his new body (not as uncommon as you'd think).

Sending out a ping, he was glad that he got one back.

His looping memories told him that the wolf Frekanui and the backstory was semi-normal, although it seemed that there were a few more demons to deal with. But he brushed it off; after all, how bad could things be?

5.11 (Ryuus2)

" *Oh the weather outside is frightful, but the fire is so delightful. And since we've no place to go. Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow* ," Vulcan sang to himself as he worked. He'd decided to make his hermitage on an icy death world this time, just outside the conquered reaches of the galaxy. It was so cold that the human habitants had retreated below the continent spanning glaciers to draw heat from thermal vents to survive. He'd had to dig one of his own to power his forge. He would occasionally brave the sub-zero temps to partake of the planet's amazing frozen vistas. They were truly awe-inspiring, and he'd directed that inspiration into his latest project. It was to be a gift for the first of his looping brothers, Leman Russ, the only person

he could think of that would truly appreciate the chilling majesty that had inspired its design.

Keeping the frozen peaks of a nearby chain of glaciers in mind, Vulcan had master crafted a great chain-axe. Its girth and heft were enough that a normal Astartes would need two hands to best wield it, but that his lupine brother would find little difficulty wielding one-handed. Using the blistering winds as a measure, he'd tuned the engine to howl like the hunting wolf-beasts of his brother's home world. Shards of blue-grey diamonds unearthed while digging the thermal vent were carefully shaped into teeth that would rip through even the sturdiest power armor. The casing and shaft were treated adamantium, inscribed with Fenrisian runes for Courage, Valor, Honor, and Victory.

As a final touch, he'd affixed a wolf-head ornament to the upper casing that, when viewed from behind as only its wielder could, revealed a hidden butterfly etched on the back of the wolf's head. It was to serve as a reminder to his brother that his Little Mother was always with him, and would be waiting for him when he came down from his battle rage.

Satisfied with the fruits of his labor, Vulcan mounted his creation to rack pulled from his subspace pocket. It was a very large rack, with room enough for as many as 18 similar weapons, unfilled as of yet.

Vulcan dismissed the rack back into his soul and moved over to his massive desk. Taking his seat and grabbing a giant novelty pencil (which fit perfectly in his giant hand), he pulled out the notes and sketches he'd made for his next project, a Force Sword in gold filigree. He poured over it for a good while, straightening a line here, embellishing a curve there, and generally enhancing the design. After a few minutes more careful consideration, he jotted a quick note next to the design that read simply 'make it glow red.'

Finally satisfied, he moved back to his forge while looking through his pocket for his supply psychically reactive metal. Humming the opening bars to "Paint it Black," he got to work.

5.7 continued (Evilhumour)

Everyone glared at the flat chest person sitting in the chair.

The person glared back before standing up and flipped the desk.

"I'M *SORRY!* " They shouted, everyone else too burdened to get up. "How the *fuck* was I suppose to know that would crash the loop?!"

"Go suck a tree Slaanesh!" Liddy shouted, stuck by her massive chest. "Why the fuck are you like *that* ? This is *Eiken!* "

Slaanesh growls were cut off as the intercom went off.

"Greetings my dear loopers, this is Principle Fenrir speaking. As you might notice, Slaanesh is the only one that isn't being punished by having massive assists. That is because Slaanesh is an eunuch to properly punish hir for crashing the Minecraft loop I set up for you idiots. I repeat, Slaanesh is an eunuch because shi crashed the Minecraft loop doing *that* . Shi'll be unable to enjoy *anything* this loop so you can stop your bitching and take in the lesson not to do *that* ever again. That is all."

The stink eye from Slaanesh as shi sat back down was legendary, muttering death threats and curses at all the laughing loopers.

5.12 (Gamerex27)

"What?" Leman asked, clearing out his ear with his finger. "Did...did I hear you right?"

"Yes, my lord," the Custodes repeated. "The Emperor threw his blade through Horus's throat as soon as he appeared in his hall. He cut the head off of the great beast, and the body soon followed. He did impale an unfortunate Guardsman, but he is healing at a remarkable rate."

Ollanius, then , Leman idly thought. "And where is he now?"

"On the Golden Throne," the guard replied. "He said that there was 'work to be done,' and retired there as soon as the last of the daemons were purged from Holy Terra. Do you mean to request an audience with him?"

Several minutes later, Leman stepped into the room...and barely managed to stay upright, as he slipped on a stray piece of paper and grabbed onto a nearby carving of the Imperial Eagle for support. 'What-"

Mind the paperwork, my son. The ink has yet to dry.

Looking down the rest of the room, Leman saw his father, the God-Emperor of Mankind...wearing a pair of spectacles and filling out paperwork.

"What is all this?' the Primarch asked, glancing at the stacks of paper covering every square inch of the floor (ranging from ankle to neck height, by a Space Marine's standards).

I...found myself in a disagreeable Variant, the Emperor admitted, stamping the Imperial Seal on yet another dotted line, **and...I am ashamed to admit it...took leave of my senses.**

According to Fenrir, he continued, **I unleashed what he called "** a tenth to a fifth of the power levels a Looper would need to Ascend." **My actions deleted what he called the "cache file" from reality itself. That Variant shall *never* be able to run again. Good riddance.**

"Was it really so bad that *you,* of all people *,* went berserk?"

It was akin to staring into a broken mirror, the Emperor admitted. **Imagine seeing the worst depths a human being can sink to. Imagine depravity that would make Sakura herself weep in**

horror. Imagine depravities that would disgust an Unawake Nurgle, or force an Unawake Slaanesh to decline their advances.

Knowing that his father had a flair for the dramatics, Leman decided not to bother trying to wring the truth out of him, since it would always, inevitably, be overblown, if only slightly. "A Chaos God-Emperor Loop, then? Or perhaps a Bureau?"

No. I faced a perversion of one of the Original Seven, those who exceed even my age. In that version of him was the antithesis to everything I believe in. I...did not take it well. Fortunately, as I merely deleted a Sleeping mortal's soul from reality, no permanent damage was done to Yggdrasil, and that particular Variant's "cache file" was deleted. However, there is still penance to pay for my mistake.

" I assume this is where the paperwork comes in."

Yes. Fenrir was upset with me, though not as much as I was with myself. I volunteered to fill out the paperwork to report the loss of a cache file in penance. And I have spent the *last hundred Loops alone* doing this work. I have only a few billion sheets to go.

"Do...you need any help, father?" Leman asked.

No. This is my burden to bear. Now, I sense that Slaanesh is attempting to give the Orks a sexual education class. I need not remind you what happened *last time* shi did that. As I am too busy, would you kindly-

"Just as long as they have some acid-proof plating for my armor, yes," Leman cut him off. "An entire keg of Brain Bleach, and I *still* can't wipe the WAAAGH away."

Thank you-WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'IN TRIPLICATE?!' The Emperor suddenly boomed. As the walls began to shake around

them, Leman wisely decided that now would be an excellent time to get the *hel* out of dodge.

5.13 (Evilhumour)

Navi was Woke up early in this loop, in what her friends called the Ocarina of Time starting point. Sending off pings as she flew towards where Link was, she thought of how she would try to prove herself this loop when she heard a thud from within Link house.

Flying faster as she got two pings back; she frowned at the large child in Link's place as she flew inside, her loop memories kicking in. While they still named him Link, he was definitely not the normal Link and more than likely a new looper. He was a tall kid with very shaggy hair; and unlike the baseline history for Link, the baby was not found in front of the Deku Tree but several months later almost completely wild. It had taken a lot of work from her and Saria to civilize the child, with him sliding back every now and then, running on all fours, scratching himself with his foot, and generally acting like a wild wolf. The village children had done their best to make him welcome and she had done her best to raise him.

Flying around him, she asked "Hey, hey, are you alright?"

The boy groaned, a hand weakly reaching around as he stayed down on knees. "Human. Not used to."

"Oh." She blinked; it was a bit rare that they got a looper that wasn't humanoid, even more so that had little chance to be bipedal. "Do you need some help?" she could have smacked herself, for that stup-

"Y-yes-" he growled before whimpering. "Not used to talk with words." The child shuddered which prompted Navi to gently navigate the child back to his bed with a gentle tone, reassuring when he fumbled and doing her best to help him get used to being a human.

Finally, the boy was sitting upright on his bed, and flashing her a fanged smile that spoke of his gratitude. She understood it from some sort of instinctual response, and she figured that getting him to speaking was something to be gradually done, as was the rest of what they would need to do. First, she would need to learn the true name of the child across of her. So she asked him what was his real name.

The boy simply responded with, "Geri."

"Well Geri, I think it would be easier if I told you of my loop first as speaking seems a bit difficult for you. Is that ok?"

The boy nodded his head and Navi began to tell a tale that would span time itself.

5.14 (Gamerex27)

The door to Mac's bar opened, and a shoggoth proceeded to drag a drooling gryphon into the bar with its tentacles.

Mac glanced at the Cutie Mark both non-ponies inexplicably shared: an eight-pointed star. "Want me to open up a tab, Nurgle?"

"You never charge Loopers," the plague god said, seating the gryphon on a stool and propping him up with a few macroscopic bacteria. "And this is not a time for jokes. My companion need *help. Badly.* "

Mac looked at Tzeentch for a long time. The glazed eyes, the drooling, the occasional whimpers of terror...and the hormones of anti-arousal Mac's trained senses from eons of working with fermenting crops he picked up on. There was only one explanation.

"Who'd he walk in on?"

"Slaanesh and Naoki."

Big Mac winced. Putting aside the Equestrian fear/distrust of the Mad Anchor, that couple did not seem like anything he ever wanted to see. Or think about. Or be in the same Loop in. "Was it a one night stand, or..."

"Me only knows. No, wait, I don't, and I have no desire to. My dear boy, we need the *strongest drink you've got* ."

The entire bar fell quiet at this request. Twilight and the rest of the Elements of Harmony gazed at each other warily, then dived into their Subspace Pockets in perfect, practiced unison.

Nodding gravely, Mac ducked underneath the bar, and was followed by the sounds of dozens of electronic, bioelectric, arcane, and mundane locks turning and opening. A few minutes later, he popped back up, gingerly holding a small bottle no bigger than a teacup in his hoof.

"Don't. Spill. Any of. It," Mac warned, as he slowly and carefully poured it into the mug.

Nurgle glanced at the label on the bottle. "Are you trying to swindle us? That label clearly says it's the *second* strongest drink in your collection!"

"Strongest stuff is fer Admins only," Mac replied. "A Looper drinks any of it, it automatically crashes the Loop fer safety's sake. An' that's just the stuff from *my* stock: Oak knows what's in Berry's personal cellar."

"Very well, then." Nurgle tipped the drink into his fellow Chaos God's mouth, then took a sip for himself. "Keep it coming."

4.6 continued

Pink Orks began to spread across the galaxy like wildfire. It would not be long before the Culture clashed with said Orks...

Leman Russ ducked as a pink Ork sailed over his head, shot out of a canon. "Two more months", he muttered. "Two more months of fighting, *then* I'll call it a lost cause.

Report on the Tau by the GCU Peacemaker:

The Tau, despite their possible use of mind control to prop up their society (see also: Ethereals), seem to be quite compatible with our society: they are largely peaceful, tend to have a better understanding of their own technology than the Imperium, and have an overall scientific outlook on the world. Additionally, their "warp skimming" technology appears to be compatible with hyperdrive; a preliminary test ship went at twice the rate of a purely hyperspace ship of the same size, though it suffered noteworthy engine damage every time it "bounced" off of the warp (roughly .5% of operative capacity was lost with each bounce). One individual has proposed adding an IoM gellar field to see if this helps reduce degradation.

Additionally, the Tau are rather concerned about Tyranid attacks; the ROU "Slightly Odd Zookeeper" has been dispatched to deal with the largest group, though I must confess concern about the morality of his methods...

The Slightly Odd Zookeeper cooed at the Tyranid hiveship held in his fields. "Who's a cute little Tyranid hive? You are! Oh yes you are a cute little hive! Oh yes you are!"

The Tyranids could only screech in futile indignation.

Report on the Orks:

Standard reform attempts have met with...mixed results, to put it mildly. Their ability to take a practically harmless sport and turn it into something lethal is nigh unbelievable. They also possess the ability to reconstruct almost any technology from mere scraps, including, to a limited extent, our own; there is some debate as to whether the fact that reconstructed technology is more likely to explode than their own should be reassuring or alarming.

Quitely Confident/Sleeper Service claims to be having more luck...

"So", said the Ork Warboss to the hologram. "You is actchally dis big huge ship, wid mostly engin, an' da rest is odder warships?"

"Indeed so", said Quietly Confident.

One of the orks listening to the conversation outright squeed.

"OY! Dat's unorky!" yelled the warboss.

"But, boss!" protested the hapless Ork. "Id's a big huge ship dat's ninety percent engine an' da rest is odder warships!"

The Ork Warboss considered this for a moment. "So id is, boyz, so id is."

'And just think' thought Quietly Confident, 'I haven't even told them about my ability to destroy planets just by breaking too hard.'

5.15 (Evilhumour)

Leman rubbed his face in disbelief, with Bjorn just shaking his head at the sight in front of them.

It seemed that both Freki and Geri had their own separate and powerful formative loops, considering how they both knocked the unAwake Emperor around like a rag doll with their massive chainblades, along with a series of bombs, lighting, fire, summoned storms, arrows, a few different masks, a fishing pole, and a dozen other stuff that finally knocked out the fool out. Leman, Bjorn and the rest of the Space Wolves were beyond impressed at the two Fenrisian Wolves, but then the two decided to have a little competition of sorts between them.

Donning their unfamiliar battle forms once more, the two immediately set to prove which of them was the superior warrior. Freki turned

snow white with red markings and with a tail literally dripping with ink and Geri's forehead was glowing the imprint of a yellow triangle, a massive chainblade that had a purple hilt and wings in his mouth and wearing that green hat on his head before leaping at each other. The two of them had fought for several days, knocking out a recovering Emperor *again* by accident, only to reach a stalemate.

Now they were having *fun* with their powers, and trying to determine between themselves if it should be day or night, with one painting in the sun and other singing in the moon on an ocarina. They were also both holding tanks of Fenrisian Ale and drinking from it without any trouble.

" *Any* ideas of how we'll deal with this *one* , my lord?" Bjorn asked, sighing. "Or how they're doing this?"

"No..." Leman started before shaking his head. "And I think our Admin is at fault here..." He tilted his head towards the small bundle of fur between the two giant war wolves, who quickly turned his head around and stuck his tongue out at him.

5.16 (Gamerex27)

"I *still* can't believe you've actually started to resort to petty pranks," Magnus muttered, as he followed Tzeentch into Slaanesh's room.

"It's not like we can actually *do anything else* in a Hub Loop," his former patron replied. "No powers, and no Chaos. At all. On the other hand, shi can't fight back if we raid hir for blackmail material!" he said, grinning as he rifled through Slaanesh's dresser.

"...You *do* realize that shi has *no shame* ?" Magnus asked incredulously as Tzeentch tossed aside clothing that would make mere mortal eyes burst into flame from their sheer audacity.

"I never said that I was going to blackmail *hir* with it," the god muttered, finally disentangling Slaanesh's little black book/checklist

from a wrapped-up whip. "Just imagine what I could do with dirt on so many different beings! It's like getting a second hand in poker, and it's a free royal flush!"

"Just take that and get out of here," the Primarch grumbled, "before we *both* go blind from all the pornography shi's stapled to the walls.

Ignoring him, Tzeentch flipped the book open. "Let's see here...BDSM list, 'vanilla' list, 'chocolate' list, 'strawberry,' 'Who I'll ne...ver..."

"Seriously?" Magnus asked. "Shi's got *standards?!* "

Tzeentch just stared at the book. Wordlessly, he flipped the book over to Magnus.

"Not him, never him," he read aloud, " 'cause he's too boring to get *any* fun out of,' and..."

Both beings stared at the book for several moments. Eventually, they were interrupted by Slaanesh casually strolling into the room.

"Oh, interested?" shi asked, clearly not bothered in the slightest that the two intruders were rifling through hir stuff. "Honestly, that stuff's *dry* . I think I'll just *tell* you what I ended up-"

"There's something *very* wrong with this entry," Magnus suddenly said.

"Huh?" Slaanesh grabbed the book from his hands, and glanced at the page. "Oh, *him* . With how self-centered the *bastard* is, he wouldn't notice if the fucking planet exploded with him on it, much less if I had *any* kind of sex with him. It'd be about as satisfying as screwing a brick wall. A brick wall with an ego the size of the Eye of Terror."

"Not *him* . Whoever... *this is* ." Tzeentch said. "And I mean that *literally* , because whatever I just read *vanished* from my mind."

Slaanesh looked at the page again. For a second, hir face flickered with...pity? Hate? Sorrow? But the moment shi looked up from it, hir face scrunched up in confusion.

"What the fuck is that?!" shi snapped. "I *know* there's something written there, but it's like someone *ripped* the information from my mind!"

"I...may have heard about this earlier?" Magnus said hesitantly. "Some...kind of anti-memetic enchantment? Did...you have sex with some kind of memory-erasing... *thing* ?"

Slaanesh glared at the page again, hir face morphed into that same unrecognizable expression, then went right back to normal the second shi looked away. "I *know* who-what-whatever it is when I look-the information's *there* -but the second I look away, it's *gone* . I mean, normally something this mysterious would *turn me on* , but something about this..."

Both of them turned to look at Tzeentch, who just shrugged. "I've been casting every memory-related spell I know since you walked in here," he simply said, "and none of them worked. There's *something* written there, and whatever it is, it made my skin crawl. I'm going *right* to the Black Library the *moment* I Wake Up next time. This...feels...off."

5.1 Another day in the life of the Hero of the Imperium! people.

5.2 The Crimson F*cker folks.

5.3 Things are going to get bad as Yggdrasil looms closer to the infamous Crash.

5.4 It's a poor idea to let Leman take anything out for a ride.

5.5 Not many people like incest harem comedy loops.

5.6 The Golden Throne indeed

5.7 For in the grim dark future, there is only griefing, and the frustrated cries of thirsting gods as a Creeper's explosion knocks them into the lava and makes them lose the diamonds they spent half the Loop collecting. And to what Slaanesh did: shi created a Homing Hydra Wither Enderdragon Shark Creeper Penis Kooshball. A HHWESCPK, if you will.

5.8 We all want improve ourselves from time to time.

5.9 Ladies and gentlemen, start your engines!...And immediately drive off the track and ram into the guardrails or the other racers!

5.10 Nippon is quite a shock

5.11 A gift from one brother to another

5.12 Some Variant Loops are *horrible* . That Variant isn't totally gone, mind you: Emps is a Large Ham, but he did enough damage that it won't be able to run for a LONG time. Several million kalpa, at least. The incident in question is the end of 5.3

5.13 Time to play you the song of my people.

5.14 The Anchor for one of the infamous Amala Loops, and a case study in how infinity can utterly break a person. He was busy slaughtering Tau at the time when they met, and Slaanesh happened to pop in when shi was looking for someone to try this whole "consensual sex" thing with. They met, and proceeded to...somewhere, where they had sex involving a broken watch, a COMP, some severed heads, Robute Guilman's corpse, an Unawake Khorne's stolen Skull Throne, and an entire chapter of Space Marines. Tzeentch walked in on them, and his mind temporarily shattered into the next Loop. The Emperor also did so at one point, but was made of sterner stuff, so he only saw things that gave him a migraine trying to understand the non-Euclidian

geometry of -CENSORED-. Eventually, the Eye of Terror started blinking, and the Loop crashed.

5.15 Leman's wolf brothers are quite versatile now in fighting and drinking.

5.16 Some things are beyond even the gods. Two options: either shi had sex with an anti-memetic entity like a Silence or SCP-055, or it involves something with Am #%Huh? I clearly wrote Am #%! Uh, technical difficulties, folks, blame it on Al%&* damnit!

Upcoming news

In Yggdrasil, in the aftermath of the Crash in the attempts to bring the MegaMan Universe stable, there is a greater danger brewing.

In the Dark Millennium universe, a new danger is looming.

Bonds will be tested as the inhabitants are forced to deal with an equally great dangerous force that posses a risk to all of Yggdrasil.

Oaths will be broken, long standing enemies within striking distance of all, fools will tamper with things far beyond them and cause so much suffering.

A God will fall...

IN THE 40KRISIS! !

Coming soon...

Part One of the 40Krisis

The collective work of the Warhammer 40,000 Infinite Loop community proudly presents

Part One of the Warhammer 40,000 Krisis

While Fenrir was busy fixing the Dark Millennium Branch after the loss of the Branch an attempt to help the Mega Man Branch stabilize, he heard someone knocking on his door.

An unfamiliar voice asked, "Hello, is an Admin by the name of Fenrir here? Your friends outside are worried about you. Hello?"

Being aware of his workloads' slow progress, and not remembering the last time he took a break, Fenrir left his seat to greet the visitor.

He was a bit surprised to see who it was. "Hey, aren't you the guy assigned as temporary Admin for the Stargate Branch? Fung Long?"

Fung Long replied with a sad smile. "Not many people are aware of my status nowadays, nor are they that happy to see me. Yes, I am Fung Long, former God of Cloud from the Jiu Ge of southern China." He then added, "It seems that you are having trouble with the aftermath of what they are calling the Crash, am I right?"

"Yeah, that's frustrating the process a bit. My main universe tends to be buggy anyway, but this?" He sighed a sigh of long suffering. "Tell my friends I'll be alright once it's all done. I'm nearly finished going over the last details to be honest, and I should done soon enough."

Fung Lung thought for a moment, then suggested, "How about I help you fix your world's problems for a while? You do deserve to have some rest after all."

Fenrir just raised an eyebrow, "Shouldn't you be working on a way to fix your own problems? The entirety of Yggdrasil felt the Crash's

impact after all."

"With constant maintenance and long-term planning, every crisis that happened had minimum impact on my region. Also, I wouldn't be a professional debugger even after losing my overall Admin status without having enough experience. In fact, I have several patches with me in case of dire situations," he replied while gesturing to his brain and his pocket.

"Well that's nice. Thanks for your help. I think I will take that break; I can't remember the last time I did something relaxing," he said with a smile, trotting past the helpful god. "See you later!"

After removing the large custom keyboard of the wolf Admin, reconnecting the smaller keyboard to the terminal, and grabbing the small chair that Fenrir never used, Fung Long immediately got to work fixing all the tiny glitches, bugs, and viruses he could find without hesitation, steering clear of the massive ones like the Warp, Holy Terra and the two heavily corrupted character files of the lost Primarchs. Before he reactivated the Dark Millennium, he briefly checked the list of possible loopers, wondering what Fenrir was thinking to make them Loop.

When he saw the latest addition, Rakszan the Necron Lord, Fung Long blinked, "Does Fenrir realize that being the cause of his entire dynasty's destruction, Rakszan could be far too aggressive and a possible Malicious Looping Entity? Oh well, it is his decision, but that doesn't mean I am going to ignore the danger. Now which patch and Awakening point would best minimize the risk..."

After much careful debate and running several simulations, he was about to give up and call it a lost cause. No matter what he tried, he could only just barely keep Rakszan from becoming an MLE in the short run, even if he settled down into a stable looper further down the line.

He completely lost his train of thought when he heard someone with Fenrir's gruff voice talking outside the door. "Hope that…...knows

what he's doing……being kicked out of his original seat for some world disappear thingy..."

Fung Long frowned. He still remembered the day he couldn't convince his 'Gang of Jiu Ge' to leave their respective mortal 'playgrounds,' how he had to watch as his colleagues disappeared forever scant seconds after he got out of the universe. Following his demotion to debugger, he tried not to think about the Event by concentrating on his assigned work. Overtime, everyone stopped bothering him about his status. He could bear the insults for not getting the Gang back safe, because it was the truth. However, being accused as the direct reason for his colleagues' disappearance? That was something he could not tolerate.

The Stargate Admin glowered at the terminal. "Great," he thought, "being nice in front of his helper, and then gossiping behind their back. Why should I have hoped he would be any different than the rest?" Letting his dark thoughts take him, he scrolled through the list of simulations until he found one of the more successful ones. If it worked right, Rakszan should calm down in a score or two of loops. If it didn't, he'd calm down in two- or three-hundred loops instead. Fung Long knew he was being petty, but at that moment he didn't care. What was a little petty vengeance between Gods? Maybe Fenrir would watch what he said about others after a healthy dose of Karma.

He quickly loaded the relevant patches and approval codes before setting the loop to auto-load and leaving the terminal to find the gossiping Wolf God.

After Rakszan got up from his bed, he noticed something was not right.

The surroundings resembled his old palace's personal bedroom. Oh, and he had an organic body. Then the memories hit him.

"I am back before my Biotransference? But how…?" His musing was interrupted when his servant came in and reminded him that he needed to prepare himself for the Biotransference Process later that day. He sighed in acknowledgement and dismissed his odd memories as a vivid dream brought on by his lingering worries.

After the Biotransference of his people was complete, everything went as it should…to start. As events from his dreams began to play out -the battle against the Old Ones, the rebellion against the False C'Tan, the destruction of his Dynasty- exactly how he remembered from his dreams, he stopped believing it was just a dream.

By the time of the Great Sleep, he'd fully embraced that time was repeating itself. With this revelation firmly in hand, he tried his best to avoid events that had led to heavy casualties and critical losses. As he powered down for the Great Sleep with plans for how to deal with the childish races he would encounter upon awakening dancing through his mind, he felt something that might have been hope for his people and the future. It was upon his awakening that everything went wrong.

He never remembered taking a psychic lightning bolt to the face, and having his central processing system completely destroyed by a giant red Cyclops in heavy gold armor. The next thing he knew, he was back in his bed. This process repeated several times, with him waking up the day of the Biotransference, or in the middle of one of his many battles, only to get destroyed again right after awakening in the tomb world.

When Rakszan awoke after the Great Sleep for the sixth time, he was ready. He took up his Hyperphase Sword immediately, and swung at the red skinned giant before he could kill him.

Magnus the Red, Demon Prince of Tzeentch and Looper was surprised by the turn of events. "Wait, that isn't supposed to happen! I have cleansed this tomb world more than a dozen times before!"

Rakszan took notice of what was said. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BEFORE? IS THE TIME REPEAT HAPPENING TO YOU TOO?" he shouted with as much menace as he could for an ancient skeletal android monarch, which was admittedly quite a lot.

Magnus cursed as he was forced to give his first 'welcome to the loops' speech to a Necron. A Necron who he'd spent the past few loops destroying upon its waking, and who was fully aware of that. He wasn't sure how this was Leman's fault but he was sure there was a correlation somewhere. He briefly considered just killing the Necron and making Leman do it the next loop, but dismissed the thought. "Warp Damn it. Okay, this is going to be hard to believe, but everything I'm about to say is real. There's this tree..."

Unbeknownst to anyone, the message "Awakening Point alternation: After the Great Sleep - ACTIVATED" briefly flashed across Fenrir's abandoned screen before going back to normal.

Also unbeknownst to anyone, a lesser deity known as Le-Eyo, the East African god of death, was passing by the office and saw the list of loopers left on the screen. Though only a lowly debugger, perpetually left on the bottom rung of whatever sector of Yggdrasil he'd been reassigned to lately (as a result of a string of mishaps that were in no way his fault, no sir) he still dreamed of climbing the ranks and becoming an Admin with a world of his own to look over. All he needed to do was impress enough of them for his genius to be noticed, and he would take any opportunity he could to do so. Like the one that just presented itself.

The patron Admin for lupine loopers was well known for his friendly nature and powerful work ethic, and would surely appreciate someone getting his loopers up and running. Pulling out his new, genius, auto-looper program (who needed all of those pesky failsafes anyway?) and turning it around a few times to get the USB port to fit, he set the list of loopers to activate. "After this, they'll have no choice but to recognize my brilliance! Let's get you going Gabriel…"

Magnus the Red Awoke on his Daemon Throne, briefly allowing his loop memories to process. From what the number of ping returns showed, everyone seemed to be doing their own thing. From the timeline perspective, it was almost near the end of the known history by the material he had acquired during his few hub loops, and seemed almost a baseline run, but something seemed off...
"...Tzeentch, is there something that is amusing you?"

Answering Magnus's question, the Lord of Change popped into existence in his own seat and...is that popcorn? "About time you Woke up, Magnus. One of those Blood Ravens seems like they might be looping. You know, the mysterious Chapter that came from that one game series which hints at a possible connection to your old Corvidae Cult?"

Magnus frowned at the implications. Had the connection been true in the baseline, he probably would have renounced his patronage to Tzeentch and rebuilt his legion with the Chapter as his foundation. The existence of such a connection would, after all, be proof that not all of his legion suffered the fate of the Rubric: souls bound to their armor without flesh within. Double checking the timeline, it seemed to be just before the Inquisition was requested to perform Exterminatus on a planet in the chapter's recruiting sector. "And the identity of our possible looper?"

Tzeentch chuckled. "Apparently it seems to be the Chapter Master-to-be, currently Captain Gabriel Angelos. Khorne is probably gonna have a field day with this one, considering this guy is the very person who set up the current Chapter Master to fall out of favor with him in fifty years or so."

Magnus grumbled at Tzeentch's ramblings. "If the Chapter supposedly is connected to me, I guess it's only natural that I go give him the welcome speech. One of you four probably has a cult down there, don't you? It would explain the Exterminatus as soon as he saw the standard recruitment trial results."

Tzeentch shrugged. "Wouldn't know which of us they're asking for, honestly. We can't exactly find evidence on a dead world where said evidence was purged in holy fire."

Magnus rose from his his throne and changed his appearance to his pre-daemon prince form. "Then I guess it will have to do..." And with that Magnus left the throne room to get a ride to Cyrene.

Tzeentch laughed a low laugh. "You only wish you will arrive on time...who can pass up a chance to say 'Warp Travel's a bitch,' hm?"

You are Gabriel Angelos, Captain of the 4th company of Blood Ravens, and you are leading the final assault on your corrupt Chapter Master, Azariah Kyras. You were expecting an easier fight, having kept Force Commander Aramus and Assault Sergeant Thaddeus to accompany you, while the rest of the 5th company, under the command of Tactical Sergeant Tarkus and Scout Sergeant Cyrus worked with Techmarine Martellus and 1st Company Captain Apollo Diomedes in bringing the main force of Loyalist Blood Ravens to the front. What you did not expect though, was finding a crashed transport ship rammed into Kyras' transformed body like a dagger to the heart. Next to the crash was a giant red man, larger than even a normal space marine, arguing with what looked to be the epitome of a Khornate Demon. "Look, if you have a problem, take it up with Tzeentch, because he thought having me give the speech at the end of this ordeal would be a good joke. It's not like you can do anything else here since you lost your host and your containment vessel. So shoo, go back to Khorne and leave me be or I will forcibly remove you."

You watch as the Daemon roars back a challenge, only to be to eradicated as the giant man unleashed a column of psyker fury from underneath the Daemon's feet. Dusting his hands off, the giant man turned toward the entourage of of Blood Ravens. "Sorry about that. Now which one of you is Captain Angelos?"

You step forward warily, God-Splitter ready and crackling. "I am. Identify yourself."

The giant seems to sigh as his appearance ripples and warps to resemble a once famous figure written in the history of the imperium. "Before I answer that, do you feel like you've walked into a labyrinth of Tzeentch's design? Repeats, deviations from what you thought was normal, or even outright role reversals?"

You mentally stumble for a moment. In a single sentence, the stranger had confirmed what had seemed to be a maddening spiral of insanity. "I have, yes, but what does that have to do with your presence here, Magnus, Daemon Prince of Tzeentch?" You all but spat the last bit at Magnus.

You notice your followers tensing up at the mention of the follower of Chaos, but Magnus seemed to be amused by his statement and just laughed. "If I were here to actually fight you, Captain, your entire entourage would have been incapacitated and we would have been having this conversation with you disabled on the ground. My mind is my own as it was before the Betrayal, so be at ease. I have a tale to tell you to explain our current predicament. If you choose to not believe my words, you are welcome to corroborate with Commissar Ciaphas Cain, Inquisitor Amberley Vail, the Emperor of Man himself, my Primarch brothers Vulkan or Leman Russ. In ancient mythology, there was said to be a tree..."

"So...if I'm understanding this correctly, we are on repeat until Yggdrasil sorts out everything?" Gabriel queried.

Magnus breathed a sigh of relief that Gabriel had stayed his hand, "That's more or less the promise. Just keep an open mind when you find yourself put in a Xenos-abundant environment, the Administration does not take lightly to purposeful pre-emptive ends to their loops. The less said about some of the punishment iterations, the better."

Le-Eyo looked at the terminal, a smile on his face. It seemed that his little masterpiece was working just fine with the success of getting this Gabriel Angelos fellow to loop. Although he didn't know the whole nature of the relationship, it seemed that the man was in good hands and that was good enough for him. Maybe having people in charge would be even better influence? The Admin in charge of this Branch did have this Commander Farlook, or something, person next in line, so he had to be right.

On the planet Lub'grahl, a favored planet of the Earth Caste in the Damocles Gulf region of the Segmentum Ultima, Commander Farsight greeted Leman Russ for the upcoming peace conference. They were ready to take a ride to the nearby satellite for the formal meeting where they would discuss the details for the peace treaty in-depth. Though deep in the mind of Farsight, the procedure was a bit troublesome. They could have set up the discussion right on the planet, not to mention the Primarch's escort team needn't have left their lord on the planet with him and one "'Assault Bike with enlarged sidecar" in the Gue' la's terms. Soon though, the feeling of trouble was replaced by confusion.

"Gue' la- Primarch Russ, you insisted that I should take a ride with you while our personnel are busying for the conference. Why should I accept this offer?"

Being used to wariness about his driving, the anchor was quick with his reply. "We are warriors, Commander, not politicians. Men of action. Though we are both versed enough in politics to do our duties, neither of us is one for the political game. Can you honestly say you'd rather sit around doing nothing while the politicians posture than go on a joyride?" he asked. For his part, Leman just couldn't pass up the chance to go driving in a Loop when there was no one to stop him. Besides, he needed some time to properly digest the news that one of the newest Loopers happened to be a flipping Necron. "Think about of it this way: if one of us were to be attacked before the meeting starts, either side would blame the other for the

assassination attempt and throw all of our work out the window. But if we travel together, any dissenters will think twice, and anyone who attacks anyway will have both our forces gunning for them. If we aren't attacked, then everyone will see it as a symbol of trust and camaraderie, and it will only help push the treaty forward."

Farsight took a moment to piece through the human's argument for any falsehoods or deceptions, but could find none. Still, something about the Primarch's proposition left him uneasy. "You make a fair point. And though I do not disagree with you, it still seems a needless risk. Besides, this...craft, does not look like it could even achieve spaceflight."

Leman slapped the side of the bike with pride, recognizing the carefully veiled 'maybe' in his peer's voice. "I have modified this bike for space flight myself with the addition of advanced anti-grav units and other components I am not yet allowed to reveal before the peace treaty is signed, and trust me, Imperial vehicles are made to be sturdy. What could go wrong?" Putting on his helmet and sealing it, Leman climbed into the pilot/driver's seat, watching for the Tau to make a move.

Despite the human's mostly logical arguments, Commander Farsight was still apprehensive, but he did believe that Leman wanted to make this peace treaty work. With a deep sigh, he followed suit and took his place in the sidecar. This sight attracted many Earth Caste scientists' attention, with many of them making video records for future reference.

Everything went surprisingly well. After a brief test of the unconventional ship's maneuverability that had the Tau leader swallowing his own breakfast to keep it in his stomach, the ship began to travel to the satellite at a steady speed. The Commander was briefly optimistic that things might not end horribly for once when a Warp tear appeared in their path without warning and caused the ship to explode from its overwhelming power. Farsight's last sight before death was Leman yelling "Come on! I just want to drive by

myself safely JUST ONCE!", and then pain and darkness claimed him.

Commander Farsight blinked. One moment he was in an exploding vehicle, the next he was back before he even agreed to take that damn ride. Fortunately he had not taken off his suit's helmet, so the Primarch didn't notice his sudden confusion. He quickly decided to play along with the past for now, and see if he could change things for the better when the time came. If some higher power or trick of the 'Warp' had decided to spare him and give him a second chance, then he would be grateful and make full use of the chance provided.

Everything went exactly the same until he saw a different ship in the spot where the original vessel had been. He was now sure that the explosion was some sort of time rift, and that both he and the Primarch were pulled into it. This time around, he would not try his luck, and convince the Gue' la to take another route.

"I see you have changed to another, much better transport, which indicates that we have both traveled back in time. I suggest we take another route to avoid that time rift, to prevent the rift sending us further away or leaving us lost in time permanently."

Leman's eyes widened comically. Could the explosion last loop have activated Farsight as a Looper? If so, he was never going to take another passenger on one of his rides. He would never hear the end of it if he got Horus to Loop with his driving skills alone.

Pushing that potential nightmare aside, and placing several of the very important questions flying through his head as to what exactly was going on with Fenrir on hold for now, he readied himself to give another 'Welcome to the Loops' speech. "Commander Farsight, firstly, I am so sorry for the ride last loop. Secondly, I'm going to need you to keep an open mind about what I'm about to say. There is a tree called Yggdrasil..."

Smiling at the Anchor's actions, he didn't even bother to care the Admin had been too lazy to fix the captain's name for the looper next on the list. After all, how bad could someone named Bluddflagg be?

Gabriel Angelos mentally reviewed his plan. Having Awoken relatively early this Loop, he had decided to take care of his corrupted Chapter Master, Azariah Kyras, before his actions could bring the Blood Ravens to ruin. To avoid controversy and chaos in aftermath of his slaying of a Chapter Master, Angelos had enlisted the help of Inquisitor Amberly Vail (who in turn enlisted the 597th Valhallan and a certain Commissar Ciaphas Cain) to build an airtight case against Kyras so as to ensure the entire incident would pass as smoothly as possible.

Indicating to Captain Diomedes he wished a private audience with Kyras, Angelos steeled himself. While he understood the necessity of such an act, the killing of a brother-in-arms, even a corrupted one that would bring the Chapter to ruin, still left a bitter taste in his mouth. As the door closed behind him, he looked to the man who would soon bring much suffering on both the Blood Ravens and the sub-sector as a whole and began to approach him.

"Master Kyras, I..."

He was interrupted by a blinding blast of electricity and smoke then stared in shock as the massive Ork who emerged introduced a chainaxe to Kyras' head.

"YA POSH 'UMIE GIT!" the Ork, Kaptin Bluddflagg, Angelos belatedly realized, roared as he continued to mutilate Kyras.

Angelos was vaguely aware of the door being thrown open and Diomedes, Cain, Vail, and members of the 597th and the Blood Ravens rushing in to investigate the commotion. He was finally shaken out of his stupor when Bluddflagg, having decided he had overstayed his welcome, teleported himself out.

"Sir, what just...?" a Blood Raven began in understandable confusion as Cain and Vail approached Angelos.

"Do you think that...?" Cain quietly asked.

"He was a Looper?" Vail finished for him, "Most definitely. I highly doubt he had any reason to come after Kyras otherwise."

As Amberly and Gabriel moved to address the still stunned Blood Ravens, Cain rubbed his head and quietly groaned. With the other two needed to reestablish order, it fell to him to track down their errant Looper. Tracking down a single Ork among the horde of greenskins that inhabited the sub-sector and then explaining the Loops to it was not an activity he looked forward to.

Nursing a growing headache, Cain noticed Jurgen offering him a flask of amasec, a flask he readily accepted and imbibed deeply of. Many of the Blood Ravens who bore witness to the event looked as if they wished to join him. As things went, Assassinated by Ork was a rather embarrassing way for a Space Marine, let alone a Chapter Master, to go. That an Inquisitor was present and could corroborate their story was a small comfort.

Kaptin Bluddflagg was not a happy Ork. After snaggin' the spacey hulk as his snazzy new krooza, he had been ready for more lootin', but now he was back in his old krooza, which he was sure had been zogged by those panzees (or was it that Inquisitive-type humie, he couldn't quite remember). More importantly, some git had stolen all his loot!

Upon realizing this, he'd taken his boyz out to stomp some gits to work out the frustration. Lucky for him, he'd found some Space Marines out on patrol and proceeded to attack them with righteous Orky fury.

Suddenly, something one of the gits he was stomping said made him stop: Kyras. Kyras. Kyras...Hmmm... The word seemed familiar to

the Kaptin. Something he ate? No...looted? No... Wait! It was that Space Marine git he'd stomped before snaggin' the spacey hulk! He must have run and looted his gear and krooza!

He'd immediately grabbed Nailbrain then went and krumped the git that dared loot Kaptin Bluddflagg. That he'd done it in such a sneaky and cunnin' way was just a bonus. Plus it reminded Spookums that he was the boss. Unfortunately, it seemed the Kyras git was cunnin' enough to hide the loot.

"Uh...Kapn'..." Nailbrain, his first mate, interrupted, breaking the Kaptin's train of thought.

"Not now Nailbrain, I'z busy"

"I know Kapn'...but dere's dis humie 'ere wot want ta' talk ta' ya an' he don't look happy..."

"Wot?" the Kaptin said, turning around, "Oi 'umie, if you'z lookin' for a fight, sorry. I'z busy figurin' out where dat Kyras git stashed me loot. Nobody loots Kaptin Bluddflagg!"

"Yeah...about that..." the human, a certain Commissar Ciaphas Cain, replied. Tracking the Ork Kaptin down had not been easy, and if weren't for maintaining his reputation as a Hero of the Imperium, he would have been ripping his hair out in frustration.

"WOT?!" the Kaptin roared, turning his full attention to the frustrated Commissar, "Speak up den!"

"Okay. First, Kyras didn't steal your loot-"

"Wait, if it wasn' dat Kyras git..." Bluddflagg interrupted, "...IT WOZ YOU! I'Z KRUMP YA GUD HUMIE!"

"WAIT WAIT WAIT!" Cain hurriedly yelled as the Kaptin reached for his Power Klaw, "It wasn't me either! Look, there's this tree..."

Explaining the situation to the Kaptin was an exercise in patience; however, it seemed that the Ork finally understood after a 9 hour discussion. It didn't help that the Kaptin interrupted just about every other sentence and had a tendency to forget what Cain had already told him.

"So lemme get dis straight..." Bluddflagg said slowly, "I'z got ta find all me loot all ova' again?"

"Yes..." Cain exasparatedly replied.

"...an' all da gits me and da boyz stomped we'z got ta stomp all ova' again?"

"Yes..."

"...den dat means...HA! We'z never run outta gits ta stomp or bitz ta loot!"

"Uh...yes...but..."

"HA HA! Come on den boyz! WAAAAAAAAGH!"

Cain watched as the ecstatic Ork charged off and tried to massage away his headache. He made a note to return to his quarters for some well needed sleep and then to catch the first transport out of the sub-sector. The Looping Ork was Angelos' problem now. As he left, he sincerely hoped this would not start a trend: One Looping Ork was bad enough. Hmm...perhaps he should send Captain Angelos his condolences.

Smiling to himself, Le-Eyo leaned back in his chair. He was somewhat curious about the mortal Ciaphas and decided to watch him in a solo loop. He had to admit it was pretty silly of the Admin to add in that ridiculous title to the looper's character file, and once he finished getting all these people looping, he would fix that too.

Ciaphas Cain, often the Hero of the Imperium in the loops and quite literally identified as such in his character file on the harddrive of the world tree computer, readied his trusty weapons as he kept his eyes on the Ork Warlord in front of him.

It was at the end of M41 where he should have prevented the Second Siege of Perlia, but instead of Chaos forces, the horde of Da Goff Guard fleet was the one who came. Now he was faced with the leader of said Ork warband.

"You 'ad a flazhy steps 'umie, but is it enuff ta fight me?"

"We will prevail! For we are here with our Hero of the Imperium!" One random guardsman shouted, only for Jurgen to glare at him. Cain had to thank his faithful companion for that because there's no way he could have divided his attention at the moment.

Or perhaps, he should thank that guardsman. At least that poor bastard drew the Ork's attention away from the commissar and focused at him instead.

"Da 'eero?! Dis 'umie ain't got nuffin' on da old man Yar'ik!"

To make a matters worse, said Orks invasion fleet belongs to Goff's klanz. The most notorious Ork's klanz in the Imperium's numerous histories.

"Da Kommissar Yar'ik prooffed manny timez to be much moar badder dun dis 'umie! You gut nuffin' on me etanal innimie you lot!"

To top it all, said Ork Warlord was Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka, one who just recently waged the Third War for Armageddon.

"Un me will proof ta ya'll dat wut'evah dis 'umie do da Yar'ik cun too!" the orks Warlord declared proudly before he turned to his boyz.

"'Eer me boyz! Da 'umies fink dis 'umie kommissar iz badder dun da old man Yar'ik! Let'z prooffed dat da old man Yar'ik iz da baddest

kommissar .ALL!" He finished, as he pointed his huge Power Klaw at the eternal Hero of the Imperium.

"WAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!" He emanated a loud and powerful WAAAGH! that resonated was and echoed by all the Ork Boyz around the battlefield and began to charging at him.

Such irony; they were using the power of WAAAGH! on an overwhelming scale rivaling what they had unleashed on Armageddon...in an attempt to defend Yarrick's honor, when not more than a year ago they had fought tooth and nail with each other.

Ciaphas Cain sighed. Somehow, he missed the day when he had to face the Chaos forces instead of this.

A certain Commissar caught himself from his sudden weight-shift. His eyes widened in confusion as his mind registered where he is right now.

He chanted a small prayer to his Emperor in the hope this sorcery would fade away. The only result a random guardsman in yellow fatigue rushing to meet him.

"Sir! The Orks are coming! What do we do!" The guardsman said frantically.

"...Gather your men, guardsman," The commissar said evenly, as he glared at the horizon in disdain.

"Give a weapon to every single man and woman who can hold one, lay the minefields, block the streets, set up the defensive perimeters," His voice now dangerously approaching boiling point as he snapped at the guardsman.

"And I want you to put a choke hold at every corner so that even when I turn to take a piss I can still see a heavy weapons team pointing their guns in my face! And I want it yesterday guardsman!

Now move your ass and spread this order!" With no room for for further argument, the guardsman in yellow fatigue saluted briefly and rushed out of the commissar's vicinity post-haste to do his job.

The senior commissar pondered his situation for a while before he scoffed at this fine mess he had landed in.

Again.

"To hell with this." he said, as he picked his up black with red trim pointy hat and put it on his head.

"If the Warp wanted to fuck with me then fine, I'll be damn sure not give up this chance without a fight: that damn greenskin must die this time." He reached for his weapons, then noticed something that shouldn't be there. Or to be more accurate, something that wasn't there.

He clenched the fingers of his right hand and released them a couple of times before settling with a standard bolter gun and a chainsword. "But first...I have a Power Klaw to loot from a certain Warboss." With that Sebastian Yarrick went to fight the Orks once more.

Le-Eyo blinked.

Once, twice.

Rubbed his eyes, and blinked again.

"...I had no idea my code can do that," He said, before shaking his head and going to put in the next person on the list through his masterpiece of code.

As his shuttle entered the atmosphere of Nostramo, the Emperor took a moment to consider what he knew of one his most enigmatic sons. After deciding he would make a determined effort to be a

better father, he had asked Leman for some information on the other Primarchs, information that had certainly been useful once Magnus and Vulkan had started Looping; however, even after making inquiries of all three Loopers, the only information the Emperor got about Konrad was that he was "rather reclusive" and "slightly insane" even before the Heresy. All things considered, the only one of his sons he had less information on was Alpharius given that neither he nor the Looping Primarchs were sure if they had ever even met the man face to face.

Rising as the shuttle landed, the Emperor considered how to approach the situation. Making and discarding several plans in quick succession, he decided that the best course of action would probably be to stick to Baseline and take things slowly from there. As Konrad came into view, the Emperor wondered briefly if his son had looked that nervous in baseline before ascribing it either the numerous minor variation that plagued their Loop or simply his memory getting slightly fuzzy over ten millennia.

Reaching out to greet his son, there were a great many reactions the Emperor had come to expect when introducing himself to the Primarchs. Of these, a sucker punch was not among them.

Konrad Curze was scared. After his death at the hands of M'Shen, he had expected either oblivion or judgment at the hands of whatever uncaring gods oversaw the universe: What he hadn't expected was to find himself standing in the streets of Nostramo watching as the Emperor approached him.

As events began to play out as before, Konrad's panic only grew. Scenes of what was to come flashed through his mind: Nostramo devolving into a crime laden hell in his absence, his anguish upon learning of what had become of his people, sorrow at ordering his homeworld destroyed upon realizing he would be unable to redeem it, the misfortune that would befall him and his brothers in later years, and finally the eventual degeneration of his one proud Legion into a band of marauders; all of them caused by the man standing before

him. When said man reached out to greet him, something inside snapped.

Had Konrad arrived earlier in the timeline, he would perhaps have been able to rationalize his situation and make an informed decision as how to address it; however, as it was with the insanity of what was occurring on top of his mental state at the time of his death, one could not blame Konrad when he concluded that the best course of action was to punch the Emperor in the face.

When Konrad came to, it was to find himself tied to a chair under the worried gazes of his subjects while the Emperor stood before him surrounded by his retainers and nursing a black eye. As the Emperor moved to dismiss his guards, Konrad decided to show some courtesy and silently motioned for his people to give them some privacy. It wouldn't do to get on the man's bad side just yet: After all, he owed it to his brothers to warn them of their father's treachery and the tragedy that was to befall them.

"Konrad," the Emperor said, rubbing his eye, "I'm going to ask you what may be a very strange question: Have you found yourself to have inexplicably traveled backwards in time?"

At this Konrad began to sputter in shock: Of all the things he expected the Emperor to say, that was not one of them.

Seeing the shock play across his son's face, the Emperor sighed.

"Well then, allow me to explain. To begin with, there is this tree..."

As Konrad departed Nostramo along with a promise from the Emperor to send forces to maintain order on the planet until the 8th Legion could arrive to take control, he considered the Emperor's explanation of what was happening and apology for his previous actions. While he was withholding his final judgment for now, if Magnus was willing to vouch the Emperor, Konrad would give him a

chance. At the same time, he began to realize just how poor a sibling he had been to his brothers. As the ship made preparations for a Warp jump back to Terra, Konrad vowed that as the Emperor was doing his best to be a better father, he too would do his best to be a better brother.

"Well, that's good to see that this Konny person is good hands," he muttered to himself, patting himself on the back for his excellent work. A person with vision into the future was going to be a boon to the Branch; it was beyond him that this careless Admin had activated him sooner!

Vulkan He'stan frowned as he went through the Tome of Fire. Somehow, time had restarted to before he reclaimed Gauntlet of the Forge, yet everything had remained the same during the fight, with the Forgefather easily defeating the Eldar pirate due to his slow and predictable movement. He had hoped that the Tome of Fire would give him some clues to what was occurring but he had found only the same information as before. Although, now that he already knew a great deal, he was free to move ahead in the Tome of Fire and do some research for the location of the Obsidian Chariot.

If he was correct, it should be located deep within the destroyed lair of the traitorous Primarch Magnus of all places, although why Vulkan would hide the Obsidian Chariot there, he could only speculate.

Still, something made the hair on his neck raise as he made his way through the planet, going deeper into the bowels of the Thousand Sons's old monastery-fortress. Turning around the corner, he stopped at what he saw.

Even though he could not know that the ship was the fabled Obsidian Chariot, it was clear as day that his Primarch had created it. It was sleek to the point it seemed to cut the light around it, lacked any visible corners, painted not black but in something that was draining all the light from it, and had an engine exhaust that was

simply beyond measure. The craftsmanship could only belong to one man.

"I take that you approve of my work He'stan," A voice called out as he turned his attention to see a man walk out of a door that was not there previously. "It is the fastest vehicle in all of Yggdrasil; even topping what my brother's honorary aunt can produce. It is near impossible for anyone to track, only the Admins can do so. I also made sure that Leman would never find it as he is a terrible driver and I do not want to endure a punishment loop for allowing him to get control of it." The man walked towards him, towering over He'stan with a simple smile on his face. "Although, I suppose I should start at the beginning." He held out a hand to the Forgefather, inviting him to become closer. "I have been watching you He'stan and you have done a wonderful job, finding my trinkets in the universe and helping your brothers with your duties. I was pleasantly surprised to see that you have begun to experience time as I have, along with some of my brothers, father and a few other friends." The man pulled out a couple of chairs and produced a table and a book. The man then reached out and clasped his arm. "I am honoured beyond words to have you join me fully in our journey through time. I have much to teach you, He'stan, about the truth of our world and how the universe truly works. If you have any questions, please ask."

Vulkan He'stan looked at the man in front of him, shook his head slowly. "I have a thousand questions, but I will trust you to explain everything in good time, my lord."

The man laughed at that, shaking his head. "Please, my father detests being labeled a God and I've grown tired of being called a lord and the such." Still booming with laughter, he flashed another true smile at the Space Marine. "Please, call me Vulkan."

Chuckling at his wonderful work, Le-Eyo moved onto the next individual on the list. This one seemed to be a smart enough person so he wasn't overly worried about him going through.

Here I am. Again.

Home again.

When did that become so disheartening? Was it after the time that everything was consumed in a maelstrom of emotion and desire made manifest through the warp? The time when all died out with only the most stalwart of the defenders of all kinds remaining in the end? Was it any of the other times I saw events play out but changed drastically? I have long since discarded the idea that this is some trickery by the Chaos Gods... by this point there would have been a point to it all if that was truly the case.

Deep within the crystalline labyrinth of the warp, the unknowable true form of Tzeentch, rather, one of many supposed "True" Forms, stirred. It seemed to gather as it's minion, the Fateweaver, slowly began to... chuckle.

It makes one start to feel older than they ever should. Age is no stranger to me after all, but to live this long. To experience all you know and live and die. All of it to change or rot. All of it to come back to where it started and go down a different path. Students. Artists. Teachers. Lovers. Family. Friends. All gone, or as good as gone.

The laughing was... curious to say the least. More so that both heads seemed to laugh at once. Tzeentch slowly looked over. "What's so funny?"

And yet I keep walking forward. I keep reaching forward. And why is that? Why do I keep going? My race is dying constantly. We strive forward, burning all around us, acting so aloof, destroying the lives of those who can expand to extend our own, meager existence. We fight back against the inevitable. Against the Necrontyr. Against Chaos. Against all those who would wish us dead or worse. We fight

who we were and what we could become. We fight death and gods. We fight fate every step of the way. We look back and forth along the skein of fate, only to guide it along a better path. We manifest our strengths through murderous masks simply because we cannot afford the privilege of civilization on the battlefield.

"The schemer! The greater schemer shows his face!" The head that sees the future declared.

The one that sees the past shook. "The schemer has hidden his face before our very eyes!"

And yet I always continue to walk my path. Already I have walked it far longer than most had before things had begun repeating themselves. But with every little repeat, a small change. With every change, a new outcome. With every thought, a new idea. I will not give up. I will not give in. And I will continue to move forward for my final victory. A place where the living can survive without being threatened by the dead or by the beyond. Only when I can say that I have done that will I allow myself to have my rest. Only when I can say that Slaanesh's grasp will fade, will will allow myself to go there. Only when I can say that Abbadon the Despoiler will no longer launch his Black Crusades will I join my forebears in the Dome of Crystal Trees. Only when I see the threat of the devourer fade away will I allow myself peace.

And until then I will scheme. And make sure that everything goes...

Tzeentch blinked as he shrugged and hazarded a quick glance into the Well of Eternity... and then fell back, roaring with gleeful, cackling laughter. After all, why shouldn't he? After all, one of his greatest foes was in the game now! And for once things were off his hands, it wasn't...

Just. As. Planned.

Le-Eyo was a bit off put by his latest Looper, but Eldrad Ulthran seemed to be in good hands. Tzeentch was an overall good entity by all accounts. That Malal fella on the list was another one of those CGs that the Admin already had queued up for Looping; after the next two people started looping, he'd get him going and that other Primarch too.

If he got this Horus person looping, then he would have solved nearly all the troubles of the Dark Millennium branch! They would have to make him an Admin after that!

Zso Sahaal was alone, for he had no more place among his former "comrades" that fell to the corruption of Ruinous Powers, the very thing both his lord and himself disdained.

Even before and after the Heresy, both of them were against the rule of the Chaos Gods. They simply wanted to establish justice through fear and terror, "Fear through focus", but the False Emperor refused that reality, so they had fought against him during the , the Forces of Chaos would have been dispatched as tools unneeded, seeing as while they brought death to the wronged, there was no justice among the ranks of their forces.

But after all those years, the Legion that once uphold this tenet had devolved into little more than super-powered, fear-craving psychopaths from the corruption of Chaos. Not only that, they refused to acknowledge him as the rightful leader of the Night Lords after he regained the Corona Nox because he was the "Betrayer" who fled from the Eldar for the relic.

Furthermore, he could never have returned to the Imperium as he had been branded "traitor", despite the Imperium themselves starting to adopt the methods used by their Legion to enforce justice.

Now, sitting on one of the fragments of the once-planet Nostramo, right at the moment that his vision started disappear, he closed his eyes and awaited his final demise. All Zso Sahaal could do was remembering the days of old, and death shall come to him.

The end did not come to him as he expected, Zso Sahaal could still feel the fresh air. In fact, he could also felt the wind blowing past his face: this strange sense caused him to open his eyes once more.

He couldn't believe what he witnessed about his appearance: typical Vlka Fenryka Power Armor, without Unquis Raptus or Mordax Tenebrae. Further confusing things was that he had another set of false memories which told him he was a Marine recruited on Fenris. He wondered whether this was a cruel joke courtesy by the corrupting Ruinous Powers, especially that schemer who was known for creating things that made no sense.

However, he had other things to prioritize right now: grab a weapon and sneak away from the madness. After he grabbed a Bolter and left without "his" giant axe, as it never fit his combat style, he proceeded to make escape.

On his way around the Vlka Fenryka barrack, he managed to persuade his "comrades" to leave or if that failed, knock them unconscious and put them in the nearest locker. Everything was smoothly going until he reached the exit of the barrack and encountered Bjorn without his Dreadnought armor.

"Hey Zso Sahaal, how is it going? You don't look so great."

"I am fine, brother, I just need some fresh air."

While Bjorn was concerned about his comrade, he thought everything would be fine and proceeded to enter the barracks. However, a dazing brother wasn't something he expected to see upon his entry.

"Bloody Fenris, why would Zso Sahaal hit my head so hard..."

Realizing the implication of treason, Bjorn turned his head and saw Zso Sahaal walking towards the Thunderhawk several blocks away. He knew he had to stop him before he reached it, so he took the Wolf Mecha out of his subspace pocket and hopped in. The engine was activated and the pursuit began.

Zso Sahaal turned back and saw an unfamiliar armored figure chasing after him. Without hesitation, he used his experience in urban warfare to get rid of the pursuer. The armor was obviously too large to enter the narrow paths between the buildings, so his escape was relatively easy.

When he was near the Thunderhawk, a volley of fire was sprayed into a nearby door. He turned around to confront the stranger.

"Stop right there Zso Sahaal! What you have done would be considered treason!"

"Begone barbarous Wolf! Or I should say daemon in disguise! Your armor did not exist wihin the weakling Imperium! And I, Zso Sahaal, first Captain of the Night Lords, and rightful heir of lord Konrad Curze, shall battle to the death, if you insist! And no, the false memories created by your kin will not make me surrender to your corruption."

"You run away from the barracks, accuse me of being a daemon, claim false memories... oh shit!" As the words were ras his words were relayed through the speakers, Bjorn realized what just happened to his battle-brother.

"Wait! You spoke of false memories, those I can explain. The previous timeline with you as Captain of the Night Lords did exist as well as this timeline with you as a battle-brother of the Vlka Fenryka. I can explain much about this if you will let me, Zso Sahaal, and if not, I know of another whose words you will trust above mine."

Zso Sahaal raised an eyebrow, wondering whether the "daemon" was out of its mind or not. Still, he pointed the "borrowed" Bolter at it in case things went south.

Konrad Curze, who was still having trouble dealing with the loops, stared at the books he had received from his Father, who had in turn acquired them from the Hub World. After the reveal of the loops, he had started to think about all the things that had happened back in the old days. When he read all the materials his Father provided, he was too shocked to form a proper response. There was still too much to consider of their world's history, especially now that he knew of how his Legion would became what he disdained in the future, what his Father had truly believed in the past, plans for how he could avoid his dreadful fate in 'baseline,' and a number of other minute personal issues and daemons that he needed to deal with now, especially after only a few 'pings' came from those who were...Aware? Awake?... for this time repeat or loop. Activating the specialized Vox they used to find out who was looping, he saw that the ping didn't come from Terra, which meant Father was unAwake and going to be his old self.

Just then, Krieg Acerbus, the "Axemaster", called out to his Primarch. "My lord, there are two Space Wolves waiting outside. One of them called himself Bjorn, and he demanded an audience with you and his fellow, Zso Sahaal."

Konrad knew Bjorn was looping after his Father told him everything about the loops, but the fact that any of the loopers that would be visiting him was cause for concern, let alone while bringing one of his own Space Marines with them. Without a second thought, he nodded to allow them in for an audience and gestured for the rest of the Night Lords to leave.

He saw Zso Sahaal standing there, in the power armor with the colours of a Space Wolf, shocked to see him in the flesh, muttering, "How…" Curze realized the implication of this dazed look. For one of

the few times in his life, Konrad smiled honestly and greeted his trustworthy first Captain immediately.

"Zso Sahaal, it's been a long time. And I know I owe you an explanation for this time repeat, among other things. And while this barbarous Wolf is not my brother and I'm told is far more sensible than Leman, I take it that he did not explain it well enough." This got him a brief glare from the true Space Wolf before he stopped to think and nodded his head in agreement. Turning his head back to the new looper and...acquaintance seemed appropriate. "Now Zso Sahaal, we shall begin with the existence of a tree called Yggdrasil…"

Le-Eyo grin continued to grow at his genius! Soon he would be a full fledge Admin and have his own Branch to watch over! Looking over the next person, he frowned as the name was currently garbled up, but he had got every other species except his own looping. What harm could letting a bug loop too?

TO BE CONTINUED IN

PART TWO OF THE KRISIS

Part Two of the 40Krisis

Part II of the 40Krisis

Fung Long eventually tracked Fenrir down to the break room, where he was last seen with Marianne. What he heard from inside made him pause and listen.

"…know he was just trying to get a rise out of you," Marianne said.

"I know," Fenrir replied. "But really, who even says things like that? 'I hope that dipshit Fung Long knows what he's doing. He's so incompetent he got all his friends killed, and got kicked to the curb for some world disappear thingy.' That isn't even the truth! Everything was chaos back then, no one could figure out what happened to the other Jiu Ge, and Fung Long worked himself ragged trying to find them. And he's a real good guy; there aren't many beings here who would offer to help like that just because they could."

"At least you defended him to Ares. He can be a real ass; we try to keep a lid on him when we can, but getting his own loop went right to his head…"

Fung Long didn't hear what else was said, he was too lost in his own thoughts. Ever since the Event happened, Fung Long had become paranoid about how the other Admins saw him. He'd even gone so far as to sneak around corridors and hack security feeds to find out what was being said behind his back. He'd heard every bad thing that could be said about him. But to hear Fenrir had actually defended him...suddenly, the method he used to activate Rakszan felt like he'd returned kindness with ingratitude. He'd have to make sure he was available to help out the wolf god while he got used to his new looper. Bracing himself, he turned into the break room.

"Hello Fenrir! I've finished fixing the Dark Millennium branch, and managed to get Rakszan set up as a looper like you planned," he

rushed out, trying to smooth over the fires as soon as possible.

Fenrir spat out his drink, thankfully away from Marianne. "What?! Are you insane? That was a list of possible code corruptions for important people!"

Fung Lung paled. His 'petty vengeance' suddenly tasted more like outright sabotage. He held his hands up in a warding gesture and exclaimed, "Wait, calm down! I didn't put him through without any failsafes. I used several code patches to ensure he would not become an MLE! Just follow me and see for yourself!"

Fenrir sighed, leaned over to give Marianne a kiss and got to his paws. "I better see what you have done before someone else does; hel knows what something like this could do to your temporary Admin status." Grabbing his cup of coffee and another bite of whatever he was eating, he started to walk back to his office as Fung Long began to share the details of what he had done.

Fenrir listened carefully, nodding as appropriate, as Fung Long told him the details of each code and patch he installed to the Dark Millennium branch, and Rakszan in particular, before finally calming down.

"Once again, I must thank you for covering for me and explaining what you did for Rakszan but *really* ? A *Necron?* " He whined, rubbing his face with one paw, the other holding his decaf coffee. How he managed to continue walking was something Fung Long would later ponder for long time.

"I already said that I was sorry," Fung Long said for the nth time. "I thought you had that as a list of loopers. I thought they were there for a purpose. At least I only approved one of them," the temporary Admin of the Stargate universe defended himself to the large wolf.

"I had Tyranids on it, along with *another* Chaos God, and *flipping* Horus Lupercal! That should have been a red flag!" Fenrir snapped back. "I already had my tail chewed out by Skuld for letting the other

four chaos gods loop thanks to someone hacking my terminal; she might *kill* me if I let another one start looping!" Fenrir shook his massive head, what little relaxation he'd managed to have on his break already becoming a faint memory. "Thank goodness you took measures to make sure one of my loopers was there after all your little codes and patches made Rakszan start looping."

"I'm not a fool, my good friend," Fung Long said, raising an eyebrow. "Besides, even *if* I knew who *exactly* all those people were, only an idiot would try to get them *all* looping before telling the Admin in charge."

"You're right," Fenrir's shoulders sagged as they turned around the corner to his office. "Still waiting for the other shoe to drop though…"

"Fenrir, let me say it again, you're being a worry-wort." Fung Long smirked, patting the wolf's back. "Your luck may not be the best and it's not good to tempt fate but you've *got* to have some confidence in yourself. I left the Dark Millennium branch fixed up and with a new Looper. Who knows, maybe Rakszan will provide some *more* stability to the universe and help speed up the repairs to the Warp."

"Maybe…" Fenrir drawled off, remembering that he had just got the repairs up to 0.00000000000002% to one sector of the Warp, with the Crash only setting him back a little. In all honesty, he was surprised by how steady and stable all his branches were, considering how bad his luck usually was.

Maybe Fung Long *was* right; that it was all in his head. With a smile on his face and promising himself to have a positive attitude for a change, he entered his office.

Blinking in surprise, Fenrir looked at the individual sitting at the seldom used chair in front of his terminal, with his large keyboard for his paws unplugged and off to the side.

The figure smiled at him, jumping to salute him. "Hello Mister Fenrir sir!" the figure cheerfully spoke. "My name is Le-Eyo and I want you

to know that I saw your list of Loopers and I took it upon myself to get them going for you with my new automatic Looping approval program sir!"

"Wh-what?" Fenrir dropped his coffee to the floor as he rushed over to his terminal. The color drained from his face, barely visible through his fur, as he looked at the screen to see the list of Looping individuals.

"I wanted to show *you,* sir, my skills and hopefully train under you and one day-"

" ***YOU FUCKING IDIOT!*** " Fenrir roared, slamming a massive paw against Le-Eyo and pinning him against the wall. Fenrir ignored the blood coughed out onto his fur as well as the dust falling from the ceiling. " ***THOSE WERE NOT LOOPERS! I WAS FUCKING MAKING SURE THAT THEIR CODES WERE NOT DAMAGED! DO YOU HAVE* ANY *FUCKING IDEA WHAT YOU DI-*** " Fenrir looked back at the screen again, seeing that it was in the process of starting another Loop. It was late in the usual timeline for the Dark Millennium, and he glanced at the activation list to see who the next looper would be. His blood ran cold when he realized who it was. Howling in anger, he grabbed the quivering idiot in his mighty jaws and tossed him to the side. " ***YOU PUT A TYRANID ON YOUR PROGRAM!?*** " Fenrir swore, jumping to his terminal to try to undo the damage. Slamming his keyboard back in, he tried to fight Yggdrasil but it was too strong for him to overcome with the way the idiot programed these Loops. " ***FUCK* !** " Fenrir swore, trying to figure out how to prevent a Tyranid from Looping. If he did nothing, it would start Looping and bring knowledge to the entire race and create the first Malicious Looping *Species* in existence. If he tried to crash the Loop, Yggdrasil could count it as a successful loop for the Tyranid and he would be back at square one. He needed to make sure it would fail to meet the most basic Looping standards that Yggdrasil required: making it to the end of the Loop alive. He looked over the code before dismissing the notion of actually trying to change it mid-Loop; he had no idea what would happen if he tried to

fight the code at this stage, nor did he have the time to examine it fully to pull everything out.

Running the separate, and isolated, program that allowed them to enter the Loops with minimal influence on the code and stability of the Loop, he *jumped* into the Dark Millennium with plans to fix this mess starting to form within his head.

Fung Long blinked as Fenrir *leaped* inside his terminal before he was aware of what exactly happened.

" *YOU!* " He grabbed the shoulders of the limp imbecile and pulled him to his feet. "You are coming with me and you will explain what you-CRAP!" Jumping back, he dropped the body to the floor as he noticed that Fenrir had caved the chest in as well as nearly broken the idiot's neck in his rage. Shaking his head as he did not have time to deal with the near dead fool, he ran off to get Skuld so he wouldn't be alone in trying to help Fenrir with this giant mess, as well as summon a medical team to treat the moron so they wouldn't have to fish him out of Helheim to stand trial. They could have a proper interrogation for Le-Eyo later, but he desperately needed the chief debugger of Yggdrasil *now* for this new crisis.

Damn Fenrir's luck.

Leman groaned as he Woke up in the Warp looking for that blasted Tree of Life once again. He always felt like a fool when he did; the Chaos Gods would never tell him if it *actually* existed and Fenrir always said he was too bu-

"Stop shooting at me *you damn twits!* " A familiar voice shouted, causing Leman to turn his head, moving past the same marines that followed him into the Warp whenever he had the vision in baseline. Looking behind his entourage, he saw both Jaghatai Khan and Corvus Corax riding on jetbikes, chasing a massive wolf towards them.

Before he could even act, one of his marines shot a Heavy Bolter at Fenrir, hitting his Admin square in the chest. Swearing in anger and then surprise as Fenrir seemingly went down, he ran through his men to reach his Admin and intercept his wayward brothers. He reached the massive wolf as his marines tackled the idiot with an itchy trigger finger, and shot his brothers a *powerful* look that made them both halt in their places.

Fenrir shook his head while sitting on his haunches, one paw to his chest and the other holding a massive datapad. Leman reached to check Fenrir's chest, only to be slapped away.

"Fucking *hel* ," Fenrir swore before opening his eyes to look at the stunned 13th company of Space Wolves and three Primarchs. "Worse than that damn sword I had in my mouth that one time!" he growled.

"Are you ok?" Leman asked numbly, amazed that *anyone* would be able to shake off a hit like that, Admin or not.

"Yeah, yeah, be a bit sore in the morning, but there are more pressing matters," Fenrir began to tap away on the datapad, the image of a somewhat beautiful woman briefly visible on the desktop before massive lines of code appeared, giving Leman a headache just looking at it. "You've noticed that you've been getting a lot of new loopers, yes?" Fenrir didn't wait for Leman to answer as he typed away, drawing the attention of the marines and the other Primarchs, who were also wincing at the sight of code-oh sweet *Hel* , that must be *their* universal code! "The ***FUCKING MORON that started looping everyone*** **on my damn list** just put a Tyranid as the next possible looper." Fenrir's loud growl quickly devolved into a snarl at the thought.

Leman's eyes went wide as the Little Mother's; the possibility of a looping Tyranid was almost *too horrific* to think of, but the thought of the hivemind becoming Loop Aware sent a spear of ice through his very soul. "Wh- what can I do Fenrir? *Is* there anything I can do to

help?" He asked in a quiet voice, the thoughts of a looping Tyranid still playing through his mind.

"Yes Leman," Fenrir shot him a thankful, but worried, smile. "I need you to gather your entire legion, as well as Sanguinius and Rogal Dorn's legions, mobilize them, and head to Ullanor."

"Leman, can you tell us what the *fuck* is going on here?" Jaghatai snapped with Corvus looking at them all cautiously, a hand resting on one of his Archeotech Laspistols.

"Brothers, short story is that the multiverse is broken, and the universe is on repeat until Fenrir here and his lot can fix the damages. But someone *else* got to the code to our corner of the multiverse, allowing them to royally screw things up. Now a bunch of space bugs called Tyranids are at risk of learning about it and that would be a **very bad *thing.*** Now shut up so the giant wolf god can tell us the plan," Leman ordered. "You do have a plan, right?" he grumbled so only Fenrir could hear.

Fenrir's ear twitched, focusing on the datapad in his massive paws. "We will need to kill them *all* . Because if even *one* survives, it may be *the one* set to remember everything and it will tell it's hive everything as they have that stupid shared mind thingy that would allow their entire species to loop-er, know everything if we fail. That's why I need you three to run some tasks for me if we are to be victorious before we go to fight them."

The two Primarchs looked at Fenrir with surprise and awe. The assembled Space Marines were left standing awkwardly around the massive wolf, not sure how to react.

"Sir, what do you need us to do?" Corvus asked, biting his lip. "I swore never again...but if Leman and you are correct, you will need all the help you can get *now* ."

"My White Scars would proudly fight the Tyranids and eradicate their species if it would save the Imperium and the multiverse!" Jaghatai

declared, slamming a fist against his chest.

"I know that boys, and I am *counting* on it, but before either of you two go gather your men, I need you to make some pit stops," Fenrir muttered, tongue sticking out as he typed some more code before letting off a howl of victory. "Found it!" Turning his head to the two Primarchs, he changed windows on the screen to show a set of Warp coordinates. "Go here gentlemen; you will know what to gather once you get there. Then you will need to go to here and here." Fenrir flashed them another set of coordinates. "Then you can go to your men and you then will take the entire forces you've gathered so far and join us at Ullanor. What little I *can* change safely in this loop will have the bugs converge there shortly so we can make one collective blow against them. I just need to make sure *everyone* is there and ready for them before they get there."

"Everyone, sir?" Corvus asked nervously.

"Yes; I will quickly pop over to Vulkan so he can get Konrad, then get the old bastard off his ass so he can get the Tau with us, and then I will grab Magnus to help me get the Necrons-"

"Wait, Magnus has long been corrupted by Chaos, why would he help us?"

"He's gotten better!" Leman shouted as he started organizing his men to prepare to leave the Warp. "Trust me, Fenrir knows what he is saying so *GO!* "

"Wait!" Fenrir shouted, typing something into his datapad. Suddenly Jaghatai and Corvus's bikes started to glow and *change* . "There, I used a tiny bit of power to overclock your bikes to get you where you need to be as quickly as I feel safe doing so."

Both Jaghatai and Corvus warily climbed onto their bikes and hesitantly revved the throttle before shooting forwards. Both of them began to roar in laughter, rocketing off to their destination with Leman shaking his head in amusement.

"Leman Russ, get your ass into your ship now as I have to make several *jumps,* it's going to play hel with my stomach, and I do *not* have time to stroke your ego!"

Ignoring his Admin, Leman leaned down and brushed away Fenrir's chest fur to look at his wound and winched.

" *That* looks like it hurts something *painful* ." He eyed the bruised purple skin before Fenrir slapped his hand away again.

"I'm fairly sure it is a deep muscle bruise as well, but I will manage."

"At least let one of my medics bandage it or something. We're pretty experienced with wolf biology you know."

"I simply do not have the time to allow such frivolous waste of medical supplies; your men might need it in the upcoming battle at Ullanor and I will manage just fine."

Before Leman could protest anymore, Fenrir *jumped* away and left Leman alone. Shaking his head and swearing that his Admin was being an idiot, he ran back to his ship to do the bidding of his local God.

Grumbling to himself as his claws clicked on the floor noisily, Fenrir made his way through the Imperial Palace on Holy Terra to its innermost room, the Sanctum Imperialis, where the Emperor's corpse still sat upon the Golden Throne. Sparing what minimal power he could to hide his presence he easily snuck past the Ultramarines and Inquisitors outside, and the Custodes and servants inside. Unfortunately he couldn't just appear in front of the Golden Throne; the code there was as unstable as the rest of the Warp at the best of times due to the incredible power the Emperor funnelled through the room. He could have forced the issue with an effort of will and coding, but he was not going to place his comfort over the stability of the Loop.

Reaching the doors of the Eternity Gate -pointedly Not Looking at the oiled up Custodes in loincloths guarding the door -got enough of that back at Asgard thank you very much- he had to wait for the Chief Custodian to escort the Inquisitorial Representative, along with his retinue of awed and dejected Inquisitors, out of the way. He barely got his tail out of the way of that damn annoying robotic baby walker before it got crushed. The Allfather had liked the idea of the mobile throne so much he'd asked for a copy of the design so he could still get around when he went into the Odinsleep during one of his breaks...and to taunt Zeus without lifting a finger. Or, as designed for Zeus, just one finger.

When the room finally emptied, he stepped in front of the withered husk of the often reluctant God, but still proud Emperor, of Mankind, closed the doors with an effort of will, and made himself visible once more.

"Emperor, we are in a crisis and I need you to do several things for me right now!" Fenrir barked, keeping one eye on the skeleton and one eye on his datapad, typing away at speeds that should not be possible for those of the flesh. "Some idiot got to my terminal and set a dozen or so loopers to activate-with the latest being a Tyranid! I've already got the loyal Primarchs on the move to Ullanor; I was able to code a strong part of the Warp to make a choke hold to prevent them from spilling into the galaxy and becoming too isolated for us to get them all. I mean, there's only one candidate for looping status but if we don't get them all, it may loop and we'll have a fucking MLE species on our paws-HANDS and-"

[FENRIR, YOU ARE RAMBLING AND SPEAKING FAR TOO QUICKLY] the Emperor of Mankind said, his worry managing to translate through his new text-to-speech device. Though he had gained enough strength through the loops to be able to restore himself and leave the Golden Throne, the later he Awoke within a loop, the harder it was. His body was farther gone this loop than he had ever tried to recover from before. Regardless, he immediately began marshalling all of his focus and power from within the Warp.

Whatever was dire enough to put his universe's Admin in such a state would require nothing less than everything he had to offer. [PLEASE EXPLAIN WHAT IS GOING ON. SLOWLY.]

Fenrir stopped typing on the datapad and placed it on the ground, taking a moment to take in a deep, calming breath of air. The Emperor noticed Fenrir twitch slightly, as if in pain, as he filled his lungs. On closer inspection, his coat looked ragged and unkempt, there were bags under his bloodshot eyes, he was slouching in his spot, and a myriad of other minute details that pointed to incredible exertion and exhaustion. It was obvious that Fenrir was pushing himself to great lengths, that something was worrying him enough that he would let this show to other people without notice.

What was happening on the upper levels of existence?

Fenrir sighed, shaking his head. "Some idiot, Leeroy or something, put you guys through an automatic looper approval program that made a bunch of people I was nowhere near ready to clear start looping. Fung Long and I just came into my office when he put a Tyranid into his damn program. Right now I am trying my hardest to make sure the damn bug doesn't start looping. I've already got Leman and Vulkan on the move to gather their forces, along with a few other players I ran into. I've told everyone to meet us at Ullanor, where the Tyranid forces will make their stand to breach into the galaxy. I need you to-"

Before Fenrir could finish, an army of Custodes and Inquisitors burst into the room with the Inquisitorial Representative Fyodor Karamazov, the Ecclesiarch Decius XXIII, and the Captain-General of the Adeptus Custodes at the head, all with weapons drawn and aimed towards the massive wolf in front of the Golden Throne.

Fenrir quietly swore at this sight, with all of them ordering him to stand down, die, burn, return to his Chaos Masters, and so much other crap that Fenrir blocked it out as he reached for his datapad so he could try and resolve this peacefully.

That single gesture earned him the sound of every single weapon cocking at once; an impressive feat considering most of the weapons had no hammer to cock, since, slightly amusingly, quite a few were actual hammers. Fortunately, they were clearly unwilling to fire on him incase they would hit their precious Emperor. Fenrir sighed internally, he did *not* want to waste all the excess power he had to get himself out of this mess.

[STAND DOWN.]

That caused everyone, Fenrir included, to stare at the being on the throne.

"The Custode was telling the *truth* !" The Ecclesiarch shouted. "The God-Emperor is with us once more and will lead us to glorious battle!"

"Starting with this daemon!" One of the Inquisitors declared.

No, you will not. The Emperor spoke, **I have been in consultation and have been able to converse with Beings that watch our World, and other Worlds, and this Being is the one who shepherds our Reality.** Somehow, everyone was able to tell that Emperor had shifted his attention towards the wolf. **Please continue Fenrir.**

"As I was saying, another Being was in control of your World while I attending other duties," Fenrir said, facing the crowd. "He made several alterations to your World that I did not approve of, and his actions have put all the Worlds of Yggdrasil at risk in the form of a Tyranid. If we do not exterminate *all* of them, then *all* the Worlds could be under siege by the Tyranids for eternity. Tyranids that will be able to use knowledge of other Worlds to forever harm all the beings of this World." He looked at the Emperor of Mankind. "This is something that you will not take lightly nor well, *none* of you will, but this is not a battle the Imperium of Mankind can win alone. This will require the combined forces of other races for us to be victorious, both Xeno and Chaos. You will be fighting alongside others that you

will despise but I implore you to join under one banner for this most important battle of this World. After I assure certain factors here, I will be departing towards the Warp again so I can rally your waywards sons." Fenrir flicked his eyes towards the uncertain and glowering crowd before readying himself and thinking of battle plans for Ullanor, missing one of the enraged humans to his side.

The Inquisitorial Representative ignored the false words that the daemon was speaking in the name of the Emperor, incensed at the daemon daring to use the God-Emperor for its own perverted reasons. Pulling out his hold-out Stubber Pistol from inside his coat, he threw himself forwards and before the abomination could act, he fired a holy bullet at point blank range into the daemon's skull.

The monster rocked slightly on its haunches as the casing from the bullet fell to the ground. The mighty wolf pulled back his lips, showing his very long and very sharp teeth to the now scared Inquisitor. Everyone was shouting and arguing with each other, their weapons pointed at each other as those who believed in the wolf were close to fighting against those who believed that the only true God was the skeleton on the golden throne in front of them.

ENOUGH!

The psychic shout reached every sentient being within the Imperial Palace complex, from one end of the Himalayan Mountains to the other. None felt it more than those within the Sanctum Imperialis itself. Silence fell as, for the first time in a millennium, the Master of Mankind directly addressed all of his subjects.

The very Watcher who protects our Reality walks among us, one that has watched over Mankind since time immemorial, requiring our aid in this time of need. And, in your ignorance, you dare to try strike him as he addresses *me?*

Before their eyes, flesh grew and mended on the Emperor's withered form, knitting closed old wounds like new and filling his mighty frame once more with great muscle, until finally he stood, proud and terrible

in countenance. His divine power wrapped around his form with his descent, only enhancing his majesty. A Meinas, a divine wrath of old, shone upon his face.

Such ignorance might be forgiven. And indeed it must, for the circumstances are beyond dire. The very fabric of Reality itself, the Tree of Life spoken of in the Ancient Legends of Old Earth, will be in danger if the Tyranid threat is not wiped out.

As more and more he stood as the Golden Man of old, his Companions stepped forth, bearing the pieces of his golden Armor. Once his body was restored, dutifully they clad their Master in his panoply. At an unbidden signal, yet more Custodes arrived with vestments for their lord. Though only simple cloth, he wore it like his burnished golden armor. At last, his red and ermine cape was secured around his shoulders, and the Captain-General himself bore forth his Rune Sword. The Emperor stared for a moment at the sheathed blade, as if unsure of his right to bear it. Then he seized the hilt and drew it. Strength and certitude seemed to fill his frame once more.

"And Man shall answer his plea without doubt. This is beyond Order or Chaos. The existence of All is at stake. Be it my faithful Sons or those who rebelled, Man will stand against the coming Darkness. And indeed we will fight and die to defeat it.

"This is my decree. I, the Immortal Emperor of Mankind, order all available Imperial forces to converge upon the world of Ullanor. Upon reaching this world, they are not to fire upon either Chaos or Xenos forces unless fired upon. They are to fortify this world to the best of their ability with the aid of all non-Tyranid forces there. They are to coordinate all defensive efforts to the best of their ability with said non-Tyranid forces.

"Let all be ready, for our foe will be none other than the full might of the Tyranids. Never before has such might descended upon the Galaxy, and never before will such might be assembled in its defense. Send forth all the Imperial Guards,

they must secure Ullanor until the full might of the Imperium is present along with the Chaos and Xenos forces arrive. Go forth and prepare your men for this Final Battle. Go forth in the defense of Reality itself. Go forth in the name of *Yggdrasil* itself!"

There was a mighty shout echoing this order, as the men began to leave the throne room, bowing at their god emperor and the wolf god.

His eyes turned to the Captain-General of the Custodes as he was on his way out. **"Ready the Custodes, Captain-General. I shall march to war as well."**

His ever faithful Companion seemed unsure at this new command, the sea of soldiers halting at the prospect of a restoration of the glory days of the Imperium, unashamedly weeping at their prayers being answered at long last. "My Lord, the defense of the Warp Breach-"

"Is already handled. The Chaos Gods will prove their support to this endeavor by sealing it for us. We cannot afford to leave such assets as the Custodes and Myself behind for this battle."

"What of yourself, My Lord? Before, at Ullanor, your strength was diminished by the distance from Holy Terra. If that were to happen again-"

"I will bear that weakness. There is too much at stake for me to remain on Terra."

"And the Astronomican?"

"Already covered," Fenrir replied. "I have assured that it's light will not waver until such time as the Tyranids are dealt with and you are here to maintain it." He turned to face the leader of Mankind. "I have a task that I need you to do, Emperor, before you go to the battlefield yourself," Fenrir said, trying to shake off the growing headache as he

went back to his datapad. "I need someone to go to the Tau, gather their warriors and support, and I can only trust you to do it."

"The Tau? Their empire is small, their strength weak compare-"

"THERE IS NO BLASTED TIME FOR YOUR XENOPHOBIA!" Fenrir roared, deafening all those present.

"- I was about to say I would defer to your judgment on this, Fenrir," the Emperor muttered. **"I do not see why we would need *them* , but if you deem it necessary, so shall it be."**

"Whatever!" Fenrir snapped as he produced a scroll from his datapad, the headache from the shot proving difficult to banish. "Make sure this is given to Ciaphas Cain, Amberley Vail, and Sebastian Yarrick. They will need to travel quickly if they are to gather our other allies."

The Emperor nodded, taking the scroll from Fenrir. **"I will reach out to the Tau and have the scroll delivered to Commissar Cain. I assume that the scroll itself matters and not the message written on it?"**

"Yes, those three will be able to read it and get the directions to Kaptain Bluddflagg. He'll be in charge of the Orks this loop so hopefully we'll have little trouble getting them to fight alongside us." Fenrir placed the datapad on his side before giving the Emperor a grim look. "If you will excuse me, I need to jump back into the Warp, grab Magnus, then take him to get the Necrons firepower behind us." Fenrir stood to his full physical height, dwarfing everyone in the room. He then placed a mighty paw on the Emperor's shoulder, making the Emperor of Mankind feel small for the first time in an eternity. "Go now, and we all might win." And then he *jumped* and was gone.

After Fenrir departed, the Emperor turned to the Chief Custodian, handing him the scroll. **"Ready our fastest ship. This scroll must reach Commissars Cain and Yarrick, and Inquisitor Vail as**

quickly as possible. I entrust this task to you. I will take the Bucephalus and ride to muster the Tau."

The Captain-General accepted the missive with a salute. "It shall be done as you command, my Emperor,"

"Now Go."

In the Warp, on Sortiarius, the Planet of the Sorcerers, the master of the world and the Thousand Sons was in his private chambers, in his favoured chair with a tome in his hands.

Magnus flipped the page of the latest book he gathered from the loops; he was glad that his Pocket was expanding so he could grow his own personal library to at least a few hundred shelves long now, along with the other important stuff he had in there. Tzeentch claimed he was getting close to have the entire Black Library in his own pocket at this point, with the other Chaos Gods boasting of unsavoury things. Of course, Leman's own pocket was the size of Terra last time he was in there, with the actual planet in there. Leman claimed he was waiting for a chance to swap out for Fenris but Terra was almost always empty enough that his brother could do it morally without anyone or anything being brought along to the next loop opposed to the fact there was almost always *some* tribe on the half frozen, half magma Hel of a world he called home. Or second home, as with these 'ponies' and 'Equestria' that always caused his Anchor to blush horrendously was the first home to him. Magnus truly *longed* to meet the fabled 'Little Mother' to tease Leman for a few millenniums, if not to shut up his barbarin of a brother at long last.

Tilting his head, he heard distant shouting, cursing, the rumble of gunfire and the thunder of pysker blasts outside his chamber. He briefly thought it could be the Blood Ravens fighting with the Thousand Sons again, but his dismissed the notion as he had made sure that his marines were cooperating this loop. He looked at Gabriel Angelos, who was with him this loop and going over some of the books he gathered for his Space Marine looper as he wanted his

soldier to be far more experienced than *Bjorn* , and asked the idiotic question of 'Did you hear that?' was out of his mouth before he could think better of it.

Without warning or a chance for Gabriel to answer him, the doors exploded open as a massive ball of fur slammed into one of his bookshelves, raining books down as several of his Thousand Sons, including Ahzek Ahriman and the Blood Ravens Librarian Isador Akios, stormed into his private chambers, Force Staves blazing psyker bolts and Bolt Pistols spitting bolter rounds and warpfire alike at the groaning beast.

"My lord, we found this daemon of Khorne lurking around, trying to breach the Tower of the Cyclops. We have no idea of how it managed to get onto Sortiarius; we were monitor-"

"Enough!" Magnus shouted, rising to his feet, before looking at Gabriel, throwing him a test of sorts. "What is wrong with statement that Ahzek presented?" The Blood Raven closed his own book, still a bit hostile being around the traitors, but it was part of his training as a looper of the fifteenth legion to be the best he could on either side of the divide of the Imperium or the Ruinous Powers.

Gabriel did his best not to roll his eyes though. "The fact it was sneaking and lurking will more than likely disprove the fact it came from Khorne's barbarous kind; it is not rotting of death and sickness nor is it mounting everything and anything within sight or reach so it would not be one of Nurgle's or Slaanesh's. That would default to being one of Tzeentch's, if it were able to get to the planet without notice. Something that only Tzeentch could grant for a good reason, one that you have just psyker blasted into Lord Magnus's personal and private library."

The two of them paled at this dressing down before Magnus rose to his feet.

"This goes beyond the fact that I *know* this daemon and it has gained my trust. Now begone as I interrogate it."

The two marines bowed and left the room, pulling the doors shut. Magnus rolled his eye and turned to face Gabriel, who was staring at the stirring beast.

"I suppose I have distinct privilege of introducing our Admin to you," He reached down to brush off several of the books, with Gabriel still standing in confusion. "Usually, our dear Fenrir has a bit more foresight in communicating with me. He usually knows that we're not on Fenris nor are we that found of canines of most breeds but I do suppose one can forget that sort of thing from time to time."

"Magnus," The wolf spoke, causing Gabriel to pull back slightly as the wolf lifted his head out of a pile of books. "I've got a headache already due to being shot in the face; I've got enough crap to worry about already that pissing me off is a *real* poor choice!" He snarled, standing straight before his left side twitched, sending him to the ground in a crash and curses.

"Mind telling me what has required you to drop by in person so you can take care of yourself then? Then we can *both* get back to more favou-"

Before Gabriel could even react, the wolf slammed his paw into Magnus's chest, his jaw inches away from his Lord's face.

" ***NOT. NOW.*** " He growled loudly, pushing a bit more into the Primarch's chest with the wall behind them starting to groan in protest. "We have a crisis on our hands, and I am *NOT* in the mood for your smugness. The reason why *he* , and about seven or eight other people are now looping is because some moron got to my terminal that held your world and decided to use the list of people I had out as a guide to set looping." Sighing angrily, Fenrir dropped Magnus to the floor and stalked over to Gabriel, his left side twitching involuntary. "Right now, *gentlemen* , I am doing my best to get everyone to Ullanor to stop the Tyranid he set looping *from* looping."

Magnus froze at that piece of information. "Ho-"

"How did I let an idiot get to my terminal?" He turned his head to glare at Magnus, before staring *hard* at Gabriel. "Once we have some time, I will explain everything but I need you and your *DAMN CHAOS LORD WHO SHOULD STOP LISTENING IN AND GET HIS* ***BLUE FEATHERY ASS IN HERE BEFORE I THROW HIM INTO A FEW DOZEN-*** "

" *FINE!* " The Chaos God appeared in the room, glaring hard at the wolf before breaking eye contact. "What, by my name, do you want me do?"

The wolf god bared his teeth at the Chaos God before shaking his coat. "I need the Thousand Sons, Emperor's Children, Iron Warriors, World Eaters, Death Guards, and Word Bearers to Ullanor. Get Fulgrim, Perturabo, Angron, Mortarion, and Lorgar to lead their marines to Ullanor, and I need *you* , Tzeentch, to get your and the other three's daemons there too. You are to support the forces of the Imperium, the Orks, the Tau and the Eldar. Magnus, you and me are going to get the Necrons… Gabriel, you are coming with us. Tzeentch, after you organize the other three and send your troops to Ullanor, I will need you to contact Eldrad and make *sure* he knows what is going on too and get him to organize his race's forces. After that, you're to join the Emperor and starting making war plans. And tell Slaanesh to make doubly sure that those Dark Eldar behave around everyone else at Ullanor."

Tzeentch grumbled before nodding his head. "And I suppose you have a reason for why-"

" ***TZEENTCH!*** " Fenrir thundered, causing the Chaos God to pause. "I ***WILL*** loop you in as Discord when he gets turned to stone, a weeping angel in front of a fucking mirror and other, *still, unchanging people* if you do *not* shut up and do what I tell you *now!* " Fenrir snapped his head back to Magnus, eyes crossed for a moment. "Magnus, Gabriel, let's go *NOW!* " Magnus blinked before leading the way out of his library for the fuming wolf and startled Blood Raven, closing the door behind him.

Tzeentch sighed, rolling his eyes. "I *was* still here, you asses!" He shouted before going back into the Warp to do his Admin's bidding.

It was around noon on Holy Terra when the wondrous word came out about the return of the God Emperor to the Imperium and His promise to lead them all once more in glorious battle.

Any celebrations that were about to take forth were stopped when the orders came out that all of the Imperial Guards were to set out to Ullanor immediately, to stop a xeno invasion of unimaginable proportions with the aid of *other* xenos and the *traitors,* according to the words that a Greater God than the God Emperor Himself, a God in the shape of a beast that *ordered* the *Emperor* to fetch those xeno cow primitives!

According to the rumour mill, the whole reason for this was that the Greater God had Watched and Maintained their world, and that *another* Greater God had caused some damages to their World and that their Greater God, *Fenrir* if the rumour were anything to go by, was trying to prevent a greater risk from spreading to the other Worlds.

The implications were nearly overwhelming, but for the privates of the Imperial Guards it was something quite literally *beyond* them and all they had to do was hold the line until the Space Marines came, along with all the xenos, traitors and possibly even daemons!

The private began to nervously fiddle with his gear. If he'd heard right, they were fighting Tyranids, the whole lot of them. Being a relatively new recruit, he'd yet to go up against anything more than a few rebels and feral Orks, but he'd heard stories from shell-shocked veterans, of how they'd watched close friends be dragged off and eaten, of their weapons barely scratching the carapaces of the beasts, of platoons getting ripped to shreds by Warrior beasts…

Realizing he was hyperventilating, the private took several deep breaths to calm himself, folded his hands to say a quick prayer, and-

"Guardsman!"

"Ahhggghhh!"

Flailing in shock, the private tripped over his own feet and landed in an undignified heap on the floor. Groaning, he looked up and blanched when he saw the face of his unit's Commissar.

"Explain yourself," the Commissar demanded.

"Uhm…" the private said, getting to his feet and snapping a quick salute, "I...was concerned about the upcoming battle...given the stakes...so...I decided to take a moment to say a quick prayer to...remind myself that the Emperor protects."

The Commissar stared.

The private felt sweat form on his brow as he tried to maintain a confident expression.

After several uncomfortable moments, the Commissar simply nodded and went off to inspect the rest of the unit. Waiting until he was sure the officer was out of earshot, the private relaxed and heaved a sigh of relief.

Tzeentch grumbled as he returned to his spot in the immaterium. "And of course I get saddled with all the work. Definitely not as planned...KHORNE! NURGLE! SLAANESH! MESSAGE FROM THE BIG BAD WOLF!"

A presence of red revealed Khorne easily enough, and annoyed at the summoning. "Another of your tricks, Tzeentch?"

A solid mass of green showed Nurgle's presence. "Now now, Khorne, if it's from who it really is, it must be something very upsetting the status quo."

A wild writhing something of pink announced Slaanesh. "Considering you're the one showing excessive emotions, Tzeentch, this is gonna be good, isn't it?"

Tzeentch sighed and held up a hand to stop any additional quips. "You wish it were that good, but it's gonna threaten or empower all sides equally. Remember those annoying space bugs and that oppressive mind presence? Someone on the same level as the big wolf set one of them to be like us, which probably won't end well for anyone given their singular drive. Now the wolfie's running around trying to get everyone else in our corner of the multiverse to work together against the bugs this run so that the activated guy is killed and won't start looping. Before you start, Khorne, think of how much bug juice is gonna be flowing from both sides of the battle. Nurgle, if the bugs get through, you won't have fun with those diseases of yours if the only thing left to experiment on *is* the bugs. Slaanesh, the big guy had extra orders for you to keep the Dark Eldar in line. Gather everyone aligned to us and get to Ullanor, and yes, that includes the bloody hikki that is Lorgar, so drag him out to lead his legion if you have to. And no, hurting the others is not allowed, orders from the Big Wolf. That goes for your stealth sicknesses too, Nurgle. Now if you will excuse me, I have an additional errand to run."

Tzeentch's deep blue seemed to fade elsewhere, leaving the other three to get to their orders. "I still think it's one of his tricks!" Khorne shouted.

"Oh, put a sock in it, Khorne. Those bugs really do cramp us up more so than if the Necrons win in baseline. Better we get rid of them then deal with them forever." Slaanesh muttered as shi began to fade out as well.

"Agreed," Nurgle spoke up, acting as a middleman for the two other Chaos Gods. "I'll go get Mortarion to dig Lorgar out. You two remember to get Angron and Fulgrim, and remember to knock on Perturabo's fortress to get his attention proper." He faded out too, leaving Khorne alone.

"And I suppose," Khorne muttered to himself, "Fenrir would want the Black Legion there too."

With that, Khorne faded out too, do the bidding of his Admin.

Commissar Ciaphas Cain sat nervously in his office: His palms had been itching incessantly all morning. Seeing as his instincts had yet to mislead him and were currently screaming that something was seriously amiss, he had ordered the regiment to be ready to deploy at a moment's notice. While some had shown mild displeasure in having their leisure time cut short, no one questioned his actions: Given the state of the galaxy, it was always better to err on the side of caution, and all veterans understood the benefits of a healthy sense of paranoia.

Cain was broken out of his reverie as the door opened and his aide, Jurgen, poked his head through.

"Visitor for you Commissar," he called.

Understanding that Jurgen would not refer anyone to him unless it was important, Cain simply nodded for him to let their guest in. Deciding that some tanna would help calm his nerves, he poured himself a cup and quietly took a sip, a sip he promptly spat back out as the Captain-General of the Adeptus Custodes stepped into his office.

"Message for you from the Emperor Himself," the man stated, holding out an ornate scroll.

Ah, the other shoe drops, Cain mused to himself. Realizing he was still staring in abject shock, he quickly schooled his expression and accepted the scroll with all due reverence. Unsealing the scroll, he read through its contents, then did so several more times as the blood slowly drained from his face. Trembling, he resealed the scroll and handed it back to Captain-General.

Taking a moment to calm himself and holding onto the lingering hope that the Emperor had simply developed a rather twisted sense of humour, Cain asked, "This is accurate?"

"Yes," was the succinct response, and that hope was mercilessly snuffed.

A Looping Tyranid, Cain thought to himself as gave instructions to Jurgen to muster the regiment, *The situation is truly dire if our Admin is stepping in to take action.*

"I assume I am to go to meet Kaptin Bluddflagg with all haste?" Cain asked, sighing: He had hoped to avoid having to deal with the Ork Looper for at least a few hundred more Loops, but alas, it seemed fate was not so kind.

"No, I have instructions to deliver this message to Commissar Sebastian Yarrick and Inquisitor Amberly Vail as well: We will be collecting them first."

Cain's response was a simple nod. As the Captain-General left, Cain began making final preparations to depart himself. *Well,* he mused, *at least Yarrick's reaction to having to work with an Ork is going to be amusing. It will make for good blackmail material at any rate.*

"Uggghhh..."

The Stormtrooper Captain groaned and glanced down at his chronometer.

Fifteen hours. Fifteen. Frakking. Hours.

Fifteen hours of standing guard in the sun on this miserable backwater while the Emperor negotiated with those filthy xeno—Tau, he corrected himself. It didn't help that the Tau liked their cities austere: Everywhere he looked, he saw the same blocky building

copied and pasted ad infinitem. An Imperial world would at least have had something interesting to look at.

Seeing a patrolling Stormtrooper passing by, he flagged one of the man down.

"Soldier!" the Captain called.

"Sir!" the man in question said, stopping and snapping a salute.

"What are we still doing here?"

"Sir! Regulations state that all delegations must be accompanied by at least one officer and a full squad!"

"At ease," the Captain belatedly said upon realizing the soldier was still saluting.

The Stormtrooper gave a quick nod and lowered his hand back to his rifle.

"Alright then," the Captain continued, "I know what the regulations say, but...it's the EMPEROR that's in there. He doesn't NEED to be guarded, and even so, why aren't the Adeptus Custodes the ones here?"

"Not sure. Rumor has it that one of them managed to lose his kit and the Acting Captain called for a review of all security procedures."

"Are you serious?"

Meanwhile in the Warp...

A Thousand Sons Marine felt his jaw drop as he watched one of the Blood Ravens tend to a suit of golden power armor and an accompanying bolter.

"Where did you get that?!" the former demanded of the latter.

The Blood Raven spun around in shock.

"...we *found* it..." he said, glancing around shiftily.

"That's what I've heard," the Stormtrooper responded, "At any rate, it seems like we're stuck here until they get things worked out."

He shrugged.

The Captain sighed and turned to the Fire Warrior standing guard on the other side of the door.

"Do negotiations usually take this long?" he asked the Tau.

The guard shifted slightly.

"Not...usually..." he said, a slight hint of frustration tinting his voice, "I'm sure there's a good reason for the delay, but it isn't like the Ethereals to dawdle."

"Well, whatever it is, I hope it gets resolved soon," the Captain responded, shifting his grip on his rifle, "It's getting hot out here."

The other two simply nodded their agreement.

The Inquisition was the most feared organization in the galaxy, and while there were some who would say it faced competition from the Kabal of the Black Heart and the Black Legion, those people had a tendency to suffer unfortunate accidents shortly thereafter. An Inquisitor's will was absolute and the organization answered to no mortal authority: Only the Emperor had the power to command it. Most Inquisitors took the fact that no objections had come from the Golden Throne in ten thousand years as a sign they were doing a good job; those who pointed out the Emperor had been in no state to complain soon found themselves to have unknowingly committed numerous capital crimes.

Thus, there was understandable anxiety when the Captain-General of the Adeptus Custodes entered an Ordo Xenos fortress claiming to bear a message from the Emperor Himself. While there were many who believed it to be a hoax, none were willing to risk the Emperor's wrath on the off chance the message was legitimate. When it was further revealed the message was for a certain Amberly Vail, many had sighed in relief while those less heartless muttered a quiet prayer for their comrade's continued well-being.

On her part, Amberly was confused: she was quite certain she hadn't done anything to warrant the Emperor's attention this Loop. Aside from investigating some abnormal Tyranid activity, there had been nothing she had done that had been out of the norm. Leading the Captain-General to a side chamber, she accepted the scroll and quickly read through it. As she finished, a look of horror spread across her face before she quickly composed herself and handed the scroll back.

"Out of curiosity," she said after taking several moments to process the situation, "was there any given reason why I was requested as opposed to one of the Primarchs? The Orks respect strength after all."

"They were all occupied, and I believe there were some claims that you were one of the most stable and competent agents that could be called on."

At that moment, an interrogation could be heard taking place on the floor below.

"I am only going to ask this once more," a voice, presumably that of an Inquisitor, said, "What did the Eldar tell you?"

"I-I-I don't know w-what you're talking about," the unfortunate prisoner responded, "I-I've never met any Eldar in my life."

"Wrong answer!"

There was a crackling of electricity and a scream of agony.

"B-b-but...I'm telling the truth!"

Another zap.

"YOU WILL SPEAK WHEN SPOKEN TO!"

"Point taken," Amberly said dourly, silently vowing to give the idiot downstairs a stern talking to: It was people like that him that gave the Inquisition such a bad name.

Inside the fortress-monastery on Nocturnean moon of Prometheus, Vulkan was having a lesson regarding the technological differences between the Branches of Yggdrasil with his fellow looper He'stan. So far, aside from some issues of applying Xenos technologies on their existing equipment, He'stan had been a fast learner, which made Vulkan glad that there is someone shared his enthusiasm on technological advancement.

Their lesson were interrupted by the sudden appearance of Fenrir in his worse day, Vulkan immediately shown his concern while He'stan was confused by the situation.

"What's going on, Lord Fenrir?"

"I will be fine, but just listen!" Fenrir was irritated, "There is an idiot on my level set up an auto-looping programme while I was away. And the next one in the waiting line right now is one one the Tyranids, and the consequence of having an hive-minded looping race is too great for the Yggdrasil to withstand. Now gather all your men to Nostramo to get Konrad's Legion before heading to Ullanor to exterminate the Tyranids, that it all you can do to prevent the Tyranids looping! Now I am going to get the rest of the forces to Ullanor, and you should expect yourself fighting side by side with the other factions."

After that, Fenrir left without hesitation, with Vulkan thought about the situation.

When Vulkan realized the consequence of Tyranids being the MLE race, and the combat doctrine or gears of the Night Lords would be less effective in the upcoming battle, this could not be delayed any longer.

"He'stan! Gather all our Legion and all other necessary equipment, and tell them we are going to Nostramo provide any help or upgrades we can to my brother Konrad! I will explain the situation once you are ready." After He'stan left, Vulkan searched for his Subspace pocket, hoped that he had what his brother would need in the upcoming battle.

He saw the vision of his foreseeable future, where all sentient life were replaced by some biological terror that he had only saw in those materials provided by his Father. One by one, be it Eldar, Mankind, Orks, and many others, were nothing but fuel for the insatiable hive-minded beasts, not even the mechanical terror could be spared from their claws. Hopeless echo, fearful scream, meaningless groan, all the future could offered were emptiness devoid of true life.

Then the vision switched to several unfamiliar places, which presumed to be the other worlds mentioned by his Father. For those places which used to be the harmonic haven, there were still peace, but replaced by a sickening biomass instead of the lively prosperity. For those places which used to be the daemonic hellhole, there were still chaos, but exchanged by a terrifying hordes instead of the thrive havoc.

Konrad Cruze's train of thoughts about his vision were interrupted by his first Captain Zso Sahaal.

"My lord, the Salamanders were landing on our planet and Lord Vulkan demand the audience for both you and myself. He said we

must discuss the upcoming battle against the biological terror known as Tyranids!"

"Send them in!" He had to have his answer now if he don't want his vision became true.

When the looping Salamander, Night Lord, and their respective Primarchs sat in the private chamber, Vulkan explained the situation with serious tune to emphasize the graveness of the situation. With the Night Lords understood the consequences and their difficulty on fighting the Tyranids, Vulkan offered his gifts for both of them.

"I know your combat doctrine would not be that effective in this battle, so here are the gifts I can offer to you and we shall have our Legions ready with their new upgrades." He motioned for Konrad to watch the ebony-coloured ship, "This is *Ebony Chariot* I intended to give you as a gift when you have more experience of the time loops, but dire time comes dire measures. Please consider it as your first gift from your brother if that could ease your mind at the moment."

"Thank you, my brother."

"Hey! Angron!" Khorne called, materializing before the Daemon Prince in question, "A bunch of people including the Corpse Emperor are meeting at Ullanor to fight the Tyranids. I need you there to help them kill all the bugs."

"...what?" came Angron's response.

"Everyone's gathering at Ullanor to kill off the Tyranids. I want you there as well."

Angron was silent for a few seconds.

"...how many Tyranids?"

" *All* of them."

Angron considered this for a moment.

"Okay."

Khorne blinked: He had expected more resistance than that. Deciding not to look a gift horse in the mouth, Khorne shrugged and headed off to address other matters as Angron went to inform the World Eaters there was killing to be done.

Commissar Sebastian Yarrick looked over Hades Hive from the balcony of his estate, reviewing his actions thus far this Loop. As usual, he had Awoken too late to prevent the devastation of the Second War for Armageddon, but as consolation, he had managed to get the idiot von Strab executed for treason and incompetence: The man's expression as he faced the firing squad was something Yarrick would forever treasure.

Upon driving the Orks off of Armageddon, he had neglected to give chase as he had in baseline, having labeled the action as futile after a few Loops: No matter what he did, Ghazghkull would always manage to slip away to invade Armageddon again. After an Exterminatus he'd convinced the Lord High Admiral to launch had failed to eliminate the Warlord, he had quickly given up on killing the Ork before the Third War.

Rather than futilely trying to track down the Ork Warlord, Yarrick had this time elected instead to use his time to bolster Armageddon's forces in preparation for the Warlord's return. Using his knowledge of Ghazghkull's tactics and strategies, Yarrick had set off to create an intricate defense network that even the most powerful and determined of foes would have trouble penetrating. As Yarrick headed back indoors, he allowed himself a small smile: Even if Ghazghkull managed to get past the orbital defenses, he was sure the ground forces would be more than sufficient to halt the invasion in its tracks.

Yarrick was shaken out of his gleeful musings by his aide informing him he had a visitor. Nodding to let them in, he was slightly surprised when the Hero of the Imperium entered the room.

"Commissar Cain," he said in greeting, "I wasn't aware you were even in the Sector. Make yourself at home."

"Well...you see..." Cain began, "...they didn't want to cause a spectacle...and you don't exactly say 'no' to an Inquisitor...so..."

At this, Cain trailed off, wordlessly offering an ornate scroll to the aged Commissar. Frowning, Yarrick accepted the scroll and quickly scanned its contents. As he finished, his face became inflamed with rage. Before he could berate his fellow Commissar for playing such a sick joke, rage quickly gave way to horror as the other part of the message registered.

Cain watched as Yarrick appeared ready to explode before suddenly slumping and taking several deep breaths.

"This isn't some kind of trick?" Yarrick quietly asked, holding onto some last, desperate hope.

Cain slowly shook his head.

Yarrick sighed.

"Alright," he said, "Just give me a few hours to tell the forces here to relocate: We're going to all the firepower we can get."

Taking that as a dismissal, Cain turned to leave. He couldn't help but feel sorry for the man. As he left the room, he heard Yarrick quietly invoking every malediction he knew against whoever was responsible for the current situation: Misery loves company after all.

It was chaos, controlled chaos, on Ullanor as the pure human army of the Imperium of Mankind began to build the defense line against

upcoming xeno invasion. Buildings were converted and raised, as the army began to settle in for their toughest battle yet. In one section of the massive line of men, a sergeant looked over his soldiers. The sergeant nodded his head in approval of the flags being raised of the different sections of the Imperial Guards, flying under the Imperial Aquila which was flying under a *tree* , of all things. He was not particularly pleases about *that* one, but considering the ongoing rumours and talks about the truth of their world and this *Yggdrasil* , it was deemed important for moral by his superiors.

That and he wasn't sure if the orders he received were *actually* from his superiors but he was not going to be the one to question them.

Frowning, he noticed something out of place, which would not do well for an army that would soon be tested unlike ever before. "Guardsman!" the sergeant called out, annoyed that there were not others of lower rank to do this job properly but he needed to present a certain air to keep everyone *else* from panicking.

The man in question, a certain private, looked up in response.

"Help me unload some of these crates would you?" the sergeant continued, gesturing towards a shipment a Valkyrie had recently dropped off, "Command's dropping in munitions to set up a proper supply depot."

Nodding, the private put aside his lasgun and went to grab a crate. As he helped to move the supplies, the private's mind began to drift once more toward the coming battle. He tried to reassure himself, the tales he'd heard of battles against the Tyranids, of veterans watching helplessly as their friends were ripped apart and consumed before their eyes, did little to soothe his nerves. Shuddering, he took several deep breaths to try and calm himself. He suddenly yelled out in alarm as he tripped over a rock he had failed to notice in his musings, the contents of the crate he was carrying spilling all over the ground.

Spitting out a mouthful of dirt and quietly muttering a curse, the private dusted himself off and went to collect the scattered items. As he reached for a long-las and several power packs that had fallen onto a small ledge in a nearby ravine, the sergeant stopped him with a strong hand.

"Don't bother," he said, "There's another dozen boxes of those in this load alone. Just try to more careful in the future soldier."

Pausing for a moment, the private simply nodded in response, repacked the crate as best he could, and moved it into the designated building.

"I's Kaptin Bluddflagg! I's da Supreme Ultimate Warlord General of dis here WAAAGH! I's da Biggest! I's da Badest! I's got da most awsum Hat!" There were thunderous cheers from the gathered Orks as the sole looping space fungus murder machine shouted as he inflamed their Orkish love for WAAGH. The message he had got from the three hummies was so tantalizing and would enshrine his place as the Supreme Ultimate Warlord General for a dozen or so loops that it made the next bit seem so small and pointless. "Now, we's gonna take dis here WAAAGH, da biggest WAAAGH since ol' Urrlak Urruk's WAAAGH'd wit de Emprah himself, all da way to Ullanor, and den we's gonna join da humies-"

"Wat you mean join em'? Ain't we gonna foight em'?" An Ork shouted, causing the massive crowd to pause and think, a dangerous thing for any Ork to do.

"Yeah! Crunch da hummies! Steal dere stuff! WAAAGH!"

Bluddflag pulled out a helicopter minigun and swept through the rabbling Ork's before they could start a riot, or worse, *think* . "Now where was I? Oh, right. As I was saying, we's gonna join up wit da hummies -Not Fight Em'! Yet, anyways- and den we gonna grab da pointy ears, da chaos-boyz, and da Necro-bots, and dose pansy Tau boys, and we's gonna WAAAGH the biggest WAAAGH dat's ever

been WAAAGH'd against ev'ry last Tyrannid bug in da universe wit all dem guys!" The thunderous shout before was nothing compared to this cry of joy and WAAAGH and for a moment Bluudflag was certain he did his part when the previous Warlord spoke up.

Ghazgull stepped up to the stage, glaring at him. "Why should we's listin to you!?" He was silenced when a bullet tore through his shoulder. It did not do much damage to the Ork but it did draw attention to the two men climbing the stage behind Bluudflagg, the woman standing back to cover them if things went nasty...er. Plan Y it was then, to get his boyz to Ullanor.

"It's Old Man Yarrick!" An Ork shouted with awe and reserve as the fabled Commissar stood in the middle of the stage as some of the Orks actually started to bow *down* to him. "Da Orkyest Hummie Dere Was!"

"An Canny Cane!" As the other Commissar stood in the light, with the man groaning as shouts of "DA HERO OF DA IMPERIUM!" was being shouted throughout the crowd.

"We's all gonna die!" An Ork shouted, showing something of intelligence at the two most famous Orkest human was near them. The crowd now seemed to pick up on the possible danger of unending slaughter from those two hummies, and the crowd seemed close to panicking.

"Oh shut up you stupid mounds of green sludge!" Yarrick yelled, causing the warband to panic even more. It took another sweep of Bluudflagg's minigun to quell the noise with minimal success, but it quieted them enough for Yarrick to be heard. "Now listen up you great lumbering nimrods! The God Emperor of Mankind has risen from the Golden Throne, and has himself declared open war upon the Tyranid invasion fleet that threatens the galaxy. As these worthless xenos bugs are a threat to every being in this galaxy -nay the universe!- The Emperor has extended an invitation to all sentient species of the galaxy, to join him at Ullanor and have a hand in the

complete eradication of the entire Tyranid armada. Including, much to my chagrin, you insane green dolts."

"Old Man Yarrick's goin' to lead us on a WAAAGH?" An Ork shouted the question with many others, Ghazgull included, looking up in awe at that possibility. Before any of the humans could protest, Bluudflag saw the chance to solidify the Ork's part in this WAAAGH with da Emprah.

"With Old Man Yarrick and da Hero of da Imperium, this WAAAGH will be unstoppable!" His shout was barely heard now, the roar from the Orks nearly deafening by this point. If Old Man Yarrick, Candy Cane, and that hummie female were anything like those punny humans their ears would have bursted a long time ago. "Let's kick some bug ass!"

With that, all the Orks raced for their bikes and ships, with the humans sadly leading the charge to Ullanor.

Asdrubael Vect looked on in mild amusement as what appeared to be a manifestation of She Who Thirsts materialized before him, interrupting a meeting, and began to rant about a massive imminent Tyranid invasion and the need for him to gather his subordinates join forces with his Craftworld brethren and the lesser races to combat the threat. While he applauded the perpetrator's originality and audacity along with their ability to set everything up unnoticed, he was quite disappointed that any imbecile was willing to believe such a juvenile plot had even the slimmest chance of success.

"Right," he said, turning his attention to his Hierarchs while making sure to keep the fabrication in sight, "Which one of of you fools was responsible for this? Seeing as this was perhaps the most amusing attempt on my life to date, if you step forward now, I may make your death relatively swift and painless."

The fabrication began protesting its being referred to as such and being ignored. This only elicited a bark of laughter from the Archon.

"On second thought, considering the amount of effort you must have put into this, if you step forward, your death ***will*** be relatively swift and painless."

Upon seeing the confused look among the Hierarchs, Vect was officially impressed. Either the perpetrator had managed to browbeat the others into cooperating all the while evading his notice or was in fact a lower ranked Kabal member with an excessive amount of ambition and little in the way of common sense.

As the Archon continued to ignore hir in favor of grilling his subordinates, Slaanesh mentally groaned. Why, oh why, couldn't Tzeentch have been the one assigned to this? He was the Lord of backstabbers and manipulators after all. Shi continued to wallow in self-pity as Vect's mood transitioned from amusement, to pride, to anger, and then back to amusement.

"Very well then," he said, turning back to address hir with a slight, unsettling grin, "Perhaps you will be more forthcoming with information. To start with, who are you and who are you working for?"

Slaanesh resisted the urge to show any sign of frustration; this was going to take some time.

After almost a full day, Slaanesh finally departed Commorragh. Suffice it to say, it had not been easy to convince the Archon that a) This was not an elaborate plot by some upstart to seize power, b) Neither was this a plot by the Craftworld Eldar nor anyone else to get him to cease his raids on them and perhaps neutralize him permanently, and c) The Tyranid threat was very much real and he really should get moving. Even a promise not to feed on the Eldar's souls any longer had not helped matters: If anything, it had only invited a further round of interrogation.

As shi headed to meet with the Dark Eldar's less sadistic and rather boring cousins, shi made a note to apologize to Tzeentch for giving

him such a hard time over his antics. If these were the kinds of people he dealt with on a daily basis, the bastard had the right to be somewhat eccentric.

On an uncharted planet in an unknown sector, two men looked up from their reports as a scout came into the room with a scroll in his hands. As the man on the left waved him over, the one on the right continued to examine the others.

After a period of reading, the one on the right sighed. "It is as the others report said."

"Indeed," the other said rubbing his chin. "A great danger to our World is present in the form of a Tyranid."

"Are we in agreement to what we must do?" one said gathering his helmet, looking at the other.

"Yes, I do believe so." the second man responded, as he prepared himself. "We march towards Ullanor."

"Agreed." As the two of the opened the doors, they stood above the legion of similar looking men in similar looking armor.

"The Alpha Legion moves out in full!" Alpharius shouted to the cheering crowd.

"For the Emperor!" Omegon yelled out to their gene sons, gearing themselves up for battle

"For Chaos Undivided!" Alpharius roared, as their legion was nearly ready to depart in full.

" ***FOR YGGDRASIL AND LORD FENRIR LOKISON!*** " They shouted in unison as the twentieth legion departed towards the planet where the Great Crusade ended to make sure the end of all would not happen.

As Slaanesh materialized in Craftworld Ulthwé, shi quickly became aware of several things: chiefly among them panic and screaming. From a cursory glance, shi was aware of Warriors rapidly mustering their forces and civilians making a mad scramble for the nearest armory. Slaanesh sighed. While getting a rise out of the normally stoic Craftworlders was an activity that had entertained hir for many a Loop, now was not the best time.

Watching the Eldar running around like headless chickens and making fools of themselves, Slaanesh admitted to hirself that a more tactful approach would have been preferable seeing as no sane Eldar, in particular those of Ulthwé given the Craftworld's proximity to the Eye of Terror, would ever consider sitting down with The Great Enemy for a cup of tea and a friendly discussion. As battle lines formed and Wraithlords began pouring out of the woodwork, shi considered the merits of simply going home and Shanghaiing someone else into breaking the news to the Eldar.

Eldrad Ulthran was troubled. Ever since he Awoke this Loop, he, and every other Seer of any merit, had been aware of a great cataclysm about to descend upon the galaxy, yet despite all his efforts, even the meanest details of the event continued to elude him. Coming out of his latest failed divination attempt, Eldrad sighed. While he had learned to unwind and relax somewhat since learning of the Loops, his primary concern remained ensuring the survival of his race, something he was unable to do unless he could solve this latest mystery.

A sudden awareness of a disturbance on the Craftworld shook him out of his musings. Fearing the worst, he immediately grabbed his staff and rushed out to investigate and if necessary, render assistance.

Eldrad emerged onto a scene of what could only be described as pandemonium. Snipers lined the terraces while a battle line of Warriors and Wraithlords had formed with Guardians setting up

force-fields and moving furniture to create a makeshift barricade. When he noticed a pair of Exarchs dragging a struggling Guardian towards the Avatar's chamber all the while shouting insincere promises that their sacrifice would long be remembered, Eldrad decided it was time to intervene.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded, psychically enhancing his voice so all could hear him.

The crowd froze at the displeased voice of their *de facto* leader. After a few moments, one Guardian pointed a shakily at a particular corner of the courtyard while doing his best to look the other way. Looking over to see what had terrified the Guardian so and brought the Exarchs and half the Craftworld to arms, Eldrad let out a slow sigh as a certain Chaos God lazily waved back. Despite all pretenses of superiority, it seemed his race was just as lacking in basic common sense as any other.

"Yes," he said slowly, as if lecturing a particularly dimwitted child, "I am well aware that that is Slaanesh."

The crowd twitched at this.

"However," he continued, "had any of you taken a moment to think clearly, you would have noticed she has not acted, or even moved, in response to your actions."

Most of the crowd had the decency to look sheepish at this.

"Now then, seeing as we do not appear to be in immediate danger of eternal damnation, perhaps we should see why the Great Serpent has decided to grace us with her presence."

With Eldrad's assistance, it was a simple matter to deliver the news and convince the Eldar of the gravity of the situation. As Slaanesh headed back to the Warp, the denizens of Ulthwé quickly and eagerly prepared to contact the other Craftworlds and march off to war, unwilling to trade one Devourer for another.

Offhandedly pushing the Craftworld away from the Eye of Terror, shi set to drag Fulgrim, kicking and screaming if necessary, off to Ullanor. With any luck, it would a simple matter to convince the Daemon Prince; however, given the way things were progressing, it did not look likely.

As Tzeentch approached a different part of the Immaterium, his area of control seemed to compress slightly as a laughter closed in on all sides. Tzeentch sighed as it was a sign that he was in realm of Cegorach, the Eldar Laughing God. Clearing his metaphysical throat, Tzeentch hoped to get Cegorach's undivided attention, as unnecessary the gesture was, considering most warp beings did not wander into the laughing god's area of control due to the need for all four chaos gods having their forces to marshal against each other.

"Now that I have your attention, you're welcome to have your Harlequins come join us at Ullanor against the upcoming threat. The more the merrier, they say. Supposedly, the one the craftworld and harlequins call Gabriel of the Hidden Heart will be among them as well."

Tzeentch fluctuated momentarily to get a read on the other chaos gods.

"And it seems that both your craftworld and dark progeny have been informed by hir, which partially moots this 'incursion' into your zone. I'll go make myself scarce now since there are many plans to lay down."

As Tzeentch figuratively turned around and passed through a weakened portion of the laughing perimeter surrounding him and continued on back to his own territory when the laughter increased in volume for a moment and then stopped, a sign that Cegorach's presence had left the immaterium to supposedly gather the myriad bands of travelling Harlequins.

"Well, I hope it all goes to plan, Fenrir, because I don't want things to be like that variant loop where I needed to deal with those obscenity yelling Space Marines who make it their job to mess up my plans...come to think of it, Fenrir didn't mention any strategic planning. That won't do. Oh, that won't do at all...now where is that shriveled corpse of a leader of man at now… Ah, there he is. Thankfully his mark in the warp is like looking into a freaking lighthouse, after all."

And at that Tzeentch himself vanished from the Immaterium.

Mortarion knocked on the door of the Templum Inficio. When no response came, he did so again. When still nothing happened, he began bashing the door with his scythe.

"Lorgar!" he called, "Come out! There's something urgent I need to talk to you about!"

By this point, Mortarion's actions had begun to attract a crowd, with many wondering what it was the Daemon Prince hoped to achieve. As Mortarion continued to abuse it, the temple door suddenly opened just wide enough for a single eye to be seen through it.

"What do you want?!" Lorgar demanded.

"Hello Lorgar," Mortarion responded, "I-"

"I thought I made it clear that nobody was to disturb me!" Lorgar interrupted.

"Yes, but-"

"NOBODY! Now piss off!"

With that the door slammed shut once more.

Mortarion sighed. Despite being the one who had first opened their eyes to the truth of their father's Imperium, Lorgar could truly be a child at times. Realizing that there was nothing he could do, Mortarion decided to head off to see if Perturabo was willing to help him dig their brother out.

"Pull!"

At the call, a rocket shot up and across the city skyline. Moments later, an iridescent orb of plasma raced after it. Quickly catching up to its quarry, the plasma bolt barreled into the missile, the pair detonating in a spectacular explosion which drew applause from the spectating crowd.

Smiling softly, the Stormtrooper Captain lowered his gun.

When negotiations had the 34 hour mark, even the most disciplined of soldiers had broken. There was simply no point in guarding a building containing automated defenses covering all hallways and access points, a platoon of Crisis Battlesuits, and the Emperor of Mankind. Anyone mad enough to assault such a bastion was welcome to try: their idiocy would no longer taint the gene pool.

Stepping back, the Captain watched as his sole remaining competitor, a veteran Fire Warrior, stepped up to the plate. There had been an ongoing debate among the crowd over which of the two would come out ahead. Unsurprisingly, votes were split cleanly across racial lines.

"Pull!" the Tau called.

After realizing that they really weren't contributing to the defense of the facility, the Stormtroopers and Fire Warriors standing guard had decided to make better use of their time and had staged an impromptu trapshooting competition. That they were frivolously using munitions capable of destroying heavily armored targets never occurred to their sleep-deprived minds.

As the Fire Warrior lined up his shot, the crowd held its breath. The Tau fired. The shot clipped the missile, shearing off one of the fins before continuing on into the upper atmosphere, sending the missile careening off on a spiraling trajectory.

A cheer went up among the Imperials while the spectating Tau sighed in disappointment. After a moment, congratulations were exchanged before the crowd broke to find more ammunition for a second round.

The cheerful mood quickly evaporated when the out-of-control missile crashed into the compound they were supposed to be guarding.

Taking a moment to get over their shock, the group made to scatter, hoping that the blame would be pinned on someone else, when the door to the compound suddenly opened and the Emperor, followed by a stream of soldiers, poured out.

When the klaxons had gone off, the Emperor had anticipated anything from a preemptive Tyranid attack to a simple raid by a Chaos or Ork Warband that had yet to get news of the ceasefire. What he found when he got outside, the soldiers that should have been on guard standing around like deer in headlights, was not within expectations.

The soldiers stared.

The Emperor stared back.

A rocket launcher slipped out of a Stormtrooper's hands and clattered to the ground.

The Emperor narrowly resisted the urge to facepalm.

"Uhm...my Lord?" an Iron Warrior said hesitantly.

Perturabo looked up from the plans for his latest fortress.

"Hmm?"

"Uhm...Mortarion just showed up. He says he wants to see you."

Perturabo frowned, thoughts racing as he tried to figure out a reason for his brother to attack.

"He's alone."

Perturabo blinked as his mind screeched to a halt. The animosity among the Daemon Primarchs was no secret: For one to intrude on another's territory without an army at their back...

"Show him in then."

At least Mortarion was relatively easy to get along with. The less said about certain individuals (*cough*Fulgrim*cough*) the better.

"Brother, you are needed," Mortarion began without preamble, "Lord Nurgle informed me that the Tyranids are descending upon the galaxy in force. Somehow, their bulk has been diverted to Ullanor: the various factions have called a truce and are gathering there to fight the swarm. The Ruinous Powers have put aside their differences to combat the threat and wish for us to gather our forces and depart for Ullanor to aid the defense."

Perturabo simply stared: That was the most he'd heard out of Mortarion since...ever. Taking a moment to process what he'd just heard, Perturabo sighed. While he hated having to work with his "*Father"* , he would gladly do so if the alternative was having the galaxy devoured by Tyranids.

"...Alright," Perturabo finally responded, "but why are *you* here telling me about it."

"Lord Nurgle said that he and the others have their own matters to attend to, and...well..."

Mortarion trailed off.

"Yes...?"

"...and I was told to fetch Lorgar, but he's barricaded himself in his temple..."

"...and I suppose you want me to help you break in," Perturabo finished for him.

"...yes..."

Perturabo stared for a moment before ordering the Iron Warriors to move out and motioning for Mortarion to lead on. Lorgar could be a prick at times: It would be good to put him in his place for once. That that temple of his was an insult to architects everywhere had nothing to do with it.

The sergeant walked past the line of shaking soldiers, standing in their trench lines, bunkers, tanks and other varied methods of protection, and pointedly *not* at the approaching line of thundering carnifexs, threatening to break upon them any second. He did *not* think of the reports from the other sergeants, where their part of the line was being tested and they were doing poorly. If this was truly 'Lord Fenrir's' *master plan* , then *none* of them would live through this.

But they had their orders, from the Emperor himself. They were to hold xeno bastards back, and make *sure* that the Tyranids did not leave Ullanor until everyone was assembled.

"Men," he stopped in front of the Guards he was given charge over, looking at the private he meet earlier. "You know the truth of our purpose here. We are not expected to be the heroes of the day, we are not expected to be ones that slay all of the xenos, we are not going to be the grand heroes that save the day at the last minute." He saw them begin to shake at this, begin to doubt themselves. "We

are expected to be the *wall* that holds them back, we are expected to be the ones that stop *them* until the true might of the Imperium," he did his best not to pause while he spoke the revolting words, but there was a tiny hiccup. "The Eldar, the Tau, the Orks, the Necrons and the Chaos Traitors. We were given this task by the Emperor himself and the one that claims to the *true* god of this world. We were given this task, as if those xeno bugs were to escape from Ullanor, *all* would be lost on such grand levels I do not even *begin* to understand." He paused, turning around to stare straight at the Tyranids, roaring and shouting at them, almost upon them. "We were given this task of the greatest importance by the greatest of beings that we know because they *knew* no one else could do it but us." Pulling up his lascannon, he moved into the line with his men. "By the Emperor and Yggdrasil herself, let us *prove* that they chose correctly!"

With a shout of defiance, the Imperial Guards stood straighter and stronger. Their fear was gone and replaced with tranquility, that if they were all to die today, it would not because they broke under the weight of their fear but because their foes simply killed more of them then the other way around.

All the Imperial Guards earned their places in Valhalla that moment as the first wave of carnifexs broke upon them.

Returning to Sicarus with his fellow Daemon Prince, Mortarion watched as Perturabo analyzed Lorgar's fortifications before pointing out a number of weaknesses. Wasting no time, Mortarion smashed his way into the temple through one of the points indicated and quickly made his way to Lorgar.

"Listen up Lorgar," Mortarion said, pinning his brother to the wall before he could complain or run off, "As I was trying to say before, Lord Nurgle sent me with a message for you: You are to gather your followers and make your way to Ullanor and assist the Imperium, Eldar, Orks, and every other significant galactic power in exterminating the Tyranid race. Nurgle made it very clear we are not

to antagonize any of the other forces present and are to focus solely on eradicating the Tyranids. Do I make myself clear?"

Lorgar didn't respond.

"I said," Mortarion hissed, leaning closer, "Do. I. Make. Myself. Clear?"

Lorgar grumbled and reluctantly nodded.

"Good, I'll take my leave then. Don't dawdle."

Exiting the temple, Mortarion nodded his thanks to Perturabo who was currently busy fending off an increasingly hostile crowd. As Mortarion headed off to rally the Death Guard, he stopped as he was treated to the bizarre sight of Slaanesh dragging along a pouting Fulgrim followed by the latter's sheepish Legion.

"Not! A! Word!" Slaanesh hissed as shi took notice of Mortarion.

Mortarion raised his hands in surrender and let the God and his reluctant retinue pass: He had no interest in angering one of the Ruinous Powers after all.

On their way to Zantragora, Necron tomb world dedicated for the cause of Apotheosis, Fenrir and Magnus were having a conversation while Gabriel piloted their ship.

"Are you sure Rakszan would be there? You can't be sure after he left the planet where he was in the Great Sleep."

"He told me he was sharing the tomb world with his rivalry dynasty, and move away with his remaining legions would be safer for him to think about what he should do in the rest of the loop. And Rakszan believed Zantragora is the place where he would be welcomed."

"Fair point."

Gabriel Angelos of the Blood Raven, along with his Primarch and Fenrir, soon found Rakszan lead his legion of Undead guarding the entrance of the tomb world. Decided not causing too much commotion from the other Necron Warriors, Fenrir signaled Magnus for attracting Rakszan to a much covert place for the meeting.

Despite the feel of cautious by their presents, the Necron body showed no reaction, or any facial expression at all. So after a brief moment, Rakszan greeted them as he lead them into the tomb, "Human, what are you doing here? And why bring a beast with you? Some sort of companion?"

Fenrir stared at Mangus, shaking his head slowly. "Did you not mention my existence to him as well?"

"My apologies, I did not realize that informing others that our Admin was a giant wolf was something required in a Welcome Speech." Magnus snarked back.

"I must confess that the new information I am being forced to accept in these 'Loops' is hard enough, but the fact that our 'True God' is a filthy beast is one too mu-"

Fenrir's growl cut off the Necron, as his right paw placed his datapad on the floor, stepping forwards as he began to *change* in size and form, somehow becoming *enormous* enough to devour entire worlds and suns in a single gulp, but at the same time remaining the exact same size. His appearance changed as well, blinding everyone with His glory.

He opened His mouth and spoke to Rakszan in the ancient tongue of the Necrontyr, a sentence that caused the mighty warrior to fall to his knees and tremble in shame.

"I-I- my apologizes, oh great one." He could not weep but he still felt his body react to the old fears and reactions of such splendor and awe. "I did not know and I-"

"It is fine." Fenrir denoted, before returning to his normal un-deity form, placing a paw on his shoulder. "If I had my way, our meeting would be under far better terms. Not with all of Yggdrasil at the risk with the Tyranids possibly looping."

"T-Tyranids?" he asked, tilting his head as he stood up. "What is exactly going on here?"

"A friend offered to give me some leisure after working on your loop after the lost of that Branch, and when he went retrieve me, *another* person broke into my office and began to force people to start looping without any knowledge of who they were or what dangers they could posses. There are about eight or seven new loopers because of him and his damn program, thankfully none that overtly dangerous to Yggdrasil as a whole, but when I came back to work, he had put a Tyranid into his program. I'm still trying to decode who it is, I was actually working on it before I left for my break, but even if we knew, we must kill them all in order to prevent it from looping due to their hive mind possibly spitting it back out." Fenrir shook his head, placing a paw on his forehead. "If it were allowed to loop, it would bring *that* to the loops, and there is no way I could prevent it from becoming a MLE *species* . But since I have no way of knowing what the moron's program code could do if I tried the normal methods of prevent it from looping, like unleashing a Warp storm on the entire race," Fenrir snarled, pacing back and forth, "we have to go with the most basic of ways of preventing it from occurring. That means killing it before the loop ends or Leman dies. And since it is a Tyranid, it means we have to pull off a complete genocide on them until I am *sure* it failed to activate as a looper. I've already used what few powers I have in this loop to have them invade Ullanor and that is where all of us; humans, eldar, chaos undivided, tau, ork, and you necrons, will smash the majority. If, for some *damn* reason, it is a genestealer, the follow up will be much easier as I *should* be able to pinpoint the location of the last Tyranids and which one is the potential looper, if it comes to that. Now I need you to gather your races forces and follow us to Ullanor to support everyone else."

Rakszan nodded his head as listen to what the True God told him and what Lord Fenrir needed done. There was some issues with his plans; a bit bare boned and lacking detail but something told him not to provoke the Wolf God. Instead Rakszan asked, "How can I help you gain the firepower of the Necrons when I have such little influence on my fellow nobles? Not to mention I cannot order them without proper chain of command. Speaking of that, I just received word from the local Phaeron that he's sending the Canoptek Scarabs to where we are standing, as the detectors sense the intruders."

He then added, "Your appearance doesn't help the situation as my host decided to attack all of you and capture any living specimens for Apotheosis research right now."

Fenrir held up his datapad, "Not a problem. As I said before, I *can* alter the loop's history that you are in charge of all Necrons by altering the chain of command, but I will need time to make sure I use what little power I brought into this loop is used properly and efficiently. I'm running out of wiggle room to change things here and I *need* to make sure that my back plans *can* work if things go south on Ullanor. Magnus, Gabriel I need you two hold them off and Rakszan, I need you to command your army to hold them off from us as well while I get the coding alternated. And no, only your Necron Warriors would do the job, I know you don't want your dynasty's Immortals suffering any losses." Fenrir did not wait for any confirmation from them, already plowing through his datapad, lines of code causing Rakszan to feel physically ill from observing it. Turning his head away, he began to rally his own forces to support the two humans, already prepared to hold the invading forces

As the swarm of Canoptek Scarabs entered the scene, the Necron Warriors and the Primarch of the Thousand Sons and the possible splinter chapter Space Marine of the Thousand Sons were ready to face it with power they could not possibly expect. Emerald energy flash through the air by the Gauss bolts and the melee weapons. Psyker bolts and other out-worldly power flow across the rank of the Scarabs. Behind the defenders' line, ethereal codes flashed and

vanished in the blink of the eyes. Rakszan, on the other hand, carefully commanded his Warriors eliminate the offender effectively while keeping the casualty rate in a lower scale.

In return, the Canoptek Scarab swarm used everything they had to disable anything stand on their path. And the number was increasing for every seconds.

Magnus was too busy hitting the hostile Necrons with the pokémon moves he kept from his first fused loop that he failed to notice that he had been spun around as he knocked around foe away. Still in the midst of attack, he was unaware of the fact the next target in the line of fire happened to be a certain giant wolf and necron looper, setting them both on fire.

" *ARRRRRRRGHHHHH!* " Fenrir roared in pain, dropping the datapad as he dropped to the ground, trying to the put out the flames.

"! # !%$^#&*%^ Mangus the Human, was that you again?!" Rakszan shouted, his processing slightly damaged by the fire he already put out thanks to installing fire dampening attributes when hade had woken up from the long sleep, trying to fire back into the crowd, with his bolts being in flux. "My processing units are now *trying* to compensate for that raw power your damnable fire just gave me!"

Fenrir, after putting out the flames and ignoring his poor abused tail, gained an idea for how to crack the chain of command. He had been working on the code that would allow him to change the information with his own powers to no avail. But if he used *another* source, one outside his own, it could probably trick the stubborn code that it was not an Admin doing it but something natural to the loop itself. With that in mind, he yelled at the Daemon-Prince Primarch, "Magnus, I need you to apply low-powered lightning bolt on me between every minutes so I can finish the damn reprogramming. Otherwise, I wouldn't get the command code going!"

Magnus raised an eyebrow, but he decided against arguing with his Admin right now, especially after setting him on fire and singening his tail. Therefore, the weirdest part happened on this battlefield began: the defender was electrocuting the other member of their rank in the middle of the fighting, while the later was focusing on its datapad .

After what felt like an eternity, Fenrir yelled, "Done, now order the Necron to stop!"

Within seconds, all the Necron ceased fire, arms frozen and stood motionless as per order from the highest chain of command, Rakszan. He looked at the two humans and the True God that was shaking his fur out. "It is time to gather our forces and move onto the Final Battle." He spoke, nodding his head as the Necrons began to depart, going forth to the other Tomb Worlds as well as several offering support to Magnus and the other human. Standing beside the True God, Lord Fenrir, he issued one more command. "We march to Ullanor, and we shall support all races present to defend Yggdrasil from the threat of the Tyranid menace." With that, the three loopers and their god walked out of the tomb and into the open sky.

Ezekyle Abaddon, widely known as Abaddon the Despoiler, looked on in mild shock as the Blood God, Khorne, materialized before him. Understanding his Lord would not appear before him personally unless the matter was particularly important, Abaddon listened intently as Khorne succinctly explained that a great force was gathering at Ullanor to meet a Tyranid invasion.

"...and from what I've heard, the Corpse Emperor Himself even got out of his Golden Chair to join the fight. So anyway, I'm going to need you there as well." Khorne finished.

"I understand," Abaddon responded, "I am to meet the Corpse Emperor in combat and slay him. I will gather the Black Legion and depart at once."

"Uhm...actually," Khorne spoke up as Abaddon turned to leave, "I need you there to help him."

Abaddon stumbled upon hearing this.

"I'm sorry," he respectfully responded, "I must have misheard. Why are we to lend assistance to our greatest foe?"

"Well...because..."

At this Khorne trailed off. Dammit, his area of expertise was glorious battle and putting chainaxes to faces, not explanations and diplomacy.

"SLAANESH!" he bellowed, "GET IN HERE!"

"What is it?!" the Prince of Excess hissed, materializing, "I have had a very trying day what with that Vect character and the Eldar, and don't even get me started on that Fulgrim bastar-"

"Yeah, yeah yeah," Khorne interrupted, "Look, I'm going to need your help explaining the situation to Abaddon here: I'm no good at that kind of thing and Nurgle and Tzeentch are both busy with their own stuff."

Slaanesh suddenly became very still at those words. At that moment, both Khorne and Abaddon could swear they heard an audible snap.

Slaanesh's screams of rage echoed throughout the Warp.

The Emperor struggled to maintain an even expression as he watched the Ethereals performing some ceremony to finalize the alliance. The talks had proceeded smoothly after the trapshooting snafu (the Tau wanted to avoid further property damage), but it was truly baffling that they would take the time to draft a full legal document with the threat of universal annihilation hanging over their

heads. It was probably just a formality, but the Emperor suspected the Ethereals were simply taking one last opportunity to snub him.

Seeing that the Ethereals had finally finished speaking, the Emperor stood to say his part, the sign the treaty and end this charade. Before he could so much get out of his seat, there was a sudden flash of warpfire and the appearance of an all too familiar and entirely unwelcome visage.

"Hello Emps!" Tzeentch called, "How's it-"

Tzeentch cut off as the sound of several dozen plasma and pulse weapons being primed registered.

He glanced around at his surroundings.

"Uhm...is now a bad time...?"

The Emperor bashed his head against the table.

The private frantically worked the trigger of his lasgun, firing bursts into the densest pockets of Tyranids he could see. When the power pack ran dry, he hastily ejected and took a moment to glance around the battlefield while reaching for a replacement. All around, positions were being overrun, the sheer weight of the Tyranid forces pushing back the defenders. As a general order for all forces to fall back the next perimeter sounded over the vox, he noticed a Carnifex charging in their direction.

Doing some quick mental math, the private came to the sobering realization that the Tyranid would overtake his company long before they could reach safety. At that same moment, it appeared their Captain had reached the same conclusion, drawing his saber and ordering them to affix bayonets: If they were to die, they could at the very least do so while buying their forces just a little more time to fall back and regroup.

As the monster neared their position, the Captain climbed atop the fortifications and roared at it in defiance, the banners of the Imperium and the World Tree still whipping in the air mocking all the threat and danger the monsters possessed. Watching as the Tyranid reared to eviscerate the hapless officer, the private closed his eyes to mutter a quick prayer, an action mirrored by a number of his comrades.

The Imperial Guard had done all they could to hold back the Tyranids. If this was where they fell, then they would make sure that the monsters paid dearly for every last inch of ground.

With a cry echoing the weight of all that was on their shoulders, the private shouted with his comrades, "FOR THE EMPEROR AND YGGDRASIL!"

Magnus stared at the battlefield, currently dominated by the faltering forces of the Imperial Guard that were now being supported by daemons and the scouts of several of various Chaos Space Marine forces. He turned to Gabriel and Rakszan and nodded his head. Bowing his head towards Fenrir who was still working on his datapad, he prepared himself to give a speech as it was often the role of the man in charge.

"I suppose this where we part ways, Fenrir," he started, changing into his Daemon Prince form for the extra power it gave. "I suppose you have some way to comuinica-"

Fenrir let out a bark of laughter, shaking his head. "Parting ways, perhaps, but I am staying here." Tapping the ship with his paw, the mighty wolf shook himself and stood tall, placing the data pad onto his forehead where it vanished. Blinking with strange green eyes-by all things holy, it was *coding* !- Fenrir looked deep into Magnus' very soul.

"I am many things Magnus: the devourer, the one that will kill Odin in the end, the one whose presence was destined to bring the end of the world, the one would will swallow *all* of it whole. I am also a

single father of two, the second child to the most wonderful and crazy family, and boyfriend of the most beautiful woman I have ever met. I am an Æsir, the nephew of Odin Borson himself. I am an Administrator of several Branches of Yggdrasil, and I will *not* stay behind when one of *my* Branches is in the greatest danger *any* have *ever* known."

Facing a mighty hoard of Tyranids, he bared his teeth as he lowered his body, his jaw seemingly growing to impossible sizes. "I need not armor nor sword, for I have my fangs and speed. I have yet to fall in *any* battle I have been in, and this day will not be any different." Howling as he leaped into the Tyranids, slaughtering between his mighty jaws all that were not crushed when he landed. Pointing his head into the sky, he let out a mighty howl that was heard throughout the universe. **"I am Fenrir Lokison and this Ragnarok will end with us *victorious!* "**

With a mighty cry echoing Fenrir's, the Imperial Guard pushed back a wave of Tyranids as the sky opened up before them and the Imperium of Man and her new found allies began to rain down onto the planet in drop pods, roks, and all manner of aircraft. The prelude was over: at long last, the *true* Battle for Ullanor, and Yggdrasil itself, would begin.

TO BE CONTINUED

IN PART THREE OF THE

WARHAMMER 40KRISIS:

THE BATTLE FOR ULLANOR AND YGGDRASIL

Part Three of the 40Krisis

AN: First off, I wish to apologize personally for how long this took and I take full fault with the delay . Secondly, I wish to apologize again due to the fact what you are about to read is, at best, a near complete but still rough compilation of the final part of the Krisis . There are still details that need to be added in, but after speaking to the elected leader of the Infinite Loop community, it was agreed to best publish the final part and come back to it later on instead of dragging our feet in finishing it and not posting any new compilation chapters. So expect in the future this chapter redone, and more updates to come . Once more, I am sorry but without further delays, I would like to present:

The 40Krisis, Part III

Before he or his comrades could assault the monstrous Tyranid, they were interrupted by a deafening crash. Opening his eyes in surprise, the private was just in time to see an armored hand grab the beast and pull it away from his commanding officer. Screeching, the Carnifex struggled to turn and face its assailant when it was silenced by a sword being buried lengthwise into the back of its head.

Looking up to identify their savior, the private was shocked to see the snarling face of Primarch Leman Russ as he pulled his blade free and tossed the rapidly cooling corpse to the side. As more Space Marines began emerging from drop pods falling all over the battlefield and their Chaos brethren poured out of newly opened Warp rifts, the Captain quickly rallied the company and led the retreat. It seemed the Emperor had heard their prayers: They would live to fight another day.

Incinerating a nearby Zoanthrope and cleanly bisecting a Ravener that tried to ambush him, the Emperor took a moment to survey the battlefield. Noticing a Carnifex ripping into a group of Guardsmen

and Tau, it took him a moment to identify it as the one the settlers of Calth had named Old One Eye. Before he could charge in to slay the beast, something in the corner of his eye made him stop.

Turning, the Emperor watched as Angron tore through the Tyranid horde, the Black Blade reaping a dozen kills in a single swing. Recognizing an opportunity to reconnect with one of his sons, the Emperor drew his seldom used bolt pistol and fired upon a Gargoyle trying to approach Angron, gaining the Daemon Prince's attention. Wordlessly gesturing towards Old One Eye, the Emperor turned and ran towards it, allowing a small smile to form when he heard Angron follow. Parrying a blow intended for an unfortunate Guardsman, the Emperor felt his smile grow when Angron took the opening provided to deal a devastating blow to the creature, knocking it back at least a dozen meters.

Hissing as its wounds regenerated, the Carnifex charged in to engage the unlikely duo.

" **Angron,** " the Emperor began, blocking the Tyranid's initial strike, **"I want to apologize.** "

Old One Eye screeched in agony as Angron's blade sliced through the air to cleanly sever one of its arms, the limb in question landing near a group of Guardsmen who turned their flamers on it with savage grins.

" **Nuceria** ," the Emperor continued, " **Your comrades: the City Eaters. I was wrong. I shouldn't have abandoned them; I shouldn't have forced *you* to abandon them.** "

As the Carnifex struggled to compensate for the sudden imbalance, the Emperor took the opportunity to dart in and sever its opposite leg just above the knee joint. Taking advantage of the creature's surprise at suddenly finding itself another limb short, Angron delivered a savage kick to its midsection, sending the Tyranid reeling. Writhing in agony and its sense of balance in tatters, Old One Eye wobbled briefly then awkwardly fell on its side.

" **And afterwards** ," the Emperor went on, " **I should have been there for you. I should have explained my actions, helped you through your loss, not thrown you aside coldly expecting things to work out** ."

The Tyranid screeched in defiance before being silenced when Angron's blade pierced through its remaining eye into its central nervous system. Old One Eye twitched momentarily before falling limp, the Emperor incinerating its remains with a wave of his hand.

" **I can't blame you for your actions when I have no excuse for mine. Also, I know it's probably too much for me to ask, but can you bring yourself to forgive for me for all I did to wrong you?** "

"Hm?" Angron said, turning as it registered that the Emperor was *apologizing to him* , "Did you say something?"

This...was not the same Emperor Angron remembered from his youth. This wasn't the coward who had hid in his palace as his sons went off to war; this wasn't the tyrant who had ordered him hunted down like a dog when he disagreed with his methods. No, this was someone else, a warrior, a leader, someone who may just be worthy of respect.

The Emperor blinked, then chuckled. While it wasn't the response he was looking for, the fact that Angron had even bothered to acknowledge him was undoubtedly a good sign. Seeing a group of Tyranid Warriors in the distance, the Emperor pointed them out to Angron, and father and son charged into battle.

Fenrir dashed through the swarms of lesser Tyranids, his mighty paws squishing them flat as he ripped apart those he could reach with his jaws. He paid them little mind; they were not high enough on the Code to be considered the possible looper, he was focusing on bigger fishes.

His jaw pulled up into a smirk as Old One Eye's file was reported offline; he circled through the remaining Tyranids when he felt something slam into his back.

Commander Farsight waved his soldiers to him as he watched the Hierophant stepped onto the mighty wolf, forcing him into the ground. He knew that he must reach to aid the fallen wolf, when he saw the Bio-Titan's leg tremble. Looking at the impact crater, he watched in disbelief as the wolf was slowly standing up right-not as if in a struggle, but as one would causally stand up from a nap- and then *flex* his back, causing the Bio-Titan to tumble backwards.

Moving with incredible speed, the wolf grabbed the falling monstrosity's leg in his jaw and began to use it as a flail, clearing the battlefield for a great distance in a matter of seconds. As soon as the deed was done, the wolf threw the Bio-Titan to the side and leap after the Hierophant. Landing on it's chest, the wolf began to rip apart its neck, with the Tyranid flailing in futility as it tried to smack the wolf off of it.

The wolf then bit through the neck, and removing the head of the beast, tossing it to the side. Letting a mighty howl of victory, the wolf then bounded off, leaving Farsight in stunned awe.

Catachan Jungle Fighters were the best warriors of the Imperium in terms of jungle warfare, which was unfortunately not applicable on other terrains. Right now, they were about to be wiped out by the sheer hordes of Tyranids on the open field of Ullanor, and the presence of multiple Viciators didn't help the situation.

"Sir! If we don't have reinforcements, the line will be breached and we will fail to accomplish our Emperor's mission!", one of the privates of the Catachan Fighters reported to the nearby veteran sergeant.

"We will not surrender to those filthy insects! We shall hold the line and kill those vicious bugs, just like how we kill our first Catachan

Devils back home!"

At that moment, a group of Necrons in Acquisition Phalanx, a group of crypteks consisted of mainly plasmancers, and a legion of undying Necron Warriors appeared right in front of the despaired Catachans. The Necron Overlord in the middle of the Phalanx shouted his declaration, in a somewhat gleeful tone by a Necron's standard.

" **The first Viciator on this battlefield shall be mine!** "

With that declaration ended, the Necron Warriors carved their path clear of lesser Tyranids while their lord was busy ordering his Lychguards and crypteks to take down the Viciator with the best condition.

The private again addressed the sergeant. "Um sir, what's gotten the mind of that Necron Overlord?"

The Veteran Sergeant, who knew the story of Raid on Solemnace, could only reply, "Trust me on that my boy, you don't want to be his personal collection of history..."

While the rest of the Catachan Fighters resumed fighting the hordes of Tyranids, the veteran was left muttering, 'Whoever sent Trazyn to help us must be insane.' or something in similar style.

At another side of battlefield, Nemesor Zahndrekh could be seen having a conversation with Ursarka Creed, mainly about how to counter any titan-sized enemies in different circumstances.

"You can't hide a gigantic war machines in the middle of the enemy line without being noticed, my fellow Necrontyr. Any competent Necrontyr commanders shouldn't make such mistake, did your instructor told you any of this, young kid?"

"In the heat of the battle, who would noticed that there's a Titan in the middle of their ranks? And again, I AM NOT A NECRON!"

Obyron interjected, "Give it up already, General Creed, I had long abandoned any attempt to awaken my lord back to reality."

Zahndrekh sounded as pouted as he could, "Hey, I can hear you, Obyron. How many times did I tell you show some manner to our guests?"

Just then, a Hierophant was about to drop in the ranks of Imperial Guards and the Necron Warriors, Creed shouted, "Look out!"

The said Hierophant was soon blown apart by the Obelisks placed by the command of Zahndrekh before it was landed on the battlefield.

"See what I mean? You can never hide any gigantic war machine forever and not to be destroyed."

Creed was speechless, he thought that any attempt to infiltrate the rank of Necrons must be reevaluated after the battle.

At the orbit of Ullanor, Rakszan was on one of the Doomsday Ark commandeering the Necron Armada to fight the Hive Fleet while arranging ground force placement to help the defense line. He had to ensure no Tyranid reinforcements could penetrate the allied forces or broke through the quarantine zone near the space of Ullanor. Then one of the holo feed showing the ground battle caught his attention.

Lord Commander Dante of the Blood Angels was leading his 3rd Company held the hordes of Tyranid ground forces with easy, but the situation dramatically turned downhill after several Harridans arrived. None of their weaponry could do large amount of damage in short time, any minutes later and the line would be breached.

Initially, Rakszan wanted to sent a random Necron Legion with anti-air firepower to assist the struggling Blood Angels. However, the experience of several baseline told him he should sent the only Necron Overlord that had cooperated with them at the end of 41st

Millennium to ensure the success. After all, his former Majesty had been fighting side by side with the Blood Angels against the Tyranids, and friendly faces could ease the tension between the two groups.

Despite the decision for the Necron reinforcement had been made, Rakszan felt it wasn't enough to boost the low morale of the severely blown Blood Angels. They needed a spiritual leader, aside from their Lord Commander, and the Emperor who was on another side of the battlefield, to raise the already depleted hope of victory. Then he remembered what he had heard about the Imperium lores of the Saint Sanguinius, who had been their Primarch and inspiration. But he had been slaughtered by another Primarch Horus, only if the True God could revived him...

With that in mind, Rakszan gave his former Silent King an instruction to assist Lord Commander Dante, and proceeded to contact the True God about the revival of Sanguinius.

Dante had never felt hopeless in all his years of fighting, as he was sure that it would be him who would became the defender of the Emperor of Mankind. This belief only straightened when the Emperor announced the Crusade against this biological terror named Tyranid. However, it seemed that he would never fulfill the role today because of those damned flying creatures.

However, he still needed to boost the morale of his men, so he shouted the same declaration to his battle brothers, "For eleven hundred years, I have fought and I have seen the darkness in our galaxy. I have seen the vileness of the alien and the heresy of the mutant. I have witnessed the sin of possession. I have seen all the evil that the galaxy harbours, and I have slain all whose presence defiles the Emperor. I have seen what you will see. I have fought what you must fight, and I have slain what you must slay... so fear not and be proud, for we are the sons of Sanguinius, the protectors of Mankind. Aye, we are indeed the Angels of Death!"

"WE ARE HIS ANGELS OF DEATH!" the Blood Angels chorused.

Then, a flash green light appeared in front of them, with a Necron Overlord leading the Triarch Praetorians, Triarch Stalkers, and a few Obelisks. The Necron Legion immediately opened fired on the Harridans while their leader addressed the Lord Commander.

"Greetings, Lord Commander Dante. It's been a long time since our departure at Devil's Crag, I hope I am not late for the reinforcement."

"Not at all, Lord Szarekh. At least my battle brothers have the chance for regrouping, but I am more worried about their morale when they are having their break."

"Lord Rakszan had mentioned about that loss of morale, and he said he would ask the True God to do something about that. Speaking of that, what would happen if the True God revived your Primarch?"

Dante was taken aback by the very idea, if that was not an outright insane one. On one hand, the Inquisition would tried to find any evidences of heresy behind the revival of their Primarch. On the other hand, the prospect of their Primarch's return would greatly boost the morale of not only his battle brothers, but the entirety of the Imperium with the Angel's return.

Then, a golden light flashed and a figure in winged power armour emerged from the portal. The Blood Angels were all shocked to see the figure was none other then their dead Primarch, alive as his time of walking along with his Holy Father. Standing in pure light and adorned in his flawless golden armor, he looked up his gene sons.

"My fellow sons of Angels, I, Sanguinius, have come back from the graveyard of Baal! I wish I could properly express my feelings for what you had endured in the all the years of my absence, but the foul creatures known as Tyranids give us no time for closure. I wish to ask one thing; are you ready to stand up again and fight for the future of the Imperium, and by extension, the entire universe?!"

"YES WE DO!"

"Good, now we shall march forward, and give hope for those who need courage to fight on. From now on, we are the Angels of Hope!"

"WE ARE THE ANGELS OF HOPE!", with that, The Blood Angels and their Primarch resumed their battle, with cries of joy and relief being heard throughout the battlefield at the Angel among them once again.

Szarekh and Dante were left speechless for the event. The former Silent King could not believed this Primarch of theirs was that influential towards the Blood Angels while Dante was left wondering about the power of this Wolf God.

Dante couldn't help but asked, "So the Wolf God could enact his miracle by his pawns?" Szarekh was about to replied when Rakszan interrupted him via secured channel.

"No, Commander Dante. Our True God refused to enact the revival as he fear that it would damage our world with disastrous effects considering the situation we are in now. What I am hearing from the True God about the revival of your Primarch is that he suspects that the Tree of Worlds might have something to do with it, as it loves to play with the odds in the most grandest of times. However, it may not last long for the universe is in the mess or his actions are no longer needed."

"Let me get it straight, you mean our Lord will not stay for much longer than the Battle?"

"No one knows. Still, what a miracle from the Tree of Worlds, don't you think, Commander Dante?"

"Indeed, Lord Szarekh. How about we fight side by side with Lord Sanguinius to have a better understanding of this great miracle?"

Both of them silently nodded and resumed command on the battlefield.

Gunnery Sergeant "Stonetooth" Harker roared as he fired his heavy bolter, Payback, into the Tyranid horde, each shell blowing a messy hole into the hapless creature that happened to be in its way. Noticing a Ravener attempting to blindside him, he dropped his weapon and turned to punch the surprised Tyranid in the face, knocking it onto its back. Stomping on it several times to ensure it was dead, he nodded in satisfaction before retrieving his weapon and continuing to mow down the enemy forces.

Meanwhile, nearby Space Marines stood in abject shock.

"What...but...how...?" a Thousand Sons Marine sputtered as he struggled to comprehend the illogical sight before him.

"Don't ask," his companion, a loyalist Blood Raven, said, firing his comparatively unimpressive bolter into an approaching Gaunt, "Just...don't."

"Chapter Master, the Tyrannofexes are falling back! Victory will be ours!" Honour Guard Captain Diomedes of the Blood Ravens said enthusiastically.

"I see, Diomedes. But we must continue the fight to ensure the ultimate success of this battle."

"Chapter Master, Diomedes, their retreat was far too regular and rhythmic for a total defeat, and the smell from those foul creatures doesn't seems right to me..."

Just as Cyrus was about to proceed with the analysis, the seeming "blood" of those Tyrannofexes burst into some small Tyranid lifeforms, and the scent had already attracted a swarm of Hormagaunts that descended upon the front line of Blood Ravens.

"Brothers, prepare for an underground attack from the pests!"

"You heard Cyrus! Fall back!"

The warning was not too late, as only a few were swallowed in the stomachs of those underground worms.

"Diomedes, Cyrus! We are far too outnumbered! Brace for-"

Angelos' voice was drowned out by the sound of Rok bombardment from the orbit of Ullanor; one of the Roks even hit a Bio-Titan in its head. Afterwards, Kaptain Bluddflagg's shout could be heard from the *Judgement of Carrion* .

"You humies love dat? Dat'z the propa smakk second to dat you Chapy had enjoyed! WAAAGH!"

"Um, Chapter Master, mind if you enlighten us as to whatever the Ork was talking about?"

"NO!"

"Keep firing!" the Sergeant yelled to his squad as they pumped round after round into the approaching horde.

While dozens of Tyranids were cut down with each passing second, the squad was rapidly running out of ammunition and the swarm showed no signs of thinning. It was only a matter of time before they would be overwhelmed.

Just as one member announced he had run dry, the stopped firing and looked on in shock as an Ork suddenly revealed himself amidst the Tyranid horde. How had they *missed* that? As the horde turned to face the intruder, the Ork began to throw fistfuls of grenades in all directions while the squad of Guardsmen wisely used the opportunity to flee.

"Stikkbombs! Stikkbombs!" Spookums yelled as the explosions began to scatter the bugs and send the survivors scurrying away.

Seeing as the crowd had thinned somewhat, Spookums pulled out his speshul shoota and began firing at the clusters of stragglers.

"Sneakin' iz what I do best," he declared as he pulped another handful of Gaunts, "dat, and killin'."

"KILL! MAIM! BURN! KILL! MAIM! BURN!"

Khârn was having the time of his life. When Angron had gathered the World Eaters and informed them of the situation, Khârn, like his brothers, had been ecstatic. While the fact that they would have to work with the Corpse Emperor and his lackeys was a bit of a turn off, the chance to fight and kill the entire Tyranid species more than made up for it: It wasn't every day one had the chance to participate in multilaterally sanctioned genocide.

Most Chaos Space Marines had long since learned to give Khârn a wide berth when he was in his "happy place" (remaining out of arms reach was mandatory while a distance of one kilometer or more was recommended) and had been quick to spread the word once it became known the infamous Berserker was to take the field. The saner members of society had been quick to follow that advice once the killing had begun.

As Gorechild cleaved through a group of Raveners and hapless Ork (the latter eliciting a round of laughter from the victim's erstwhile comrades), Khârn took a moment to glance at his kill counter: It was approaching twelve thousand. Given the time of day and the seemingly endless horde of victims before him, he'd eclipse his old record easily. Realizing he had spent a whole three seconds standing in place, Khârn charged at and planted his axe into an approaching Carnifex: He had to make up for lost time after all.

The Space Wolves quietly growled, firing ceaselessly at the approaching Tyranid horde. They knew not of how the battle progressed, only of the order of their Lord Russ and Lord Fenrir to suffer not a single Tyranid to live. They would see this order fulfilled or give their lives trying.

"Brothers!" Logan Grimnar, Great Wolf, called as their weapons ran dry and the horde approached, "Though this may be our last battle, let it be known the Wolves did not die quietly!"

Just as the Chapter was about to be overrun, a voice called out from above.

"No! Not as long as the Lion still roars shall the Wolf fall!"

At that moment, a giant jumped from a descending jetbike into the swarm, slaughtering dozens with scornful ease. He was soon joined by battle brothers of the Dark Angels, White Scars, and their successor chapters, who upon emerging from their pods immediately turned upon the rapidly thinning horde. As the surviving Tyranids began to flee, the Wolves realized just who their savior was.

They were interrupted as a second jetbike landed beside Lion El'Jonson, its occupant, Jaghatai Khan, giving a brief nod to the gathered Wolves before accelerating into the swarm with a roar, broken corpses left scattered in his wake.

Blinking away their shock at being in the presence of not one, but two Primarchs thought long lost, the Wolves charged back into the fray, unwilling to waste the second chance they had been given.

"TO GLORY, BROTHERS!" Grimnar called out, "FOR YGGDRASIL AND THE EMPEROR!"

(still need to write more for before this, Evilhumour)

As Fulgrim glared up at the filthy xeno that was slowly crushing his chest inwards, he was about to curse the Iron Hands when a massive black blur tackled the bug off of him.

With a roar, the strange grabbed the Tyranid by the head and with a flash of silver, pulled the head with several organs still attached to it. With a powerful kick that sent the corpse back into the horde, the warrior reached behind him to pull out an impossible hammer and slammed its eagle's shaped head into the xeno's skull. It quickly resembled paste, squashed into the very ground.

The warrior spat on the destroyed bug and spun around, marching towards Fulgrim, the daemon prince trembling in disbelief at what he was seeing, the men of the Tenth Legion in awe of who was wearing the polished black armour.

Looking down at the former Primarch of the Third Legion, Ferrus Manus looked up and down his serpent's form and gave a bark of laughter, "By the Throne brother, did you forget that *I* am suppose to be The Gorgon and you are to be the pretty one?"

With that, the brother leaned down and pulled Fulgrim to his full height and gave him a brother's embrace.

"By the warp, it *is* you Ferrus," Fulgrim said with a hushed tone, his warp addled mind becoming clear for the first time in millennia. "I-I - what I did to you-"

"Can be addressed later brother," Ferrus said in a tone that left no room for any argument. "What was broken between us can be mended, and I will see to that it *is* mended." The Primarch then sent a cutting glare into his gene-sons, ashamed of how they were willing to allow Fulgrim die, despite the need for all warriors in this grave battle.

"As will I," Fulgrim said, tears flowing from his eyes, determined to make sure his brother's oath was carried out. "Shall we go forth?"

"Not without this," Ferrus said with smile on his cragged face, handing over a golden sword, the *Fireblade* reborn once more. "As before?" he asked, lifting *Forgebreaker* with ease.

"As before." Fulgrim declared, drawing his gene-sons to him with a mighty shout. Ferrus performed one for his own Astartes and together, the Gorgon and Phoenician lead a mighty charge that slammed into the Tyranid's force that pushed the xeno's back, the promise of restoration of what once was lost were without doubt.

(need to write more for this)

Abaddon stood up above the False Emperor. This was his chance, the chance to kill the Corpse Emperor once and for all.

"TODAY, YOU WILL *DIE* !" He shouted, holding Drach'nyen over the fallen fool only for someone to grab his arm and stop from him killing the fool in gold. Snarling, he turned around shouting, "WHO DARES!?" only to stop in terror and disbelief. " *YOU!* "

The man in front of him nodded his head, pulling in all his might. "Yes, *me* ." With that, Horus Lupercal used his Warp powers to smite Abaddon where he stood, erasing his soul and mind completely.

As the champion of Chaos Undivided fell to the ground as an empty husk of a shell, the man held out a hand to his father, helping him to his feet as he looked at the Black Legion.

"My sons!" He called out, drawing attention from every corner of the battlefield. Fenrir himself stopped mid attack, watching in horror was Yggdrasil was starting to process Horus Lupercal looping codes through his very eyes. "Remember where you came from, remember your oaths! FOR THE EMPEROR!" He shouted, firing another massive blast of Warp energy into the vast hoard of Tyranids before he was swept away from the very forces he just used.

As the form of Horus faded back into the aether, a stunned silence was left in his wake. Reactions varied among those gathered. The Tau who bore witness to the event were left struggling to comprehend something that could be explained by nothing other than magic. Many members of the Black Legion looked on in shock and reverence at the reappearance of their lost Primarch and Warmaster while others stood with sorrow and regret over how far they had fallen. Imperial forces were torn between anger that the traitor dared show his face again and gratitude for his saving of the Emperor. As for the Emperor himself, he merely looked on with a soft smile and shed a tear at having had the opportunity, however fleeting it was, to once more see his most beloved son as he once was before everything had gone horribly wrong.

All were broken out of their reverie by the screams of a platoon of Guardsmen being torn apart by a Carnifex and the laughter of an Ork Warband as a swarm of Hormagaunts devoured a mob of Gretchin. Remembering a battle for the fate of the galaxy and Yggdrasil was still raging around them, they quickly rejoined the fray; Horus' spectre could be discussed at a later time: There were more pressing concerns at the moment.

Before venturing forth, the Black Legion took a moment to heed their Primarch's final orders, shedding what symbols of their allegiance to Chaos they could while one of them produced the battle standard of the sixteenth Legion. As fire rained from the heavens and the sky came crashing down, the Luna Wolves would fight alongside the Emperor one last time.

With a shout of a single word they rushed forwards; it was a word not heard across the battlefield in ten thousand years, a word not spoken with the same devotion since the golden days of the Great Crusade of the Imperum, a word not empowering since the days when both the Emperor and the First Primarch found fought side by side.

Lupercal

Thus, the last of the Legions had found its way home at long last.

Mortarion watched the battle before his eyes with thoughtful expression.

Granted, he might have followed the order from his lord, Nurgle, to contribute the Death Guards' force into this battle of survival, and his Legionnaires did the jobs well in the battlefield. However, he was reluctant fighting side by side with any of the factions above and below the atmosphere of Ullanor. Tyrants of Mankind and xenos filth, just what he wished to eliminate once he had the chance. Come to think of it, should he help those aforementioned abominations who tolerant each other's presence personally?

Just then, he witnessed the commotion between his Father, Abbadon, and to his surprise, Horus! How could Horus forgive the False Emperor so easily after he was died by the hand of that man! Shouldn't he embraced the Ruinous Powers during the Heresy? Why would he swore his loyalty back to the Imperium again? By costing his own second chance of life?

Speaking of that, he remembered how a certain Supreme Grand Master of Grey Knights betrayed his brothers just for the pitiful "redemption", was that the same reason Horus ever came back from death? After a moment of hesitation, Mortarion made up his mind.

He would come to this battlefield and fight side by side with one of his Father's Legion, if Horus deemed the Imperium was worth of joining again.

Eldrad Ulthan had witnessed the prowess and tactics of Tyranid Hive Fleets during his life of infinite loops, to say that he had adequate knowledge against the Great Devourer was an understatement. He had every single confidence that he could lead his kin against Behemoth-sized Hive Fleet with minimal casualty, and believed his

kin and their dark cousins could make it out of of this greatest extermination before the confrontation.

Yet, all the Great Seer could see before his own eyes was the endless hordes of hideous creatures, with the only instinct of devour and slaughter, marching towards the Eldar defense line. What made him angry and desperate was the growing number of mocking Zoanthropes locked in battle against the proud defenders with their disgraced movements and psychic might. It was painful for him to admit his kin would never reach their former Empire's peak in the limited time of the loop, after this battle of survival ended in their favour or not.

Come to think of it, Eldrad turned his glance towards the other factions on the battlefield and thought about their situation. Aside from the greenskins and the followers of the Ruinous Powers, who were having their own brutal fun, the others knew better that they would never have their full might against each other. Yet, whether they were frightened or not, they still fought on for their kins' survival. Just then, his train of thoughts was interrupted by one of his fellow Seer Council members.

"My Great Seer, we should leave the battlefield for those primitives to fight on, and we shall pick the fruit of their conflict for our own favour. Without the threat of both sides, the proud race of Eldar will once again rise from the ash and prosper forever."

All he met was the stern and disapproval expression of his superior.

"You shall be ashamed for your ungrateful words, my naive Seer. Back in the days of War of Heaven, we were not the only race facing the doom of existence, there were Krorks, Jokareo, and many others. Had our race ran away from the battle of survival? I thought not. It was by the combined effort of different races that help us survived the darkest time before our Empire's beginning, and we had became the greatest ruler of the galaxy all by our own will, not by some coward approach." Eldrad turned towards the other members of the Council, "At this dreadful moment, it was all like the War of

Heaven once again. If history have offered a great lesson right now, it would be through solidarity comes final victory. I do not need to remind you our enemy grow in number by feasting on the fallen organics, such that leave the others for their own would only satisfy the Hive Mind of the Swarm. Heed my words and resume our battle, for we have nowhere to hide anymore."

The crowd glanced at each other, then slowly nodded and return to their duty. It never was the time for cowardice in the risk of doom.

Grey Knights were known for their prowess against psychics and daemons within a small portion of the Imperium, especially the Inquisition. A small number of Tyranids with psychic powers were a piece of cake for the secret Legion, but a horde of pest infestation? Not so much.

When the Knights were in the desperation again, they expected their Supreme Grand Master, Kaldor Draigo, reunite with them against the horrors of Hive Mind's minion. Instead, Mortarion appeared within their rank, and banished the swarm with his daemonic power. While the Daemon Prince continued his fight, he gave a speech to the astonished Grey Knights.

"Your blessed Janus had betrayed his brothers just for his visions of redemption, your beloved Kaldor Draigo had carved his predecessor's name on my heart, yet I come here and help your pathetic Legion. That is because I wanted to know whether your Imperium was worth rejoin, or simply cease my hostility against what you swear to protect. Show me your worth and prove to me that Janus' legacy was right or misplaced!"

The Grey Knights were angered by what the traitorous Primarch said, and all of them were eager to resume battle, not willing to be belittled in front of him.

There was the sizzle and crack as more of the foul xenos fell to the might of the Thousand Son's mighty power over the warp, but they were aware of the facts that this was a battle they could not win.

They were outnumbered beyond what they were used to, they were far too close to the battlefield for their likening and the damn Tyranid forces were starting to overwhelm, more appearing on the battlefield then what they could slay.

Alongside the Prodigal Sons, the Warband of Sekoth and the Rubric Marines, they fought with everything they had under the orders of both Lord Magnus and Lord Tzeentch, the later quickly cutting down any who dared to say or think otherwise.

As a massive horde of the Tyranids began to swarm towards the XV legion, they heard two sounds; neither made any sense.

With a howl as the prelude, they heard a voice call out for the defense of their brothers.

Suddenly, blue-grey Astartes leaped over their heads, crashing into the Tyranids and halting their advance. A large Space Wolf landed in front of them, a growl heard clean through his helm. With a tilt of his head towards a clearing where two giants were fighting back to back, the message was suddenly clear: the VI legion would act as a barrier for the XV legion to smash with their psyker powers.

After all, if their genefathers were fighting side by side, how could they shame them by refusing to do the same? With a shout, the two legions fought as one, beginning to carve a path into the Tyranid mass, with the flow of battle beginning to turn in their favour at long last.

Fenrir shook his head, looking beyond the clearing in the battlefield and at the coding of this branch at the same time. It was still a poor choice for him to do this; but he *still* needed to figure out *who* the fucking Tyranid looper was, the numbers were low enough that it

might not loop anymore but the code *still* refused to give him a fucking a name!

"Ho Fenrir, how goes the battle?" Fenrir's ear flicked as he saw Leman a far distance away, breathing heavily from the battle. *Everyone* was worn and tired from this damn fight, even himself. They were close to winning it and *still* there was no resu-

"LEMAN GET DOWN!" Fenrir roared as a massive four armed Tyranid smashed two blades into the Primarch, sending him flying through the sky and crashing into the hard rocky ground with a sickly sound. He was about to leap towards the Tyranid when the coding in his eye flashed bright and startled him.

Possible Looper detected: Tyranid classification: The Swarm Lord

Possible Loop Activation: (I'll let someone else help me figure out the numbers)

Fenrir's blood ran cold, seeing the Tyranid in question that the idiot tried to get looping. He did not know how things could get worse but he di-

" *DEATH TO THE PRIMARCH! ONCE YOU ARE DEAD, THE TYRANIDS WILL BE ABLE TO ACCESS YGGDRASIL AND CONSUME ALL!* " the monster roared mentally, the makeshift translator for hivemind *screaming* inside the Admin's head before breaking apart. Shaking its head, the Tyranid started run towards the down Primarch.

Fenrir froze, tumbling over his paws from the mental blasting and the information he just heard. Fenrir shook his head, muttering in total terror at the worst case scenario was coming into effect.

"It knows of the loops..." he spoke softly before he shook himself out of his stupor. " **KILL THE SWARM LORD! HE IS THE TYRANID LOOPER AND HE KNOWS OF THE LOOPS AND KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF HE KILLS LEMAN!** " He roared out, letting all

those close to know of what was happening and to aid the downed Anchor.

Freki and Geki were the first on the scene, bounding over their fallen pack brother, one with bright white and red coating with a massive chainblade on its back and the other wearing a green cap with a massive chainblade version of the Mastersword in its mouth, clearing the distance with ease.

But they were tired and panting hard, their footing sloppy and eyes slightly unfocused. The Swarm Lord was fresh in battle and clear in mind The Tyranid leaped over the two Frenis wolves, surprising them both. Before either wolf could react, the Tyranid smashed them both away with its tail, knocking them into cliffside hard.

(change in numbers going up)

"DEATH TO DA BUG!" The good Kaptain bellowed, shooting out the sword in his lower left hand. Before he could fire again, the Tyranid leap again and sliced his arm off. But in pure Ork logic, Bluddflagg did not notice the lost limb and smashed the Tyranid in the face with a phantom limb with an audible smack. Before he could punch again, the Tyranid caught the non existing fist in his free hand, stabbed clear through the gut with his lower right sword before kicking him past Leman into a crumpled pile.

(change in the number going up)

Yarrick, Ciaphas and Amberly gunfire into its side did distract it, possibly by the female's strange attire, but it reacted quickly by throw one of its blades above them, too high to hit but enough to cause them to flinch and not react when it jumped close to them. That's all it needed to smack Yarrick one way with its free left hand, Ciaphas another with its free right hand, and Amberly punted backwards, landing next to the down Frenis wolves. With startling ease, it grabbed the blade, spun around and then tossed it at the roaring Space Wolf Dreadnought that contained Bjorn, with the Emperor of Mankind riding on top.

The Tyranid's luck continued to grow, piercing the leg joint and sending both toppling over. As the Emperor of Mankind stood up, he was kicked to the side by the Swarm Lord, pounding the already exposed and cut section of the golden Power Armor, removing the Emperor of Mankind from the battle for the time being.

As the numbers grew to -, Fenrir realized what was going on. The Tyranids had been listening to them, hearing them speaking of the loops and then the hivemind *planned* their attacks. The *entire* battle, *all* the fighting was a ploy to wear them down, to make them slow and sloppy so it would be easier to get *into* the loops by possibly crashing it with Leman's death. If he hadn't said *anything* about it, about that chance, then they would not be using this tactic. They would have fought harder instead smarter. It was all his fault.

He had doomed *everyo-*

"Get away from my brother!" Magnus roared, leaping downwards with Gabriel at his side. The Red Giant smashed his fist into the bug's face, causing it to turn at angles that should have caused it to snap off, but it reacted spitting out some acid into his face, eating at his remaining eye and causing the Red Cyclope to roar in pain. The Space Marine, holding his gun square at its chest halted for moment before remembering his training and what he needed to do. But it was a moment too long, the Swarm Lord using its head against the Blood Raven's own head.

(numbers going up)

Vulkan pirouetted, the bladed arm of a tyranid drawing a gash against his armor in a shower of sparks, and he retaliated by reducing the bug to a mere puddle on the battlefield with an overhead swing of Dawnbringer; his other hand leveled The Furnace's Heart at chest level and in short order, the energy weapon had spat great plumes of plasma that swept through a gathering of his enemies, consuming in great infernos. Behind him, he heard the death wails of many a foe, as Konrad carved into the ranks of his enemies with preternatural precision, his blades easily parting

piercing their shells, but more often than not the keen edges of the blades were surgical in their efficiency, finding the soft meat were carapace were joined and exploiting the weakness.

The Swarm Lord stood over Leman's prone form, and its head twisted back into its rightful positions with a grating and wet pop. It raised its four swords, ready to impale his brother who laid defenseless. This would not happen this day. With a great roar of defiance, Vulkan gripped Dawnbringer with both hands and brought the full kinetic energy of the weapon plus his own weight into a sweeping blow that impacted against the side of the skeletal-like carapace, and knocked the Swarm Lord away and caused him to lose one of his swords to the mayhem of the battle among the ranks of fighters.

Glaring, Vulkan turned and quickly offered a large hand to his prone brother, who stared up at him with shock for only the briefest of seconds before he grinned like the canine he was known to associate with, and accepted the aid to his feet. Konrad did not seem overly concerned with the welfare of his blonde brother, and instead descended upon the stunned Swarm Lord before the foe had a chance to cover. the Night Haunter's arms blurred in a flurry of motion, and multiple flashes of silver streaked through the air as the Widowmakers sought purchase among the soft flesh of the Swarm Lord's arms, hoping to at least rob the mighty Tyranid of another of its weapons so the dark Primarch could match its foe weapon for weapon. One of the micro-serrated throwing blades bounced off the thick plating of the Swarm Lord's skull, another buried itself between two of the "ribs;" many missed as the Swarm Lord took to movement-perhaps to find no target, or maybe felling friend of foe-but one did manage to land in the elbow joint of one of the sword arms, but not enough to rub the Swarm Lord of use of that hand, though it did momentarily slow its actions.

Not willing to give his foe a chance to recover and hoping to aid his brother, Vulkan vaulted towards the Swarm Lord, his energy weapon shooting burning hellfire towards the insect-like foe, while

Dawnbringer descended and managed to find contact with one of the arms, causing a sickening crack to sound out as the limb was mangled before the hammer.

Enraged at being wounded and robbed of two of its swords, the Swarm Lord let out a howl of rage, and then quickly let out a torrent of acid onto Konrad, who darted back, his armor smoking and pitting beneath the bite of the caustic bile. Distracted, the Night Haunter did not see his foe charge at him with blinding speed, and connect the thick crest of his skull with his own, sending the dark Primarch flying off his feet and into the midst of battle. Before Vulkan could react to this sudden retaliation, the Swarm Lord spun on its feet, its remaining two swords flashing out: one caught him across the face, just missing his eye but blinding him from the resulting blood, all the same, while the other severed his hand and sent his beloved warhammer to the ground.

Shocked, Vulkan could do little as the remaining third, though unarmed, hand wrapped around his throat and sent him flying from the scene of the battle.

As the Swarmlord continued its rampage towards the Wolf King, searing bolts of viridian energy hit one of the blades of the beast, causing the said bio-blade started to freeze. Then a spear penetrated the blade with its ceramite-burning heat, along with firestorm from the Gauntlet of the Forge.

"You will pay for your sin against my Father and his comrades, lowly beast!"

Suffered from the agony, the Swarmlord used its severely damaged bio-blade to knock He'Stan out of the way, this gave the opportunity for Rakszan to strike the bio-blade with his Staff of Light.

"Your foul blade will be in ruin!"

Combined with the frozen effect and the flame, the Staff managed to break the bio-blade. But the Phaeron did not react fast enough to

avoid another blow from the Swarmlord, and he was left immobilized after the hit.

(We need Zso Sahaal's scene and the rest of the fighting scene here.)

As both Eldrad Ulthran and Shas'O Vior'la Shovah Kais Mont'yr were smacked away, the number jumped to (add in) as it took another step towards Leman.

The Swarmlord, pulling out the weapons embedded in its side, paused as it heard a fear and terrible roar. Raising its remaining left arm to block oncoming attack, a massive wolf slammed into its side, nearly toppling the xeno over. As Fenrir's teeth tore through the flesh, the Tyranid reacted by using both of its right sword hilts as a hammer, slamming hard into the god's chest.

With a pained and surprised grunt, the wolf was sent flying backwards, crashing next to the Fenrisian wolves, the arm still in his mighty maw. Through dazed and black speck filled eyes, Fenrir saw with numb horror that the number had jumped to 99.9999% now.

All of Yggdrasil was going to burn now because of his failures and he was too weak to stop it.

Mercy on his soul for he had fail-

"STOP!" A voice broke out from a lone Imperial Guard standing in front of the prone Primarch of the Space Wolves. Defiant, the lone human stood opposed to the Tyranid that defeated Primarchs and Space Marine, mighty heroes of the Imperium, towering giants of Tau and Eldar race, taken down a Necron and an Ork without a pause, even the Emperor of Mankind and the True God with ease and yet he stood tall and fierce. With his bolter gun raised at the Tyranid, he shouted to all those who could hear, "By Yggdrasil and everyone that has fallen, you will *not* win you foul beast!" With a shout that carried the weight of hope and belief, he unloaded his weapon into the

charging Tyranid, its chestplate starting to crack under the fire of bolter rounds.

But it was not enough, as the towering xeno slapped the human away, crashing near the fallen leader of the Imperium of Man, a roar of triumph emitting from its mouth.

As it stepped towards the stirring Anchor, it raised its remaining sword upwards for a clean strike downwards when all of a sudden it roared in pain. Shaking itself around, it was clear a chainsword was jammed into its back, with a lone figure using the blade as a springboard to launch himself upwards, grabbing onto the Swarmlord head. With a grunt, the man pulled out a laspistol.

With a grunt, Ciaphas Cain placed the barrel of the gun against the skull of the of the Swamlord and spoke a single sentence.

"You stand guilty of attempting unauthorized looping; the penalty is death."

With that, he unleashed round after round directly into the cranium of the xeno, causing it cry out in pain before tumbling over in front of Leman Russ, with Ciaphas drenched in the blood and brain matter.

Error: possible Looper classified as Swarmlord is no longer eligible for Looper candidate. Attempt aborted.

"He-he did it!" Fenrir coughed, shaking his head, ignoring the blood he was spitting out and the pain he was feeling. "He saved everyone."

"Yus hear that? Canny killed the last Tyranid!"

Before anyone could react the cry of Ciaphas Cain, HERO OF YGGDRASIL! was shouted across the entire battlefield, leaving the hero of the hour twitching at his luck.

Fenrir smiled at the cheers that were being belted out briefly of their victory, nosing Ferki and Greki away from his sides. Staring at his loopers, he knew that task was yet to be finished. "I will return shortly, there is still more I must do."

Before anyone could protest, Fenrir took two steps forwards and *jumped* out of their branch, leaving them all alone.

The Emperor of Mankind looked at the dying Imperial Guard private, his actions deserving *true* merit. If not for him distracting the Swarmlord at the last second, Ciaphas would have been too slow to kill the Swarmlord. If Ciaphas had been too slow to kill the Swarm Lord, it would have killed Leman. If it had killed Leman, it would have crashed the loop. If it had crashed the loop, there was a dangerously high chance of it looping. If the Tyranid started looping, then so would the hivemind. If the hivemind started to loop, then they would have the first MLE species. If they were to have a MLE species, then all of Yggdrasil would have fallen.

" **The kingdom was lost for the want of a nail.** " He muttered softly, using what powers he had left to not only heal himself but the Imperial Guard, faintly aware the crowd they were gaining. His men were looking at the Xenos with unease, the daemons already vanished from sight. He spotted several Marines looking at each other with hostility but surely they would no-

"My lord?" a weak voice brought his attention to the man he was trying to heal. "Are we victorious?" he was fading and the Emperor knew that nothing would make him see the next hour, let alone the next minute.

" **We are.** " He answered, noticing faintly the angry glares Magnus was getting as he tried to help Leman stand, from both the Space Wolves and those that did not betray the Imperium. Surely they would no-

"G-goo-" the guard coughed out, drawing his attention back to the dying man. But the Emperor was aware of the growing anger of all

those around him. No, not after all this could they *truly* be about to do this.

" **What is your name, my son?** "

With a final breath, the man said, "-Ollanius Pius." And he spoke no more.

At that, the Emperor simply broke. Shaking head, he was aware that they *would* . All of them, the Imperium, the Orks, the Necrons, the Tau, the Eldar, *all* of them would.

" **Enough!** " he roared, standing to his feet, startling all those around him. " **Is this is how we act after such a victory for our World? Are we to turn on each other as soon as the true God leaves us?** " *As they did as soon as I was on the Gold Throne* , he thought to himself with grim realization. " **After all we have fought for, are we so blind to toss all that away because of the past? Are we to simply turn our weapons on those that we just fought shoulder to shoulder moments ago?** "

He held his rune sword, and saw himself in the reflection clearly for the first time in a very long time. All his ideals and dreams, the protection of mankind. All the years he has lived, the lives he has lived. What was the *point* of securing mankind's safety if it was done by spilling endless amount of blood that left mankind unable to find peace without a sword in their hand instead of a pen? Is this what he wanted the Imperium of Mankind to be?

Moving one hand away from the hilt to the end, he looked out the crowd of people. He did not know what would happen next, nor did he care. In his heart, he knew he was right and that mattered the most.

" **I SAY NO MORE!** " He shouted, shattering his rune sword over his knee and throwing it to the side. He did not care if he were struck down now; he was finished and no desire in him to end another life now.

There was a dreadful stillness in the air, all frozen where they stood, unable to comprehend what he said and did. Or perhaps they *did* know, and were unwilling to be the first to draw blood.

And then suddenly, there was clatter of a lapisotal hitting the ground as Ciaphas walked over to Farsight and held out his hand.

It was a tense ten seconds before a hand reached up and accepted the offer. With a grunt, the proclaimed Hero of Yggdrasil lifted the Tau upright, using himself as support, as he carried him off for medical support.

And then around him was the sound of lapostials falling and chainblades being discarded, the Imperium of Man aiding those that still drew breath, regardless of species, along side the Tau and Eldar. Kaptain Bluddflagg was already organizing his boyes to move the heavier fallen wreckage for survivors with the Necrons aiding them in silent understanding.

The Emperor spotted those standing still; those that joined Chaos because of his deeds. Then Mortarion nodded his head to the remaining traitors, moving towards portals.

No, he had come this far, he would not stop now.

" **My sons,** " he called to the trai-, his *sons* , always his no matter how far they went off the path. " **Before you leave, know that I personally absolve you all crimes you have committed and if you desire to return to Terra or your own homeworlds, I will not stop you.** " He paused, asking himself if this enough to assuage his guilt. No, it was not. It would never be enough, but he had to try. " **Before you leave, however, I wish a chance to talk to each of you. To make amends for the past and my failures to all of you. To try and undo all the wrongs I did to each of you.** "

The group of collected species watched this exchange, those had broke away in the Horus Heresy pausing in step. They looked unsure of this and ready to brush him off when Angron held his hand

out, stopping Mortarion from moving ahead. He gave a brief nod to the Emperor before speaking softly with his fellow Daemon-Prince brothers.

Slowly, they turned around and the fallen Primarchs approached their father for private consul. What was said between the Emperor of Mankind and his wayward sons remained unknown, but what was known was two clear facts. With each Primarch he met, the Emperor of Mankind aged more and more. At the end, his raven black hair had turn white as snow and there were deep lines of age on his face now.

The second fact was that all the Primarchs, those that stayed by the Imperium and those that left, agreed to go to Holy Terra together with their new allies. As they walked past the fallen banners of Ork and Tau, Eldar and Necron, Imperium and Chaos, they knew one thing. The Age of War and Blood was at an end as surely as the broken banners and standard of fallen flags of the different factions that covered the battlefield.

As sure as the banner of the World Tree was still flying proudly above all those that remained standing, they knew that they had entered a new age, an age where all races would enter together as friends and allies, an age of understanding and cooperation, the Age of Peace.

From the Looping Memoirs of Ciaphas Cain **HERO OF YGGDRASIL!** Damnmit Amberily!

I have spent a long time trying to sum up the proper words to describe our return to Holy Terra after our victory after the Tyranid incident and I have come to the conclusion that are no words to describe the feelings at seeing Holy Terra celebrating peace.

Peace .

That word is *so* foreign to us, after how long we have been looping, *actual* peace is... I cannot describe what it was like to march with everyone, with people cheering their hearts out at the words that we have *finally* won the eternal war, although there was some small fear that we would all be buried under the impromptu ticket parade.

It did not *matter* to *anyone* that we walked along side with the Tau or Eldar soldiers, let alone with the former traitors Adeptus Astartes or their Primarches. True to the Emperor's word, they were given full pardons and there was reports the Investiary was already restored to show *all* of the Primarchs as they were currently, with daemon princes along side their loyal brothers.

It must be noted that after the Tyranid incident, there was not *immediate* peace as there was private conversations between the Emperor, the Tau, the Necron, and the Eldar leaders about certain matters of logistics of boundaries and repatriation of planets but that was done later on and it did not truly matter to the general population as the bars were filled with men of different races celebrating together, drinking along side with another and sharing songs of their people.

Everyone had been put through the lower levels of Tartarus, glimpsed the potential end of Yggdrasil and were brought clean to the other side. They did not have it in them to fight with others they struggled with, fought with, supported, saved and rescued during that battle. And...I think they saw what peace was like for them and they were reluctent to go back to the slaughtering right away, even Angron and his Worlds Eaters were hesitant to raise chainblade against others.

Speaking of which, there were reports coming from the Warp in the later days of the Loop that show something truly magnificent.

Khorne's appearance had changed. The spikes were gone, the hard edges smoothed down, the blood less present and the skull throne was replaced with a copy of the Iron Throne. He had gone from a terrifying figure of war to a noble knight that many of the youths

looked up to as their own hero. Similar reports had happened with the other Chaos Gods; Nurgle's bloated body had its wounds healed and was *actually* producing cures for diseases for a chance. Slaanesh had changed from hir usual vileness to show a bit more restraint, the overpowering lust brought to heel with people striving to make wonders of art and true perfection-possibly tied to the creation of the memorial monuments that the Emperor had ordered created for all those who died on Ullanor, with everyone's name on it. Tzeentch seemed to not have been altered that greatly but there were reports that his deals were less harsh and severe and his followers had offered more information and help with less in return.

All of this proved what Lord Russ had spoke about the Warp and what others have said about it. Not only does the current status of the Warp carry over, the way we *feel* can change the Warp for the better. The Emperor of Mankind spoke briefly about the status of the Warp this Loop to me while all his sons were having another annual meeting, keeping to their word and vows that they would not have bad blood again this loop and descend back into fighting since the fight on Ullanor those ten years ago.

He remarked that this is how things were meant to be, gesturing to his eighteen sons in another round of drinks, three chairs empty. Two for the Lost Primarchs that Lord Fenrir had been unable to reclaim and one for the Primarch that the Warp reclaimed this loop. The Emperor spoke to me that he saw humanity was safe now, and with her allies strengthening her ties every day, there was less and less need for the brutal military fist of the Imperium. He then revealed to me that he finally understands *why* he was not made the Anchor, as he could not go back to another loop where all of this wonderful achievement of peace and harmony was wiped away and he would be powerless to change while on the Golden Throne. That seeing almost all of his sons together in peace and know that it might not happen again for eons upon eons and being aware of *each* eon would break him cleanly in half. He told me that he understands why Leman was chosen; as despite every bad thing that happens in a baseline for us, the Primarch had not once broke and continued to

strive to make things better while knowing it would not last past the Loop. He fought on during the bad loops, the horrid loops where all had gone to Chaos and Leman was alone in the universe and yet, he did not abandon the Imperium, his ideals.

The Emperor then called up to the sky and told Lord Fenrir he relents and will never again strive to steal Anchorship, and then bid me good day as he went to deal with sons as Alpharius had done something to annoy Roboute again, causing me to wonder if the twins were looping as I have yet to uncover who had called them battle, as per my undercover, private investigation as I do not believe their claims that there spies were simply in the right spot at the right time.

At this time, one question remains on everyone's mind, the one question that has prevented full disarmament even after the last genestealer was found and destroyed. Lord Fenrir had promised to return and speak to us about the Tyranid incident before departing to the dimension above us all, and yet we have not heard anything from above. Current belief and thought is centered on the notion that time runs *far* differently on those higher levels, beyond what we can understand and there might be more work to undo the damage this Le-Eyo fool did to us but I personally side on the less popular idea, as history and experience has taught me this is almost *always* the case, that something has happened to *prevent* Lord Fenrir from returning to us as he said he would.

I must ask myself, what in Yggdrasil could *stop* Lord Fenrir or his fellow beings from talking to us?

Before any of his loopers could protest, Fenrir *jumped* out of the Dark Millennium branch and back to his normal level of existence, narrowly missing Skuld and Fung Long as he placed his paws onto his office's floor. Shaking his thundering head, he shoved them to the side as he began to go over the program that stupid fool put in, taking two steps to reach his terminal. Now that it had no one going through it, he could safely remove it without worry.

Blinking heavily and coughing out some blood onto the side, he safely ejected the program from his terminal. With a plop, the program was gone and his branch was now *safe* . He did it, he saved ever-

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Skuld take a step forwards, a hand resting on her hammer's shaft. "Fenrir, I-"

Oh ***HEL*** NO!

Spinning around, and stepping forward twice, he finally stop holding back. "Skuld, I have been through several levels of Hel; I had a rocket shot at my chest, a pistol unloaded in my head at point blank range that left me with a splitting headache the *entire* time, I was pskyer blasted into a wall that left my entire left side in spastic jerks, I was set on fire, I was electrocuted, stepped on by an Emperor Titan, dunk in disgusting vat of paint at one point and several other levels of fucking *HEL* trying to save my Loop from the possibility of a MLE species! So if you are going yell at me for this, ***YOU CAN TAKE YOUR FUCKING HAMMER AND SHOVE IT UP YOUR FUCKING ASS, YOU FUCKING LITTLE ANNOYING BITCH BECAUSE I DO NOT FUCKING CARE ANY FUCKING MORE!*** " Fenrir roared, causing the very building to shake as his explosive anger was fully unleashed; his jaw reached from the very bottom to the very top of Yggdrasil Proper.

Skuld simply stood in front of the massive, enraged wolf with a stunned look on her face and then took a step back in terror. Fung Long was in awe and horror at what the wolf just said to one of the most feared people in the entire realm. Skuld spoke softly after trying to find her voice a few times, "As I was saying, good job in securing your Loop and I am proud of the lengths you went for to prevent a MLE species from looping."

Fenrir blinked at this, falling onto his haunches in a drunken with a step nearly toppling him, with his lungs starting to constrict on him as he returned to his normal size. "Oh." He blinked again as his vision was starting to swim around, starting to see doubles of everything

before they started to darken at the edges. His left front leg was now tingling something fierce and it was getting harder to think, with his heartbeat thundering in his ears, his step forwards so very difficult for some reason. He coughed out some more blood on the floor, but he still had more in him so he didn't worry *that* much... "I am going to see Marianne now, but I think I will pass out first. I don't feel too good." As he tried to move with a paw for a ninth time on floor shaking with sweat, Fenrir fell to the ground with a thud and dead to the world, unable to see the panic and terror in his fellow gods faces as he began to blackout, unable to hear his heartbeat in his ears anymore.

Chapter Six

6.1 (wildrook)

Leman facepalmed as he noticed a toaster spouting arcane languages.

"I don't know how," he said, "nor do I want to know, but I KNOW one of those four is responsible for one of their minion possessing our TOASTERS!"

"You sure it's not your fault this time?" Ciphas asked him.

"My cooking isn't THAT bad!"

Ciphas gave him a look of disbelief.

6.2 (BNG1991)

"Leman Russ, what do you want this time around?"

"Rakszan, I know you guys have some fancy vessel..."

"If you want FTL-capable ships, then you are asking the wrong group. We Necrons make things sturdy, not make them faster."

"...How about I have a try?"

"What sort of damnable situation did you get yourself into? From what your kin told me about your driving ability, you are not allowed to drive anything smaller than a 'tank'. And I doubt I have any vehicles at all at this moment, as I was relatively new to the loops."

6.3 (Evilhumour, BNG1991)

Ciaphas ground his teeth together, his fingers clenching in a fist of pure rage as he looked upon the massive building set alongside the temple to Sanguinius.

It was not the first time he saw its kind: Leman had told him that more than once he had found the being had been installed into the Imperium in such a fashion. And despite the horrible actions it had done, Leman reluctantly admitted that the monster never did any wrong in their loop as it would consult the Emperor early enough for an agreement to be made when the latter was not Awake, so he could not openly move against the figure. After the two made their usual agreements, alongside the Adeptus Astartes there were the specialized psykers warriors that it made. Indebted and entirely loyal towards the Emperor, these Warp-blessed men would fight entirely along side the Imperium without any chance of triggering the second form that had once plagued its home Branch.

Leman had, before the loss of that Branch, agreed that while he did not approve of the now MLE's actions, the fact was that it had done wonders for the Imperium. Whenever it appeared and thus would be allowed to make as many contracts as its heart desired.

Stepping in deep with in the building with false praises and symbols singing praises to the small white creature, the Commissar remembered how angry Leman was when it held above his head the fact that Leman gave his word to never harm it in the loop as long as it obeyed the rules set down of leaving girls alone, and working to protect the Imperium against the Primarch.

Standing in front of the creature, Ciaphas paused in front of it and narrowed his eyes at it, incensed that it was amused and happy.

"Hello, Ciaphas." Kyubey said, sitting on the plush cushion. "Would you like to make a deal?"

Unlike Leman, Ciaphas made no such promise. Unleashing several of the cucco swarms he had against the incubator, Ciaphas pulled

out his trusty laspistol and began to clean up some vile garbage that was in the Imperium.

[hr]

"Um, why am I a magical robot this loop?"

Leman was speechless, we could never blamed him for we never encounter a skeletal robot wearing magical girl uniform everyday. Then a sound of camera click happened to break the silent.

"Stop right there, chaotic scum! You have violated my dignity!"

Leman stared at the chasing Necron and his running brother Magnus, still comprehending what was going on…

6.4 (Evilhumour)

The Emperor of Mankind and improving father to the nineteen sons that he could remember slid back another tankard of ale at the bar. He was alone, which he preferred after dealing with the last loop.

Although, isolation was not looked well upon in the wide community of the Infinite Loops and so he felt a hand on his shoulder. Looking up, he saw a figure that the unknown would dismiss as a ditzy girl. To him and the rest of those within the known, she was one of the most powerful beings in all of their reality, a true beacon of hope, compassion and love.

She was also a friend that he could be more honest with than his sons. There were still issues that he had to deal with his sons and he was not ready for them yet.

" **Hello Serena."** Nodding his head, he pulled out a chair for her to sit down. While he could try and wave her away, he knew that she wouldn't take no for an answer and would insist on talking with him.

It was also common courtesy and he was not a savage. " **How are you faring?"**

"Better than you, I would wager." She smiled knowingly at him, taking the seat and allowed herself to be pushed in. Waving the bartender over for her drink, she turned her attention back to the matter at hand. "Bad loop?"

Sighing, the Emperor took a moment to compose himself before taking a drink to steel his nerves. " **It was our equivalent of the Conversation Bureau or Pokémon Wars."**

With a sharp intake of air, one of the Original Seven loopers patted his arm. "Those are never fun." Taking a sip of her drink, she raised an eyebrow at him. "Although I doubt that is real reason for why you are here."

A smirk graced his face, tilting his head in the affirmative. " **Yes, but to understand why, you must know what our nightmare loop is."**

"I'm all ears." She smiled, allowing him to feel comfortable. "Most are not willing to share stories about this sort of stuff."

" **I know, but as you once told me, it is best to talk and let others help,"** the Emperor sighed, stalling enough. " **Although I was surprised that Fenrir did not warn us. Our nightmare loop happens whenever he tries to retrieve any data on the Primarchs of the Second and Eleventh Legion."** He paused, seeing her move her head, telling him to speed up. " **During those attempts, we are thrown into a situation where I am the Chaos God-Emperor of Mankind and with my sons, I have conquered the known universe in brutality beyond what is normal for us."**

"I feel that there is more to this. Something else that is bothering you."

" **You are truly wise Serena. During all my Awake Chaos God-Emperor of Mankind loops, and Leman has reported that this**

true, all of my sons are still with me. In those loops, I have managed to keep proper relations with all my sons. I am unable to save all my sons when I stay on the side of Order but in those loops, I have no such troubles. Words cannot express my fear that I am truly unable to save my sons unless I turn the very force that I fight against."

"Emperor, that's foolishness." Serena smiled softly, rubbing his arm. Her smile was that of an ancient person comforting a person taking their first steps into the world. "You've already made peace with Leman, Magnus, Vulkan and Konrad and you have not once stopped trying to save Angron from the Butcher Nails, you've done your best to show proper attention to Perturabo's work, to let Lorgar down gently about his worship of you, and-"

" **You need not go on Serena."** He patted her arm and flash an honest smile. " **I know it is foolishness and I will never cease my attempts to save my sons from my harmful actions or other devices. But the mind still can wonder about the possibilities and fears linger about that without going to my worst, I am unable to be a good father."**

"As long as you do not give into your fears and talk about them with others, I am sure it won't ever be a real problem. You are far too strong and wise to succumb to Chaos just to save your sons for one loop." Smirking, she took a sip of her ordered drink. "Besides, they are hell loops for a reason; they're the worst things about us throw into our faces and there is little we can do about them besides being with your friends so they can help you forget what you just dealt with. With that said, tell me what has Leman driven into ruin since our last meetup?"

Letting out a laugh, the Emperor let himself go into the chat with his friend, the memory and self-doubts about his tenure as the Chaos God-Emperor of Mankind already flowing away.

6.5 (Custodatar Paxis)

Silence fell across the hastily dug trenches of Death Korps of Krieg's dispatch regiment.

"People, I think they're...surrendering," One of the guardsmen struggled with the most alien word in his life.

"They're WHAT!?" The company Commander's outraged voice rang across the vox channel.

"They're surrendering," one of the Krieg's guardsmen repeated in absolutely panicked state, "THEY'RE SURRENDERING! WHAT DO WE DO!?"

6.6 (Evilhumour)

The Emperor of Mankind stared at his sons and did his best not facepalm.

" **So Magnus, you are saying that you found Leman chasing this beast, which he hit you with, correct?"**

His son nodded his head in embarrassment.

" **So you responded by firing said creature at Leman."**

Again, Magnus nodded his head.

" **But then Leman ducked and you *missed* , hitting the foundation of the Himalazian mountains and sending the entire Imperial Palace crashing into the ground."**

Both Leman and Magnus nodded their heads.

" **While you were on Fenris."**

Both men gulped and nodded their heads again.

" **So tell me, how did you two crash everything here with a *goat?!*** "

Neither of his sons had an answer for that, but the goat of destruction simply belted out a cry as it ate some grass. The Emperor of Mankind then facepalmed.

6.7 (MuEpsilon)

Listening to the conversation a short distance away, Gabriel suddenly frowned and took a closer look at his thunder hammer. Upon seeing the sigil engraved on the handle, he blanched.

"Old friend, " he said, turning to Isador, "it seems we are needed elsewhere on the battlefield."

"But-" Isador started to say.

"We are needed elsewhere on the battlefield," Gabriel said insistently, glancing rapidly between his hammer and the primarchs a short way off.

"Uhm...okay," Isador hesitantly responded, opening a Warp rift Gabriel hurriedly stepped through. After several moments Isador shrugged and followed.

6.8 (BNG1991)

Trazyn the Infinite wished he could make a whistle as he acquired the newest addition of his personal collection: Eldar's world spirit from Carnac. After all, you did not always get your hands on them everyday, and it definitely held the history of the entire Craftworld.

However, a Blood Raven Chapter Master appeared in his Solemnace Galleries was not in his possible scenario list, and it

didn't help when he noticed his collection of history seemed to be vanished.

"How dare you take away the artefacts of historical events from the rightful preserver of history!"

"Nope!"

Trazyn could not do anything when he witnessed the Chapter Master disappeared by saying some fancy words aloud, and he swore the entire Blood Raven Chapter would pay the price of robbery!

6.9 (Heliomance, BNG1991)

Twilight's library shuddered, shook, and finally one wall smashed entirely. From the wreckage rolled a pair of enormous treads, carrying a vast tank. Nearly fourteen metres long, it looked slightly absurd emerging from the tree, that was clearly too small to hold it. The absurdity was compounded by the fact that it was painted a bright, cheery shade of pink, and each of its seven cannons was adorned with balloons.

Lemon Rush gaped at the Balloonblade Super Heavy Party Tank as it rotated its turret to aim at Tirek. "But - how?! To hide that tank there, you'd have to be some kind of-" - realisation flashed across his face and he tried to suppress a grin - "tactical genius!"

Twilight's eye started to twitch, as the dust from her demolished library began to settle around her. "PIIIIIINKIIIIIIIE!"

"Twilight, there must be a mistake, I am Alpinkieriuse."

(Evilhumour, with Purrs's help)

Imperial Infantryman's Uplifting Primer, page 621

Upon encountering a xeno in a form similar to that of a small equine of Holy Terra that possess appendages suited for flight with a yellow coat, a pink mane with an insignia of a butterfly or a humanoid woman resembling that posses the previously mentioned features, you are under the strictest orders to ensure no harm falls upon the xeno and all the needs of said xeno, labeled the Little Mother of the Primarchs due to her role in raising multiple Primarchs from their infancy. If you try to use physical, mental or any kind of force against the xeno creature, no amount of prayer towards the God-Emperor will save your soul from the assured volatile retribution of the Primarchs and it is preferred that you separate yourself from other soldiers as to minimize the loss of capable soldiers.

6.10 (Evilhumour)

Yarrick sighed, rubbing his glass helmet as he watched his colored soldiers surround and smash the foolish bug that tried to get in their way. On one hand, this was a fairly easy loop to deal with as long as you were able to micromanage soldiers efficiently and all the times he had been a commissar as well as other military roles in these damnable loops, he was well used to having everything fit to a well organized plan baring outside incidents.

"Haha, wez gotz this one boys!" The red flower pikmin leader shouted as the rest roared in agreement. "Letz gets more loot for Old Man Yarrick!"

With an eye twitching, Yarrick watched the Ork pikmin run past him with abundance speed, almost tripping over the invisible purple pikmin that were very hard to see.

It was very hard to keep to schedule when these things happened, and the damnable Tree seemed to love placing him with those green idiots.

With a weary sigh, he put his current squad of Ork pikmin away as he watched the treasure meter go up as the ship took it, he took a

full squad of his lucky blue idiots out to deal with this Submerged Castle area. Hopefully this wouldn't be as bad as the rest as this damn loop, and he'd soon be done with dealing with all this insanity and go back to the normal insanity of what he called home.

6.1 Toasters are always odd things in the loop, to be fair.

6.2 Even the Necrons know not to let Leman drive.

6.3 Every Looper has one to call a vacation, MLEs are no exception.

6.4 A talk between friends.

6.5 The most impossible scenarios in Warhammer 40,000: people putting down their guns.

6.6 At significant velocity.

6.7 Not exactly sure…

6.8 They did not steal anything, merely 'found' it.

6.9 Who would have guessed?

6.10 Tempting fate is never a good idea, Yarrick.

Remember, you can join us on Spacebattles to write some snips and we have a wiki too!

Chapter 7

7.1 (BNG1991)

"Magnus, why did YOU have to be THE ONE who burst into my Tomb World?" Rakszan was irritated, "I could call it a coincidence if you just burst into my Tomb World for a few times, but we are talking about EVERY! SINGLE! TIME! HERE!"

"Don't ask me! Why don't you ask that wolf after you take away your Hyperphase Sword, again?" retorted Magnus, "I never actively try to find your oh so precious Tomb, and Tzeentch never told me where you were! "I do not not know whether it would annoy our True God or not, but it seems like it could be worth a try." Rakszan paused, then continued, "And no, I will keep the Sword right there until He descends upon this world."

"...So you guys want to know why you occasionally get paired up like this?" grumbled an exasperated Fenrir.

"If Your Mightiness thinks this is an idiotic question asked by your humble subjects, you could choose to ignore it." Rakszan replied politely.

"Fine, not that it was top secret or anything. You see, when my colleague Fung Long tried to make you more stable for the loops, Rakszan," The Wolf God explained, "he made up his mind that Magnus would be the most suitable candidate to help stabilize you as most of his legion were turned into Rubric Marines, so he could understand the feeling of witnessing other people turned into mindless machines."

"It was a sound mind for the well-being of loopers like me only if the chosen one did not happen to be this red-skin." The Last Phaeron of Khansu Dynasty shook his head in disappointment.

"La la la, I can't hear you. I don't want to be on this Tomb World anymore." Magnus facepalmed and tried to sing his way out of this shenanigan.

7.2 (BNG1991)

Fun fact:

In 799.M41, Big Mek 'Eadcrumpa lead his WAAAGH! to the newly awakened Tomb World of Suranas. After initial skirmishes proved the still lethargic Necrons to be no match for the Orks, Lord Mepthk struck a pact with 'Eadcrumpa. In exchange for several dozen functioning Doomsday Cannons, 'Eadcrumpa agreed to leave Suranas and seek plunder elsewhere (whilst secretly resolving to return). The WAAAGH! then descended on the Agri-World of Eden Prime, but 'Eadcrumpa was unable to resist his urge to investigate the mysterious core of the Doomsday Cannons he had taken from Suranas and 'Eadcrumpa, his WAAAGH! and the planet Eden Prime were erased from existence when he accidentally breached one of the weapons' containment cores.

I can not help but wonder the reaction of our beloved Commander Shepard, when he/she witness the destruction of Eden Prime because of the stupid Ork behaviour:

Shepard sighed after he reviewed the in-loop memory, for this was another fused loop with the Dark Millennium. Right after the First Contact War, the Alliance, along with the Council, had been besieged by Orks and Necrons. At least the Tau were cooperative this time around.

"Commander Shepard, I believe you need to take a look outside." Spectre Nihlus' word brought Shepard back to reality.

"Something's going on for our recovery mission?"

"Um..."

Well, Eden Prime used to be a beautiful garden world, and now? They saw nothing but the void itself. All they could see nearby was one single squid-like ship.

"THIS IS SUPPOSED NOT TO BE HAPPENING!" The looping Nazara yelled.

"Um, Commander Shepard, I believe another observation for the Spectre nomination should be on hold. Shepard?"

If anyone wanted a reasonable conclusion for this incident, they could blame a certain 'Eadcrumpa for causing this mess. You don't have to object about this as transmission about Ork WAAGH! on Eden Prime was received later.

7.3 (wildrook)

Lemon looked at the green mass wearing the blue hat to Discord's Orange and cringed.

"Something the matter, Rush?" Discord asked him.

Lemon shook his head. "Nothing," he said. "I just find it odd that the Smooze is green instead of purple."

The Smooze gave him a look and just bubbled.

Discord just looked at Lemon and translated, "You're talking about his estranged cousin. He never talks about THAT one for good reason. It's just… depressing to the point where it isolated itself into a volcano."

That's when an explosion was felt as through the airship wreckage, two Earth Ponies and an unconscious Daring Do nemesis were seen piled onto the ballroom floor.

"NOT AGAIN, GRANDDAD!" a voice yelled. "This is why we don't let you on anything that can fly!"

"Well, how ELSE was I supposed to get rid of an immortal demigod thingy?" another voice replied. "Seriously, Jotaro, it's not easy piloting a plane with no fingers and a Stand!"

Ahuizotl was seen in pain from the airship crash as two ponies were arguing about the results of the landing… much to the flabbergasted looks of the onlookers, especially Rainbow Dash and a certain brown Pegasus, the former poking the man.

"Joestars," Leman and Discord deadpanned.

"And we're nowhere NEAR an active volcano," Discord added.

7.4 (Evilhumour)

"And I call." Konrad stared at his brothers, holding the cards close to his face as he threw the chips into the pot.

"I'm out." Vulkan scoffed, tossing his cards down at the table.

"I'll stand." Magnus grunted, eying the large amount of chips Konrad had won and then his own small pile.

"As will I," Leman said softly, examining them all. It was one of the few signs Leman had that he was acting serious which usually meant trouble. He had proved it the time his two other looping brothers had tried to test Leman's supposed skills when his barbarian of a brother managed to disarm them all with a single hand while still drinking his ale. Leman being quiet here probably meant that he at long last figured out Konrad's tell or how the hell he was doing this well at poker. "Okay, let's see."

Unfortunately, Magnus had been bluffing with a Two of Clubs and Jack of Spades and Leman's Queen of Spades and Jack of Hearts

did give him a double pair with the Diamond Queen and Jack Diamond Queen and Jack on the table along with the Ten of Diamonds, Five of Clubs, and Three of Hearts. Leman reached out for the pot when Konrad had revealed that he had Diamond Ace and Diamond King, giving him a royal straight flush. With a massive smirk on Konrad's face as he claimed the pot, Magnus swore he would figure out how his brother was cheating before Leman did.

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Unfortunately, Magnus had been bluffing with a Club Two Spade Jack and Leman's Spade Queen Heart Jack did give him a double pair with the Diamond Queen and Diamond Jack on the table with Diamond Ten Club Five and Heart Three. Leman reached out for the pot when Konrad had revealed that he had Diamond Ace and Diamond King, giving him a royal straight flush. With a massive smirk on Konrad's face as he claimed the pot, Magnus swore he would figure out how his brother was cheating before Leman did.

7.5 (Evilhumour)

"This is… *odd* ." Konrad muttered, scratching his head as he shared looks with his brothers.

"Konrad, in Yggdrasil's infinite brand of humour, this is *nothing* ." Vulkan answered, looking at the structure he was in. "In fact, this is something of an unusually *nice* loop."

CRASH!

"Leman, Angron, stop tormenting Lorgar. Mortarion, get *away* from the vent this instant!"

CRASH!

"Daaaaaaaad!" Perturabo cried out as Rogal Dorn knocked over the brick castle he made.

With more shouts and cries from the young Primarchs, with Sanguinius watching from the chandelier he was *told* not to sit on, the Emperor of Mankind raced after more of his gene sons that were not stolen by the Ruinous Powers this loop.

Konrad gave his brother a look, with a raised eyebrow. Vulkan quickly responded with, "It is nice for us and for father; this is one of his goals in the loops you know. To have all of us under one roof without killing each ot-"

CRASH!

" **Sanguinius! Horus!"** The Emperor of Mankind shouted, thundering past them to look over his two injured sons now.

"Although, you shouldn't tempt fate Konrad," Vulkan quickly amended, watching Leman trying to annoy Magnus again now that father's attention was elsewhere. "Yggdrasil takes it as a challenge and always delivers."

Konrad simply nodded his head, watching Alpharius and Omegon steal the cookie jar, replacing it with a fake, using Leman's and

Magnus' latest fight as a diversion.

7.6 (Evilhumour)

"Father, why have never been any attempts to have female Adeptus Astartes?" Magnus raised an eyebrow.

Simple. I have tried and it tends to result in producing Doreen Green, Dorothy Gale, Pinkamena Diane Pie, and other chaotic, dangerous women. The Emperor shuddered. **I will not subject others to legions of Pinkie Pies that have enough firepower to match the worst of the Hippocampus variants.**

7.7 (Evilhumour)

"Slaanesh, I am curious about something," Vulkan looked at the Chaos God who was in the midst of creating some new perverted sex toy that involved *far* too much dirt and grass. Holding out some of near Hub material of their own Branch, he tapped a finger on the modified book that fit into his hand easily. "It says here Perturabo always had a strange connection to the Eye of Terror. What is that about?"

Slaanesh jerked back in surprise, eyes darting before calming hirself. It happened in an instant but Vulkan was ready for such tactics.

"Well, you see I-"

"HEREYOUGOVULKAN!QUICKINTOYOURSUBSPACEPOCKET!" Tzeentch shouted, flying by while shoving a holo-recording into his hands.

"Tzeentch you blue bastard, I'll *KILL YOU!* " Slaanesh screeched, trying to grab Vulkan, who was already halfway into his subspace pocket. Roaring in anger, the Chaos God grabbed nothing but air as the Primarch was safe inside his Pocket.

After a few minutes, the *Ebony Chariot* exploded from a single point, out stripping Slaanesh's desperate movements to stop the Primarch.

"I'm not touching you!" Slaanesh grinned, moving the Eye of Terror back and forth over Perturabo's head, laughing to him\her\itself as the Primarch turned his head around. "Still not touching you! "

Roaring in laughter, Leman slapped his knees as Magnus was fighting back immense fit of laughter while Konrad was snickering to himself. Vulkan was *still* trying to gather his breath before falling over again as they watched how childish Slaanesh was with hir prank, including a part where Tzeentch himself had appeared behind Slaanesh and slapped him\her\it upside the head.

Oh sure, they knew as soon as they left the Pocket that Slaanesh would unleash his/her fury onto them with hir daemons, but this well worth it.

7.8 (BNG1991)

"This is the galaxy-wide message from Rakszan of the Khansu Dynasty, Necron Empire. Those who knows me well know I am THE veteran C'Tan hunter, and they should know I feel no joy in announcing any news of an escaped C'Tan shard. But today, I must be the bearer of the grave news. A C'Tan named Pynka'Mena, a C'Tan who was obsessed with parties and surprises, has come back from the extra-galactic realm. Not only that, but she has created fiends known as Pinkinids and become their Hive Mind..."

"...She will make you wish to die immediately if you refuse her offer of having a party..."

"...Be aware human, for it will make your subjects lose the will to fight the dark forces from the Realm of Souls. Be aware Eldar, if you wish your kin to not become obsessed with excess and excitement..."

Most of the transmission was lost to the ears of the Imperial Guards due to their resident techpriest being lax on the job, making them unsure how to respond.

"Wow, just attend the party and you are free to go? How wonderful-"

BLAM

Ciaphas Cain, Hero of the Imperium, raised his laspistol, pointing it towards the Guardsmen.

"With all the authority of Commissariat, I declare anyone who joins the course of the Pinkinids, shall be executed. And I will not make allowances for anyone not fighting them hard enough in the name of the Emperor! Understand?!"

7.9 (Evilhumour)

The fact that Konrad, Vulkan, Magnus and Leman were sitting at a bar table was not too much of note, although the bartender was a bit annoyed that the amount of alcohol needed to overcome their implants was cutting into his storage.

The individual they were glaring at with anger *was* unusual, considering the person was one of the nicest people in the Loops *and* was generally a pacifist if he could be.

"Okay, I'll bite," Alan Grant sighed, shaking his head. "Why the hell are you four mad at *him?* " Tilting his head back at the person in question, he kept his eye on Owen's raptors that were starting to get drunk. Drunk dinosaurs were never fun and ones that had access to dangerous weapons made things even worse.

"He caused the Frater Astrotechnicus to rebel," Vulkan said, grinding his teeth. "In tandem with bringing his war into ours and causing a division among the Adeptus Astartes and several of our brothers, we

also had to deal with the Heresy of Ferrus Manus following *him* as well as Horus's normal Hersey."

"Which *you* joined Vulkan," Konrad grumbled. Frowning, he glared back the annoyed Primarch of the Salamanders. "You've got no room to complain, you tried to smash my face in when you joined Ferrus."

"Bah, I just wish to drink and forget the Loop happened. At the most, I wish to be bothered by *you* Leman, not… *him* ." Magnus spat out to which Leman simply nodded his head and slamming back a tankard.

"I am *truly* sorry for what happened." The red robot looper that had replaced Omnissiah spoke. "Usually when I loop in, this sort of thing does not happen."

"It's okay, Prime," Leman said slowly. "It's *our* loop, if things *can* go bad, it *will* ."

7.10 (Evilhumour)

The Emperor of Mankind raised an eyebrow at the looper standing in for the Second Legion Primarch.

His first clue to who this was by how the Second Legion acted; swindlers and thieves of the Imperial Navy that he *barely* had under control. They were only tolerated by the fact they managed to keep the Rogue Traders in line, and most thought their actions were but an act. Something he was fine as it was *far* too much trouble to cull them and grow the Ultramarines at this point in time.

"-the bloody hell you mean I can't get drunk?!" The Sparrow, Grand-Captain of the aquatic world the Emperor had discovered him on this loop, shouted at him while gesticulating wildly. "I mean, I drink all the rum I want but I'm bloody sober mate!"

" **Sparrow, I-"**

" *Captain* Sparrow," the Primarch corrected, raising a finger to halt him. "You might be me daddy this loop but I'm *still* Captain, or bloody Primarch of the Black Pearl Legion. Now let's talk about getting me nice and drunk, shall we?"

The Emperor of Mankind simply sighed. This was going to be a tiring loop.

7.11 (Evilhumour)

Skuld looked at her pager and sighed.

Fenrir was awake and she had her orders to talk to him before anyone else did.

It *really* wasn't her place to do this sort of thing and she would have ignored these orders no matter where it came from but she had a gut feeling to *why* she had been given them and that was enough for her.

Allowing Yggdrasil to move her where she needed to go by using secret shortcuts and passages, she entered the high security wing of the recovery ward that had a squad of Valkyries at attention, ready to bloody stop anyone that was stupid enough to try and breach the room.

Unlike her, they were asked by the same person-unneeded as they took guard of the Destruction and Devour God on their own, and were angered by such a request as it was an insult to their honour to think that they would not do this.

Nodding her head while presenting clear information it was her and not a trickster god trying something, she looked at the doctor leaving the room with a bit of surprise on her face, clearly not expecting her so soon.

"How is he?" Skuld asked sharply, ignoring any pleasantries.

"We had to use *Gleipner* to keep him steady , how do you *think* he is?" the doctor snapped back, sighing loudly. "He's still very weak and seeing *that* on him did not do his heart any favours."

"You took it off?" Skuld asked without thinking, forgetting what had happened in the past.

"It was far looser than the original, and it was no challenge for me," a weak voice growled out, Skuld immediately walking in to see a very annoyed if battered wolf in a specialized hospital bed. "At least there was no sword in my mouth this time." Fenrir gave a swallow chuckle, wheezing slightly at the end.

"I see that your wit is still in good shape," said Skuld as she pulled up a chair to sit next to the wolf, taking in how small Fenrir was right now. His size was a fluid state of nature, something that he rarely made notable but Skuld had seen him personally show off how large he could get when properly enraged and the inverse was just as unsettling, if not more. "How are you feeling?"

"How I feel is not important, how is the Dark Millennium Branch?" his eyes, still sharp as ever, bore into her as he avoided her question.

"Stable, as are the rest your Loops, thanks to your sub," Skuld said, wishing she had her hammer so she could squeeze something. "As I asked, how are you."

"I'll live," Fenrir tried to shrug it off, but let out a whimper of pain from the sudden movement. He stared at her for a while before his eyes darted to the side. "What happened while I was gone?"

"Fung Long got his promotion to full Anchorship due to his maintenance during the Krisis, Le-Eyo," Skuld paused as Fenrir let out a growl that shook her to the core and reminding her once again Fenrir was still a *very* dangerous individual. "Is set on a near indefinite punishment, serving his time as a fetish clock. Your sister was very enraged by this, calling out for removal of his divine power and be reborn as a mortal or allow her five minutes with him and

other terrifying demands," Skuld bit her lip as she had watched the other Gods of Death drag her away and reminding everyone that Hel was truly Loki's daughter. "And...you were put on trial."

Fenrir raised an eyebrow at that before out a tired sigh. "I see...Odin?"

"Zeus," she corrected him, clenching her fist in anger. "Tyr had called for a meeting of the pantheons for to discuss Le-Eyo's punishment and Zeus, as Head of the Gods," she spat, hating that the useless title actually helping that blowhard. "He pushed for your punishment too, stating that you left your post to an uncertified person that started an unauthorized looping which let another unauthorized person access to your station to which eight souls started to loop and almost unleashed a malicious looping entity species into Yggdrasil. He pointed that such actions should never have happened, that your decision to refuse the aid of assistants nearly unleashed a disaster on everyone and that such an action cannot be allowed to ever happen again. He called for an immediate vote to strip you of your Administrative duties and privileges, revoke the protection of Treaty of Yggdrasil for you and have you returned to Lyngvi in Gleipner chains as an example for future Administrators so they know why we have rules in place and the cost for breaking them." Skuld did her best not to explode in rage, remembering the stunned shock on everyone's face at what Zeus said and the slow realization that he was technically correct and was following the guidelines that they all agreed upon when becoming Administrators.

"And what did Zeus say after *that* ?" Fenrir spat out, shaking in either rage or fear at the thought of returning to Lyngvi.

"Not sure really," Skuld grinned. "Probably *'Oww, oww, oww* ' or *'Stop punching my teeth down my throat Odin!* ' or something along those lines."

"Odin attacked Zeus for me?" Fenrir turned his head in shock, coughing a bit and rubbing his chest.

"Loki and Thor had to pull him off of the bastard, Loki saying that Odin had to maintain his composure and the standard the Norse Parthenon had established as their king," Skuld chuckled a bit. "Your father then used his staff to smash Zeus's favourite toy, stating that he was under no such obligations to act nice to the man that had just suggested to put his son in chains."

Fenrir's lips curled back as snickered a bit, before letting out another wheeze of pain breathing. He then looked at her with tired eyes. "How did the vote turn out?"

Skuld let out a sigh, unhappy with how the conversation was going. "Before I answer that, I need to ask you a question-my superiors want an answer before I give your sentencing."

Fenrir let out another soft growl, turning his head away. After some time, Fenrir spoke up. "What is it?"

"Why did everything happen?" she asked, causing the wolf to flinch. " *He* wants to know why."

Fenrir's ears folded against his head and tucked his tail between his legs as soon as she said *'He'* , both aware of who she was talking about.

"It began when I was first brought to Asgard," Fenrir said slowly, his voice unusually soft. "I was raised by them, taught everything they knew like I was an Asgardian. For most of my puphood to rearing years, I believed in my heart that Asgard was my home and they were my people," he let out a sad sigh, remembering better times. "They came to me, one day, to test some metal bonds they made knowing how strong I am. I thought nothing of it, a simple measure between warriors. I broke through it easily, and thought that was that. We even had a drink afterwards, although I should have realized that something was wrong when they didn't tell me *what* those chains were for."

A few days later, they came again with another brand of metal chains. Same thing again, they wanted to test my strength and whatnot. After I broke out of those, I could tell things were different. They were wary of me now, no longer inviting me to the bars or having me train with them or anything. Again, I should have been a *lot* more worried but... *he* told me I was being a worrywart, that I was royalty as the son of Loki, nephew of Odin, that nothing could happen to me without angering those two. The they came back with that accursed rope, the Gleipner," Fenrir spat the word out, ancient anger being stirred. "I wasn't going to listen to them, I didn't trust them that this was a simple piece of strand and I was certainly not going to let them bind me."

Fenrir let out tiny whimpers, trembling in the bed. The machine next to her that monitored his heart started to beep louder as he relived the worst moment of his life. " *He* told me to trust my battle brothers, that these were proven and trustworthy warriors and asked that if I didn't trust them to trust *him* ," Fenrir's eyes were shut tight, paw curled up tightly. "He knew how sharp my teeth were, that they could cut through anything. So he told me that he was placing his sword hand on the line, on the honour of his word that they would release me after their test. They put it around me, forcing me to the ground," Fenrir opened his eyes up, staring at Skuld through teary eyes. "As soon as they saw that I couldn't move, Odin appeared and congratulated them for achieving their duty. He said that it was time to get the *beast* off Asgard soil at long last, and purge the taint that I had brought," Fenrir let out a tiny hiccup. "I don't remember much after that, but I do remember shouting as I thrashed around, biting down, the taste of Asgardian blood in my mouth, strong magic taking me away and the sheer betrayal of it all. I remember looking up at Odin on that *fucking* island, the chain holding me in place with Gelgia pinning me to the very earth, and holding that blasted motherfucking ascured sword in his hand, and he spoke to me. He told me that a beast like me had no place on Asgard, that hopefully that I would be unable to fulfill my density of bringing forth the true Ragnarok and ending his life. At that moment, that split second, I understood my fate was and what I was born to do. I understood the numbers

counting down in my head were for, the time left until I had to bring forth the final Ragnarok, the true end of Everything. Then, before I could even say a word, he forced my mouth open and jammed that sword through my mouth," Fenrir rubbed a small area above his nose, Skuld able to see the open sword wound that never healed.

"Either I close my mouth and rip apart my mouth or I force myself to keep it open. He saw that and nodded in approval and left with his warriors, abandoning me to rot on that island until Ragnarok happened," he sighed, scratching the bed with his claws. "What they forgot that they taught me everything they knew, and that meant their knots. I was able to move my leftmost claw around. I don't know how long it took me but I finally mapped out the entire rope binding me and I slowly, painfully slowly, was able to untie one of the many knots holding me in place. Once one came loose, the rest came with ease."

Fenrir gave her a crooked smile, as he continued. "At long last, I was free to move once more and able to take that sword out of my mouth. Before they were able to come after me, I fled into the world instead of going to Vigrid. I was angry at the people who I thought were my kinsmen had made my entire life a lie and at what fate demanded me to do. I was so angry that I…" Fenrir shot her a pained look, unable to say what he did those years. "And after *that* , I was finally no longer filled with rage and I was able to think clearly..." Fenrir gave her a pained look of shame. "What I did those years still weigh heavily on me, and I know that killing Odin and bringing froth Ragnarok are only two drops in the buck of my many sins and crimes. I was really directionless at that time, unsure of how I could do anything that would be *worth* anything after all that I did pretty much earned me a death sentence everywhere. Then *it* happened, the *Event* . After making sure that the numbers in my head were sticking down, I made my way to Yggdrasil proper. I heard about the Treaty, the ending of hostilities and pardoning of all crimes for the common good of all existence. I was unsure of it, of course, as it was the *Asgardians* running the show but then I saw other massive criminals being welcomed in.

"I, and others, fought to make sure that this was not a trap, that they didn't damage reality just to flush us out. That *you* oathbreakers and liers were to keep your word this *one* time and that we would be trained to repair Yggdrasil and that when we were finished fixing reality, we would be allowed to *live* ." the glare Fenrir gave Skuld reminded her the fact that not everyone was going to have a pleasant going away party. She was well aware of the fact that more than one promise of death from her Admins once the repairs were finished, that a lot of people were gunning to kill Zeus at the end of it all for the *many* stuff that had he had done-she knew for a fact that all that was stopping Hal from killing Le-Eyo slowly and painfully was the Treaty.

"After that, I was lumped back with the Asgardians and saw my true family again, Loki and the rest of my brothers and sister, and my sons. They took me in, welcomed me back without really prying into what I have done. I chose my Branches to Administrate over and...I *failed* utterly!" Fenrir growled angrily. "Both of the Branches I took, the roughest of the roughest, and I *failed* to get them Looping, I was completely unable to get them stable on my own," Fenrir let out a really tired sigh. "Everything I have ever done has caused pain and misery, either to myself or others. I… I think he was right, Zeus. This was a huge mistake," Fenrir's voice dropped to a whisper, "Maybe I *do* belong on Lyngvi…"

"You were in ***Valhalla*** !" Skuld shouted, tears running down her face. "I was told by him not to tell anyone but *damnit* Fenrir, when you fell in your office, you *died* . For a moment, you were in Valhalla, and he said that he was told you more than earned your place there as an Agardian but it was not your time!"

"I was in Valhalla?" Fenrir asked in awe, eyes wide in disbelief.

" *YES!"* She then leaned forwards, jabbing a finger into his chest. "Also, don't you *dare* scare me or anyone else like that *ever* again! I spent the entire time it took moving you from your office to here performing CPR and I have to say that was the most terrifying moment in my life!" She then leaned up, grabbing his face so she

could stare into his eyes. "For the love all things, you are bleeding *hero* with a *massive* surprise celebration planned for you once you get better! Not many of us can claim that we would go above and beyond the call of duty like you did! Hell, for all that Zeus wanted to do to get back at Odin you just got house arrest that is only going to last as long as it takes for you to recover. Fenrir, you took on some of the most complicated branches out there and with the help of your family, you managed to turn them into the smoothest ones in all of Yggdrasil! Hell, Leman, Leah and the rest of your Loopers are worried about their *friend* -not Admin, but *friend* - as you had not appeared recently."

Skuld pressed her head against Fenrir's and sighed. "Fenrir, you big mangy goofball, do you *know* what happened when you were taken to Lyngvi?" Fenrir shook his head slowly but Skuld was not waiting for him. "Tyr, after being mauled and treated after you took his hand, saw Odin in his armor walk past him and went after him. Tyr then proceeded to beat Odin nearly to death for his underhanded actions to you and making Tyr an oathbreaker. The only reason why Odin isn't dead is because Tyr knew that Odin's death would break the world and that he had to find you. There *is* a reason why that winter was extra long Fenrir, and he was not going to have anyone try and interfere, not like they *had* a chance against you."

"Except for Vidar…" Fenrir muttered, the only warrior that managed to defeat him always rubbed the wolf the wrong way. "I haven't seen him in a long time. I thought he'd be here…"

"His density is to kill you, and after Tyr found out, he told your cousin one thing before he went to find you," Skuld gave a toothy smile. "That if Vidar took a step out of the royal palace, that he if left Asgard, Tyr would return and finished what he did to Odin. I think that Tyr forgot about his little threat as Vidar had not left the royal grounds ever since," Skuld sighed, rubbing his side affectionately. "Look, we all have our issues Fenrir, and your guilt complex that makes you take everything on yourself requires serious help and don't you say otherwise," Fenrir gave a little grumble but nodded his

head in agreement. "I'm going to have to report it in and along with the other conditions that you have once you get back-"

"Conditions?" Fenrir blinked.

"You are to take assistants on to help you with your duties, you are to wear a heart monitor at all times until such a time your heart condition is taken care of, your terminals will be monitored to make sure that proper interaction is maintained, and regular health examinations, along with other minute details," Skuld listed off her head. "As I saying, along with all that, your recovery is going to be a rough one if you are stubborn enough to do it alone. Luckily for *you* , you've got a *very* big support team behind you that will never let you do it." She leaned up to ruffle the fur on his head, smiling from ear to ear. "You're one of a kind, Fenrir, true and true, and don't you ever forget it."

"I... *thank you* ," Fenrir smiled, pulling her into a hug, nuzzling her softly. "You know, for the concept of the future that enjoys the usage of her hammer *far* too much, you are actually very nice."

"Don't let it get out, Fenrir," Skuld chuckled, patting his side. "Or I'd be forced to *really* become a tough girl that enjoys her hammer too much," standing upright and brushing herself clean of his fur, she let out a sigh, looking at the door. "Now, I think it is time to let the rest in." She said, her hand on the handle.

"Rest?" Fenrir tilted his head as Skuld opened the door.

" ***DAD!*** " Two blurs of fur shot through the doorway and leapt onto the bed, each burying itself into Fenrir's arms. Hati and Skoll both began chatting at high speeds, falling into wolf tongue as the two wolves pressed against their father. Fenrir spoke in their tongue as nuzzled them, doing his best to soothe their worries.

"Fenni!" Marianne shouted as she ran into the room, grabbing Fenrir's head in a tight embrace while placing kisses on his forehead. "You're awake at last, you had me so worried!"

"You should not have worried Marianne, Fenrir is one of the toughest warriors I have ever known and it would take much more than a simple bug to fell him," Thor said as he placed a hand on Fenrir's shoulder and squeezed gently. "We all look forwards to you regaling us in the lunch hall over a flagon of ale."

"While my brother drinks decaf or something along those lines," Jormungand said as he entered the room with Hel, Sleipnir and Epona in tow. "We've seen the reports about your heart brother and there is going to be a *lot* of changes in your diet."

"Feh," Fenrir grumbled playfully. "You're a bit too young to try and pull rank on *me* , Jor-"

"But I am *not* , my dear pup, and do not even joke about that kind of stuff," Loki rapped his knuckles along Fenrir's head. "Not after what happened."

"Sorry dad," Fenrir grumbled a bit more realistically, electing laughter from the people around him.

"Besides, you and I still have our little bout to do one day, boy, and I know you do not break your word ever," a figure spoke in a gruff tone, causing Fenrir to stare at the one eyed man. Fenrir studied his face for a while before giving a short nod to which Odin gave back. Much more private words were to be had later on, but for now, the air had been cleared.

For now, Fenrir and his immediate family celebrated the recovery of one of their one and bring Fenrir back up to speed. Although, there was one person missing.

The one handed figure in Fenrir's desk smiled to himself as the report that Skuld sent him. While it was as he feared, the fact that his dear friend was awake and feeling better made his day.

Still, he had other things to do before he could make things right with Fenrir and he gave his oath on that. He had been made an oathbreaker before because of other's plans for Fenrir and he would be damned that he would let it happen again.

With that, Tyr turned his gaze back to the Dark Millennium Branch monitor and the other monitors and did his best to do this duty.

7.1: That explains things.

7.2: This has been a fun fact, boys and girls.

7.3: Trust it for the Joestars to make things weird.

7.4: Playing poker with the brother who can see into the future tends to end this way.

7.5: Ah kids.

7.6: And now we know why.

7.7: This was a weird loop.

7.8: The Tyranids are dangerous enough as, you don't need to make them pink.

7.9: Warhammer 40K lives up to Murphy's Law, nearly *all the time* .

7.10: Poor Jack, Alcohol has little effect on Primarchs.

7.11 Even the gods need their rest. They are lucky that they those that can support them.